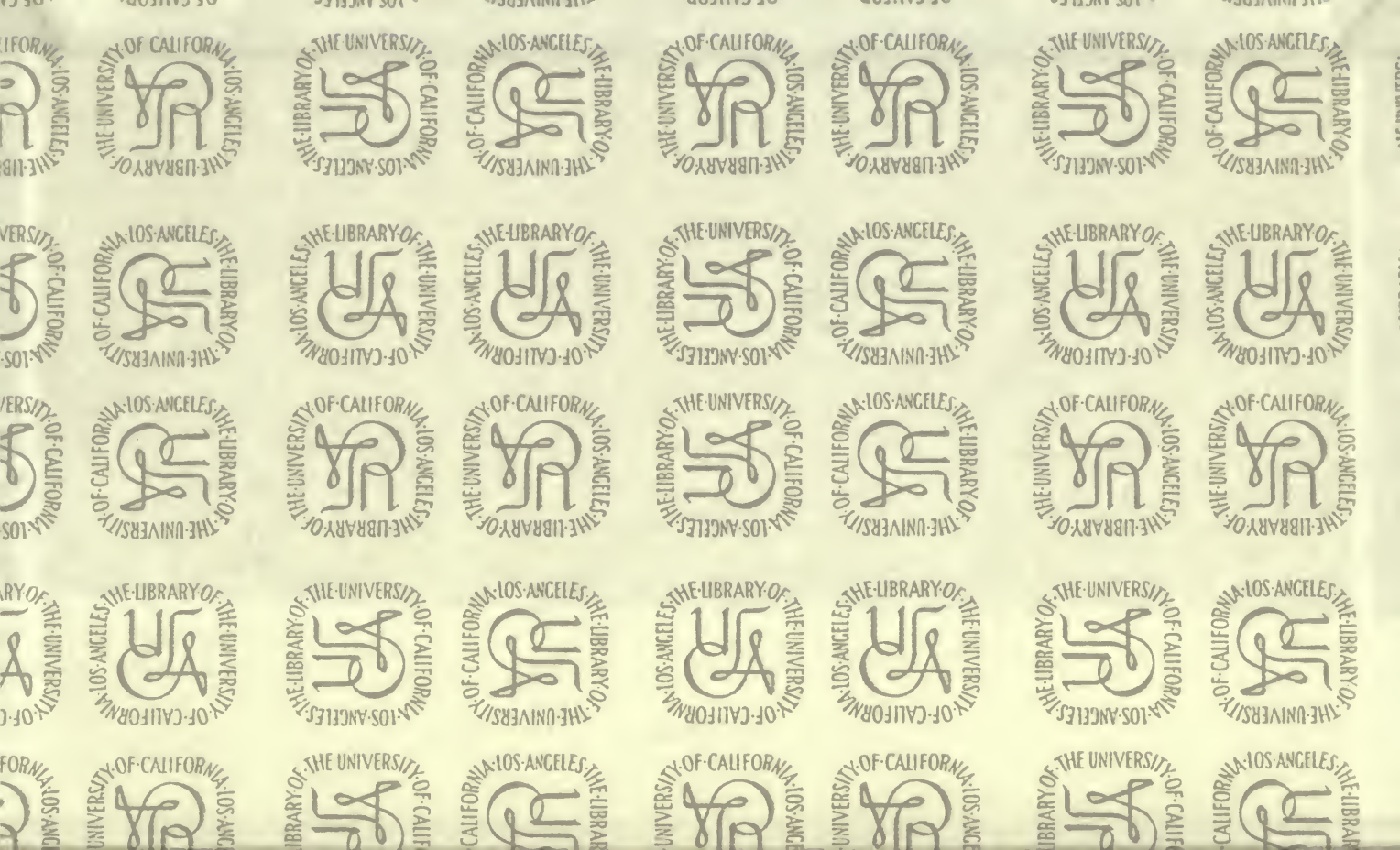
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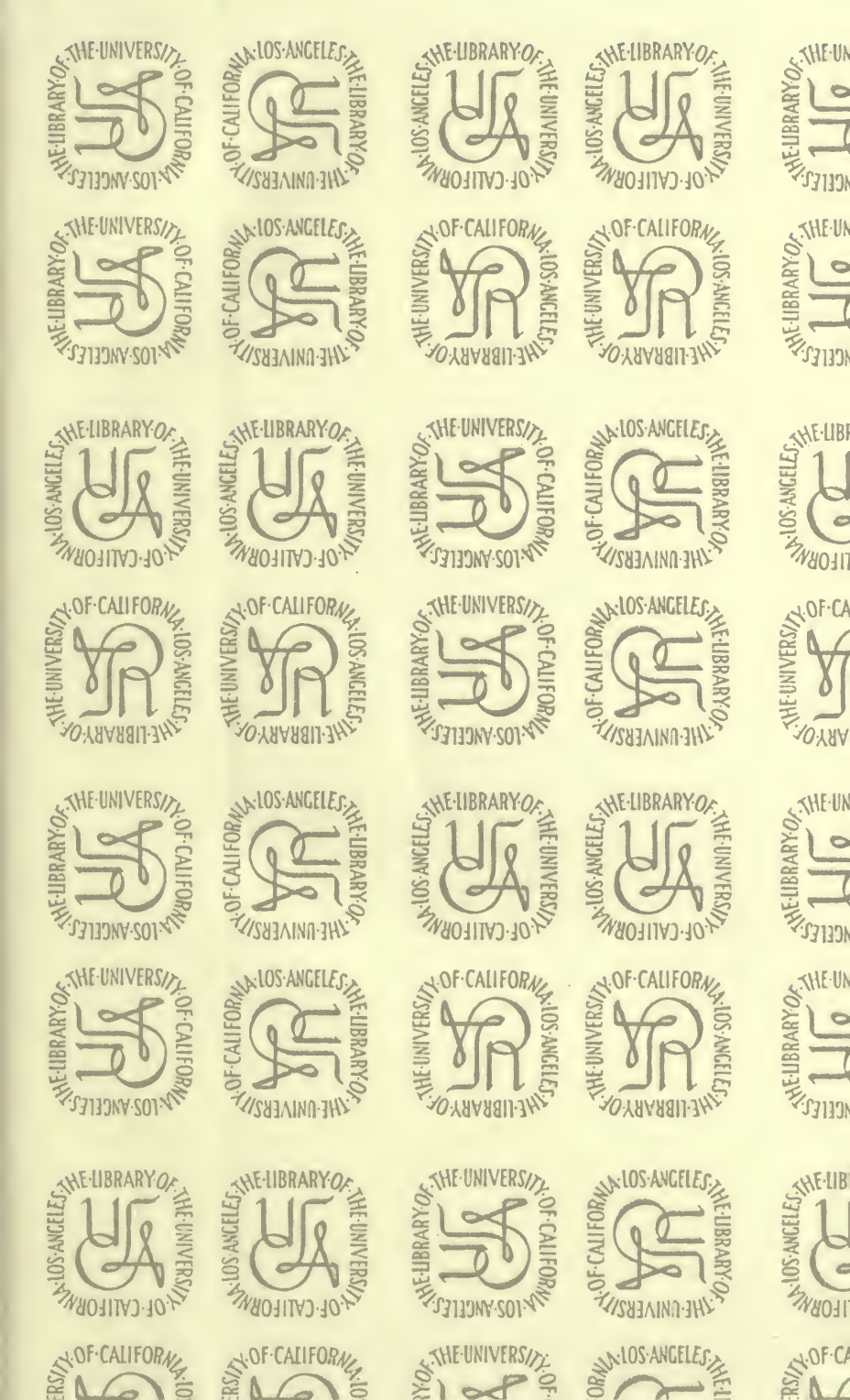
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A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

COMPRISING ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT MINSTRELSY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE "IRISH MELODIES."

BY J. W. LAKE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of literary men to whom Ireland has given birth, there is very little connected with their names which conveys to us any thing of a national association; for the land of their nativity scarcely enjoys a single ray of that brilliant mind, which sheds its intellectual brightness over the sister country. Congreve was an apostate, and Swift only by accident a patriot; whilst Goldsmith was weak enough to affect an air of contempt for a people whose accent was indelibly stamped on his tongue. We could protract the list of her ungrateful and thoughtless "men of mind" even to our own day; but the task would be invidious, and we gladly turn from it to one who forms a splendid exception—one who is not ashamed of Ireland, and of whom Ireland is justly proud.—

> Land of the Muse! in glory's lay,
> In history's leaf thy name shall soar
> When, like a meteor's noxious ray,
> The reign of tyranny is o'er;
> Immortal names have honour'd thee—
> A Sheridan, a Wellesley;
> And still is beaming round thy shore
> The spirit bright of Liberty,
> For thou canst boast a patriot, *Moore!*

Mr. Moore is every way an Irishman, in heart, in feelings, and in principles. For his country he has done more than any man living: he has associated her name, her wrongs, and her attributes, with poetry and music, neither of which can ever die, while taste, patriotism, and literature subsists in the world; and whilst these survive, Ireland will form the theme of Beauty's song, and Irish music the charm of every cultivated mind. But, all extrinsic circumstances apart, there is in the melodies of Mr. Moore a sacred fire, which conveys its vividness to the soul of his readers; and they must be made of sterner stuff than the ordinary race of men, if their bosoms do not glow with liberal and patriotic enthusiasm, while they peruse the harmonious creations of a poet who has clothed the wild and eccentric airs of his country in words that burn, and sentiments that find an echo in every generous breast.

Had Mr. Moore done no more than this, he would be entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen; but his genius, like his own Peri, seems never pleased, but while hovering over the region he loves; or if it makes a short excursion, it is only in the hope of securing some advantage that may accelerate the removal of those disqualifications, which are supposed to exclude happiness from the limits of his country In "Lalla Rookh" he has given his fire-worshippers the wrongs and feelings of Irishmen; while, in the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," he has accomplished a most difficult task—written a history of Ireland that has been read.

On such grounds we may well claim for Mr. Moore what he deserves—the crown of patriotism; but it is not on this head alone he is entitled to our praise. As a poet, since the lamented death of Byron, he stands almost without a competitor; and as a prose-writer, he is highly respectable.

Mr. Moore is the only son of the late Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a respectable tradesman in Dublin, where our poet was born on the 28th of May, 1780. He has two sisters; and his infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November, 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home, with a sensibility as exquisite as that which breathes through the lines of Cowper on receiving his mother's picture.

He acquired the rudiments of an excellent education under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Grafton-street, Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan. He evinced such talent in early life, as determined his father to give him the advantages of a superior education, and at the early age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Moore was greatly distinguished while at the University, by an enthusiastic attachment to the liberty

and independence of his country, which he more than once publicly asserted with uncommon energy and eloquence; and he was equally admired for the splendour of his classical attainments, and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th November, 1799, Mr. Moore entered himself a member of the honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and in the course of the year 1800, before he had completed the 20th year of his age, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse with notes, from whence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has ever since been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on executing this performance, which, if not a close version, must be confessed to be a fascinating one, of this favourite bard. The work is introduced by a Greek ode from the pen of the Translator, and is dedicated, with permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, now George the Fourth. When Mr. Moore first came to London, his youthful appearance was such, that being at a large dinner-party, and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "Ah! le petit bon homme qui s'en va!" Mr. Moore's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like Gay, "in wit a man." Assuming the appropriate name of Little, our author published, in 1801, a volume of original poems, chiefly amatory. Of the contents of this volume it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Several of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius: they were the productions of an age, when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination, which may in some degree palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of lubricity which pervades too many of them. In the same year, his "Philosophy of Pleasure" was advertised, but was never published.

Mr. Moore's diffidence of his poetical talents induced him to adopt, and with reluctance to reject, as a motto for his work, the quotation from Horace,

> Primum ego me illorum, quibus dederim esse poetis,
> Excerpam numero; neque enim concludere versus
> Dixeris esse satis—

and at a later period, when his reputation was fully established, he spoke of himself with his wonted modesty. "Whatever fame he might have acquired, he attributed principally to the verses which he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. His verses, in themselves, could boast of but little merit; but, like flies preserved in amber, they were esteemed in consequence of the precious material by which they were surrounded."

Mr. Sheridan, in speaking of the subject of this memoir, said, "That there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

Towards the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda;* where he had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it. From this situation, however, he never derived any emolument; though, a few years since, he suffered some pecuniary inconvenience, owing to the misconduct of his deputy. Alluding to his trip across the Atlantic, in a work published soon after his return to Europe, he says: "Though curiosity, therefore, was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Having remained about a week at New York," he continues, "where I saw Madame, the half repudiated wife of Jerome Buonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed again for Norfolk, where I proceeded on my tour northward through Williamsburg, Richmond," etc. In October, 1804, he quitted America on his return to England, in the Boston frigate, commanded by Capt. Douglas, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. In 1806, he published his remarks on the Manners and Society of America, in a work entitled Odes and Epistles. The preface to this little work sufficiently evinced the talent of Mr. Moore as a writer of prose.

The fate of Addison with his Countess Dowager holding out no encouragement for the ambitious love of Mr. Moore, he wisely and happily allowed his good taste to regulate his choice in a wife, and some years ago married Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal beauty, most amiable disposition, and accomplished manners, in whose society he passes much of his time in retirement at his cottage near Devizes, diversified by occasional visits to London. To complete this picture of domestic happiness, he is the father of several lovely children, on whose education he bestows the most judicious and attentive care.

Mr. Moore appears equally to have cultivated a taste for music as well as for poesy, and the late celebrated Dr. Burney was perfectly astonished at his talent, which he emphatically called "peculiarly his own." Nor has he neglected those more solid attainments which should ever distinguish the well-bred gentleman, for he is an excellent general scholar, and particularly well read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great, and his modest and unassuming manners have placed him in the highest rank of cultivated society.

The celebrated poem of Lalla Rookh appeared in 1817; in the summer of which year our poet visited the French capital, where he collected the materials for that humorous production, "The Fudge Family in Paris." In the following year, he went to Ireland, on which occasion a dinner was given to him, on the 8th of June, 1818, at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, which was graced by a large assemblage of the most distinguished literary and political characters. The Earl of Charlemont took the head of the table, Mr. Moore sat on his right hand, and Mr. Moore, sen (since dead,) a venerable old gentleman, the father of our bard, was on his left. As soon as the cloth was removed, *Non nobis, Domine*, was sung by the

* The scene of Shakspeare's inimitable tragedy of "The Tempest," is said to have been laid in the island of Bermuda.

vocalists present; numerous loyal and patriotic toasts followed. The Earl of Charlemont then proposed the memory of the late lamented Princess Charlotte, which was drank in solemn silence; after which a sweet and plaintive song was sung, in commemoration of her late Royal Highness. After a short interval, the Earl of Charlemont again rose, and, with a suitable eulogium, proposed the health of the distinguished Irishman who had honoured the country with his presence. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Moore rose, much affected, and spoke to the following effect:—

"I feel this the very proudest moment of my whole life; to receive such a tribute from an assembly like this around me, composed of some of the warmest and manliest hearts that Ireland can boast, is indeed a triumph that goes to my very heart, and awakens there all that an Irishman ought to feel, whom Irishmen like you have selected for such a distinction.—Were my merits a hundred times beyond what the partiality of the noble chairman has invested me with, this moment, this golden moment of my life, would far exceed them all. There are some among you, gentlemen, whose friendship has been the strength and ornament, the 'dulce decus' of my existence; who, however they differ from my public sentiments, have never allowed that transient ruffle on the surface to impede the progress of the deep tide of friendship beneath; men who feel that there is something more sacred than party, and whose noble natures, in the worst of times, would come out of the conflict of public opinion, like pebbles out of the ocean, but more smooth and more polished from its asperities by the very agitation in which they had been revolving. To see them beside me on a day like this, is pleasure that lies too deep for words. To the majority of you, gentlemen, I am unknown; but as your countryman, as one who has ventured to touch the chords of Ireland's Harp, and whose best fame is made out of the echoes of their sweetness; as one whose humble talents have been ever devoted, and, with the blessing of God, ever shall be devoted to the honour and advancement of his country's name; whose love for that country, even they, who condemn his manner of showing it, will at least allow to be sincere, and perhaps forgive its intemperance for its truth—setting him down as 'one who loved, not wisely, but too well:'—to most of you, gentlemen, I say, I am but thus known. We have hitherto been strangers to each other; but may I not flatter myself that from this night a new era of communion begins between us? The giving and receiving of a tribute like this is the very hot-bed of the heart, forcing at once all its feeling into a fulness of fruit, which it would take years of ordinary ripening to produce; and there is not a man of you who has pledged the cup of fellowship this night, of whom I would not claim the privilege of grasping by the hand, with all the cordiality of a long and well-cemented friendship. I could not say more if I were to speak for ages. With a heart full as this glass, I thank you for your kindness to me, and have the sincere gratification of drinking all your healths."

Lord Allen gave "the memory of Mr. Curran;" on which a very modest, pathetic, and eloquent speech was delivered by his son, in a tone and manner that produced the most lively emotion throughout the room.

A gentleman afterwards sang a lively and well-written song, composed for the occasion. The subject was the poets' Election in Olympus, at which there were several candidates, such as Byron, Scott, Southey, etc.; but which ended in a due return of Moore, who had a great majority of votes. This *jeu d'esprit* produced much merriment, and the health of the author was drank with applause.

Lord Charlemont then gave 'the living Poets of Great Britain;' on which Mr. Moore said:—

"Gentlemen, notwithstanding the witty song which you have just heard, and the flattering elevation which the author has assigned me, I cannot allow such a mark of respect to be paid to the illustrious names that adorn the literature of the present day, without calling your attention awhile to the singular constellation of genius, and asking you to dwell a little on the brightness of each particular star that forms it. Can I name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense passion, that disposition of fine fancy to wander only among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and, like the chesnut-tree, that grows best in volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark? Need I mention to you a Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south; whose beautiful creations succeed each other like fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—'one scarce is gathered ere another grows!' Shall I recall to you a Rogers (to me endeared by friendship as well as genius,) who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable tablets there? A Southey, *not the Laureate*, but the author of "Don Roderick," one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? A Campbell, the polished and spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfal" is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystalized by the touch of genius, and made eternal? A Wordsworth, a poet, even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great pool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? A Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? I could enumerate, gentlemen, still more, and from thence would pass with delight to dwell upon the living poets of our own land;—the dramatic powers of a Maturin and a Sheil, the former consecrated by the applause of a Scott and a Byron, and the latter by the tears of some of the brightest eyes in the empire; the rich imagination of a Phillips, who has courted successfully more than one muse—the versatile genius of a Morgan, who was the first that mated our sweet Irish strains with poetry worthy of their pathos and their force. But I feel I have already trespassed too long upon your patience and your time. I do not regret, however, that you have deigned to listen with patience to this humble tribute to the living masters of the English lyre, which I, 'the

meanest of the throng,' thus feebly, but heartily, have paid them."

In 1822, our author made a second visit to Paris, where he resided for a considerable time with his amiable wife and family. The fame of his genius, his social yet unpretending manners, and his musical talents and conversation, acquired him much esteem with the most eminent literary and literary-loving characters of the French capital. During his stay in that city, at the request of Messrs. Galignani, he sat for his portrait, which was most ably executed by F. Sieurac, and is allowed by all who have seen Mr. Moore to be a masterly likeness. An excellent engraving from it, is prefixed to the present edition of his works. The writer of this sketch may perhaps be excused for introducing here an impromptu he wrote, in the blank leaf of a book belonging to a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Moore, at his house in the Champs Elysees, Paris:—

Sweet child! when on thy beauteous face,
The blush of innocence I view,
Thy gentle mother's features trace,
Thy father's eye of genius too,
If envy wakes a transient sigh,
That face is my apology.

Previous to Mr. Moore leaving Paris, the British nobility and gentry resident in that capital gave him a most splendid dinner at Roberts's. About 60 persons were present; Lord Trimblestown was in the chair, supported on his right by Mr. Moore, and on his left by the Earl of Granard. The vice-presidents were Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Byerley, and the Reverend Archibald Douglas, who superintended the preparations for the banquet, which consisted of every luxury the gastronomic art could produce. Mr. Moore was in high health and spirits; songs, catches, and glees, blended delightfully with the sparkling Champagne. Several speeches were made by Lord Trimblestown, Messrs. Byerley, Kenney, Grattan, etc.; and Mr. Moore introduced the toast of "Prosperity to Old England" in the following eloquent language:—

"As the noble chairman has, in compliment to the land of my birth, given the ever-welcome toast of 'Prosperity to Ireland,' I beg leave to suggest a similar tribute to that other country to which we all belong, and to whose real greatness and solid glory—all Irishman as I am, and with my political and historical recollections fresh about me—I am most ready to bear testimony and homage before the world. Yes, gentlemen, there may be, and there are (for God forbid that I should circumscribe virtue within any particular latitude,) there may be, and there are high minds, warm hearts, and brave arms every where. But for that genuine high-mindedness, which has honesty for its basis—the only sure foundation upon which any thing lofty was ever built—which can distinguish between real, substantial greatness, and that false, inflated glory of the moment, whose elevation, like that of the balloon, is owing to its emptiness, or if not to its emptiness, at least to the levity of its freight—for that good faith, that punctuality in engagements, which is the soul of all commercial as well as all moral relations, and which, while it gives to business the confidence and good understanding of friendship, introduces into friendship the regularity and matter-of-fact steadiness of business—for that spirit of fairness and liberality among public men, which extracts the virus of personality out of party zeal, and exhibits so often (too often, I am sorry to say, of late) the touching spectacle of the most sturdy political chieftains pouring out at the grave of their most violent antagonists such tributes, not alone of justice, but of cordial eulogy, as show how free from all private rancour was the hostility that separated them—and lastly (as I trust I may say, not only without infringing, but in strict accordance with, that wise tact which excludes party politics from a meeting like the present,) for that true and well-understood love of liberty, which, through all changes of chance and time, has kept the old vessel of the Constitution seaworthy—which, in spite of storms from without, and momentary dissensions between the crew within, still enables her to ride, the admiration of the world, and will, I trust in God, never suffer her to founder—for all these qualities, and many, many more that could be enumerated, equally lofty and equally valuable, the most widely-travelled Englishman may proudly say, as he sets his foot once more upon the chalky cliffs,—'This is my own, my native land, and I have seen nothing that can, in the remotest degree, compare with it.'—Gentlemen, I could not help,—in that fulness of heart, which they alone can feel towards England who have been doomed to live for some time out of it—paying this feeble tribute to that most noble country; nor can I doubt the cordiality with which you will drink—'Prosperity, a long prosperity to Old England.'"

This speech was hailed with the warmest acclamations, and the utmost hilarity prevailed till "morning grey began to peep." Never did more gaiety, good humour, and cordiality grace a poet's festival, than at this farewell dinner to Tom Moore.

To the above specimens of our author's oratorical powers, we subjoin here two other speeches, of more recent date, which he delivered on occasions which called forth all the glow of his heart, and sympathy of his nature.

On the 6th of last May, the anniversary meeting of the patrons and friends of the "Artists' Benevolent Fund" was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Right Hon. Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the chair. In the course of the evening, Mr. Shee, R. A., proposed as a toast "The health of Thomas Moore, and Thomas Campbell," which was drunk with enthusiastic applause. Immediately after this Mr. Moore rose, and returned thanks as follows:—

"I assure the meeting that I feel very sensibly and very strongly the high honour which has been conferred on me, nor do I feel it the less sensibly, from the kind and warm-hearted manner in which the toast hast been proposed by my excellent friend and fellow-countryman. To have my name coupled with that of Mr. Campbell, I feel to be no ordinary distinction. If a critical knowledge of the arts were necessary for a just admiration of them, I must at once admit, much as I delight in them, that I cannot boast of that knowledge. I am one of those uninitiated worshippers who admire very sincerely, though perhaps I could not, like the initiated, give a perfectly satisfactory reason for my admiration. I enjoy the arts, as a man

unacquainted with astronomy enjoys the beauty of sunset, or the brilliant wonders of a starry night. Amongst the many objects of commiseration with which the world unfortunately abounds, there is not one that appeals more intensely to the feelings than the family which a man of genius leaves behind him, desolate and forsaken; their only distinction the reflected light of a name which renders their present misery more conspicuous, and the contemplation of which must add poignancy to their sufferings. There is no object under heaven more sure to be visited with the blessings of success than that which has in view the alleviation of such misery. I am happy to find that the Government, of which the Right Honourable Chairman forms a part, has taken the fine arts under their protection. It is for them a proud and honourable distinction, that, while they show they possess the talents of statesmen, they also prove they have the liberal feelings which belong to men of taste."

This speech was received with repeated cheering, and the eloquent speaker sat down amidst the loudest applause.

At the 37th Anniversary of the "Literary Fund Society," Sir John Malcolm introduced the health of our poet in the following manner:—

"It is another remarkable feature of this Institution, that its applause may be valuable to genius, when its money is not wanted. I allude to one now present amongst us, whom I have not the honour of knowing personally, but whose fame is well known all over the world. I now claim the liberty to pay my tribute of admiration to the individual in question; for, although I have spent a great part of my life in distant climes, his fame has reached me; and the merit of one of his works I am myself well able to appreciate —I mean Lalla Rookh—in which the author has combined the truth of the historian with the genius of the poet, and the vigorous classical taste of his own country with the fervid imagination of the East. I propose the health of Mr. Thomas Moore."

The health was then received with all the honours; upon which Mr. Moore rose and said:—

"I feel highly flattered by the compliment now paid me, although there are others who might more justly have laid claim to it—I allude to the translator of Oberon (Mr. Sotheby,) whose genius instructed, enlightened, and delighted the world, long ere a lay of mine appeared before the public. I cannot, however, but feel myself highly honoured by the manner in which my health has been received in such an assembly as the present. The soldier is delighted with the applause of his companions in arms; the sailor loves to hear the praises of those who have encountered the perils of the deep and of naval warfare; so I cannot help feeling somewhat like a similar pleasure from the approbation of those who have laboured with me in the same field. This is the highest honour which they can offer, or I can receive. As to the Honourable Baronet who has proposed my health in so flattering a manner, I feel that much of what he has said may arise from the influence of the sparkling glass which has been circulating among us. (A laugh.) I do not by any means say that we have yet reached the state of double vision (a laugh,) but it is well known that objects seen through a glass appear magnified and of a higher elevation. There is an anecdote in the history of literature not unconnected with this topic. When the art of printing was first introduced, the types with which the first works were printed were taken down and converted into drinking-cups, to celebrate the glory of the invention.—To be sure, there have been other literary glasses not quite so poetical; for it has been said, that as the warriors of the North drank their mead in the hall of Odin out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle—so booksellers drank their wine out of the skulls of authors. (Laughter and applause.) But different times have now arrived; for authors have got their share of the *aurum potabile*, and booksellers have got rather the worst of it. There is one peculiarity attendant upon genius, which is well worth mentioning, with reference to the great objects of this admirable Institution. Men of genius, like the precious perfumes of the East, are exceedingly liable to exhaustion. and the period often comes when nothing of it remains but its sensibility; and the light, which long gave life to the world, sometimes terminates in becoming a burden to itself. (Great applause.) When we add to that the image of Poverty—when we consider the situation of that man of genius, who, in his declining years and exhausted resources, sees nothing before him but indigence—it is then only that we can estimate the value of this Institution, which stretches out its friendly hand to save him from the dire calamity. (Applause.) This is a consideration which ought to have its due effect upon the minds of the easy and opulent, who may themselves be men of genius; but there may be others who have no property to bestow upon them; and the person who now addresses you speaks the more feelingly, because he cannot be sure that the fate of genius, which he has just been depicting, may not one day be his own." (Immense applause.)

In 1823, Mr. Moore published "The Loves of the Angels," of which two French translations soon after appeared in Paris. While Mr. Moore was composing this poem, Lord Byron, who then resided in Italy, was, by a singular coincidence, writing a similar poem, with the title of "Heaven and Earth," both of them having taken the subject from the second verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis: "And it came to pass, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

The two poets presumed that the Sons of God were angels, which opinion is also entertained by some of the fathers of the Church.

We have already alluded to our author's, "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the celebrated "Rinaldo Rinaldini" of Ireland; or rather the designation adopted by the "Rob Roys" of that unfortunately divided country. Mr. Moore has since increased his reputation, as a prose writer, by his publication of the Life of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which, from the superior sources of information at his command, is, in a literary point of view at least, a valuable acquisition to the lovers of biography.

We here annex a list of Mr. Moore's works, with their respective dates of publication, as far as we have been able to verify them.

The Odes of Anacreon, translated into English

verse, with notes; dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (his present Majesty.) 4to. 1800.

A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis. 8vo. 1803.

Corruption and Intolerance, two poems.

Epistles, Odes, and other Poems. 1806.

Poems, under the assumed name of the late Thomas Little, Esq. 8vo. 1803.

A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin. 8vo. 1810.

M. P., or the Blue Stocking, a comic opera in three acts, performed at the Lyceum. 1811.

Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny-Post Bag (in verse,) by Thomas Brown the Younger. 8vo. 1812.—Of this upwards of fourteen editions have appeared in England.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, continued to 9 numbers.

Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust, which had been left unfinished by Mr. Arthur Murphy, and he superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter.

The Sceptic, a philosophical satire.

Lalla Rookh, an oriental romance, dedicated to Samuel Rogers, Esq. 1817.

The Fudge Family in Paris, letters in verse. 1818.

National Airs, continued to four numbers.

Sacred Songs, two numbers.

Ballads, Songs, etc.

Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, in verse.

Trifles Reprinted, in verse.

Loves of the Angels. 1823.

Rhymes on the Road extracted from the journal of a travelling member of the Pococurante Society.

Miscellaneous Poems, by different members of the Pococurante Society.

Fables for the Holy Alliance, in verse.

Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, etc.

Memoirs of Captain Rock.

The Life of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

For Lalla Rookh Mr. Moore received 3,000 guineas of Messrs. Longman and Co. For the Life of Sheridan he was paid 2,000 guineas by the same house.—Mr. Moore enjoys an annuity of 500*l.* from Power, the music-seller, for the Irish Melodies and other lyrical pieces. He has, moreover, lately, we understand, engaged to write for the TIMES newspaper, at a salary of 500*l.* per annum.

It is well known that the Memoirs of the late Lord Byron, written by himself, had been deposited in the keeping of Mr. Moore, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. It is also known that the latter, with the consent and at the desire of his lordship, had long ago sold the manuscript to Mr. Murray, the bookseller, for the sum of two thousand guineas. These memoirs are, however, lost to the world: the leading facts relative to which were related in the following letter addressed by Mr. Moore to the English journals:—

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and myself to the property in these memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one,) it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, *and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us.* The manuscript was, accordingly, torn and burnt before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr. Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand guineas, with interest, etc., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co.

"Since then the family of Lord Byron have, in a manner highly honourable to themselves, proposed an arrangement, by which the sum thus paid to Mr. Murray might be reimbursed to me; but, from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully, but peremptorily, declined their offer."

Before we proceed to offer a few unprejudiced observations on this unpleasant subject, we deem it proper to lay before our readers the various opinions, *pro et contra*, to which this letter of Mr. Moore gave rise. It is but justice, however, to Mr. Moore's high and unblemished reputation to premise, that neither by those who regretted the burning of Byron's Memoirs, as a public loss, nor by those who condemned it as a dereliction of the most important duty he owed to the memory and fame of his noble-minded friend—by none of these, nor by any one we ever heard of, has Mr. Moore's honour, disinterestedness, or delicacy—extreme delicacy—ever been, in the slightest degree impeached.

The enemies of "The Burning" said, that Mr. Moore's *explanatory* letter was an ingenious but not an ingenuous one—for that, at any rate, it threw no *light* on the subject.—They cavilled at the words "and it was the *only* point on which there did exist any difference between us," professing to wonder what other "point" of any consequence could possibly have been in discussion, save that of preserving or destroying the manuscript. They could not see, or were incapable of feeling, what paramount sense of delicacy or duty could operate upon a mind like Mr. Moore's to counterbalance the delicacy and duty due to his dead friend's fame, which, according to them, he had thus abandoned to a sea of idle speculation.—Moreover, they were unable to comprehend what business Mr. Murray the bookseller, or any of the gentlemen present, had with the business, when Mr. Moore had redeemed the MS., "with interest, etc.," and with his *own* money (that is, the sum he borrowed for the purpose.) Finally, it was past their understanding to conceive, how any person could allow his own fair, just, and honourably-acquired property to be burnt and destroyed before his eyes, and against his own protested opinion, even if, from an honest but too sensitive deference for others, he had conceded so far as to withhold its publication to "a more convenient season;" or simply to preserve it as precious relic in his family.

To this, the firm supporters of church and state—the pure sticklers for public morals—the friends of

decorum and decency—the respecters of the inviolability of domestic privacy—the foes to unlicensed wit and poetic license—the disinterested and tender regarders of Lord Byron's character itself,—one and all proudly replied, that Mr. Moore had performed one of the most difficult and most delicate duties that ever fell to the lot of man, friend, citizen, or christian to perform, in the most manly, friendly, patriotic, and christian-like manner. As a man, he had nobly sacrificed his private interest and opinion, out of respect to Lord Byron's living connexions; as a friend, he had evinced a real and rare friendship by withholding, at his own personal loss, those self-and-thoughtlessly-intruded specks and deformities of a great character from the popular gaze, which delights too much to feast on the infirmities of noble minds. As a citizen, he has forborne to display sparkling wit at the expense of sound morality; and, finally, as a christian, he had acted like a good and faithful servant of the church, in leaving his friend's memory, and exposing his own reputation, to martyrdom, from the most religious and exalted motives.

The private and particular friends of Mr. Moore briefly and triumphantly referred to his unspotted character,

Which never yet the breath of calumny had tainted,

and they properly condemned uncharitable conjecture on a subject of which the most that could be said was

——Causa latet, vis est notissima.

The *Examiner* newspaper gave the subjoined statement, which, if it were properly authenticated, would at once set the matter at rest, to the entire justification of the Bard of Erin.

"We were going to allude again this week to the question between Mr. Moore and the public, respecting the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs. We have received several letters expressing the extreme mortification of the writers on learning the fact, and venting their indignation in no very measured terms against the perpetrators; and we should not have concealed our own opinion that, however nobly Mr. Thomas Moore may have acted as regards his own interest, his *published letter* makes out no justification either in regard to his late illustrious friend, whose reputation was thus abandoned without that defence, which probably his own pen could alone furnish, of many misrepresented passages in his conduct; or in regard to the world, which is thus robbed of a treasure that can never be replaced. But we have learnt one fact, which puts a different face upon the whole matter. It is, that *Lord Byron himself did not wish the Memoirs published.* How they came into the hands of Mr. Moore and the bookseller—for what purpose and under what reservations—we shall probably be at liberty to explain at a future time; for the present, we can only say that such is the fact, as the noble poet's intimate friends can testify."

This is indeed an explanation "devoutly to be wished," nor can we conceive why it should be still delayed. It is highly probable, however, that Mr. Moore will himself fully and satisfactorily elucidate the affair, in the life *he* is said to be writing of Lord Byron.

Such were the conflicting opinions of the time relating to this mysterious and painfully delicate subject; on which, however, we are bound to introduce a few summary remarks.

When Lord Byron's death was once ascertained, the whole interest of society seemed centered in his Memoirs. Curiosity swallowed up grief; and people, becoming wearied by the comments of other writers on him who was no more, turned with unexampled anxiety to know what he had written upon himself Whether or not the public had a right to these Memoirs, is a question which it is not, perhaps, quite useless to discuss. It is, at any rate, our opinion that they had the right; and that the depositary of the manuscript was no more than a trustee for the public, however his individual interest was concerned or consulted. Lord Byron bequeathed his Memoirs to the world. The profits of their sale were alone meant for Mr. Moore. Lord Byron's family had no pretension whatever to the monopoly. And though the delicate consideration of Mr. Moore prompted his offer of having the manuscript perused and *purified*, if such be the proper word, by the nearest surviving relative of Lord Byron, we maintain that he was right, strictly right, in *protesting* against its unconditional destruction.

For ourselves, we think that, in respect to the burning, Mr. Moore's conduct is not clearly understood or appreciated. Some blame, as we have shown, appears to have been attached to his share in the matter, not only in Great Britain, but on the continent, where the subject excited an interest quite as lively as in England. But it is our opinion that Mr Moore's conduct in the affair has been too hastily condemned. One duty, we think, remains for his performance—but *one*, and that most imperative: it is to give to the world the genuine work of Lord Byron, if it be in his power to do so. The opinion is at all events wide spread, if not well founded, that one copy *at least* of the original work is in existence. That opinion is afloat, and nothing will sink it. If the life which Mr. Moore is supposed to be preparing come out as his own production, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to convince the public that it is not a compilation from the copy which we allude to, or from a memory powerfully tenacious of the original. If it be not avowed as such, its genuineness will be doubted, and a dozen spurious lives will probably appear, professing to be that identical copy, of whose existence no one will consent to doubt. No reasoning, nothing, in fact, short of Mr. Moore's positive assertion to the contrary, will persuade people that he could, for years, have run the risk of leaving so interesting a manuscript, or that he could have entrusted it, without possessing a duplicate, in the hands of any one. And, at all events, it will be thought morally certain, that *more than one* of those to whom it was entrusted had curiosity enough to copy it; and very improbable that *any one* had honesty enough to confess it.

Besides these reasons for the publication of the real Memoirs, supposing a copy to exist, there is one of such paramount importance, that we are sure it must have struck every body who has thought at all upon the subject. We mean the retrospective injury done to the character of the deceased, by the conjec-

tures which are abroad, as to the nature of the Memoirs he left behind. We do not pretend to be in the secret of their contents, but we are quite sure they can be in no way so reprehensible, as the public imagination, and the enemies of Lord Byron, have figured them to be; and there is one notion concerning them, of a nature too delicate to touch upon, and for the removal of which no sacrifice of individual or family *vanity* would be a price too high. We have, moreover, good authority for believing that the Memoirs might and ought to have been published, with perfect safety to public morals, and with a very considerable gratification to public anxiety. Curiosity, which is so contemptible in individuals, assumes a very different aspect when it is shared by society at large; and a satisfaction which may be, in most instances, withheld from the one, ought very rarely to be refused to the other. Nothing has ever had such power of excitement upon the mass of mankind as private details of illustrious individuals; and, most of all, what may be called their *confessions:* and if those individuals choose to make their opinions as much the property of the world after their death, as their conduct and works had been before, we repeat, that it is nothing short of a fraud upon the public to snatch away the treasure of which they were the just inheritors. Nor must it be said that the property in question is of no intrinsic value. Every thing which ministers to the public indulgence is of wealth proportioned to its rarity—and in this point of view Lord Byron's Memoirs were beyond price. If they contain gross scandal, or indecent disclosure, let such parts be suppressed; and enough will remain amply to satisfy all readers. But we say this merely for the sake of supposition, and for the purpose of refuting an argument founded in an extreme case; we have great pleasure in believing that the only pretence for such an imputation on the manuscript, was the selfish or squeamish act of its suppression.

We trust that Mr. Moore will yet consider well the part he has to perform; that he is not insensible to the narrow scrutiny which the public displays in this affair, and which posterity will confirm; and that he will, on this occasion, uphold the character for integrity and frankness which is so pre-eminently his. We speak with certitude of his disinterested and upright feelings throughout; we only hope his delicacy towards others may not lead him too far towards the risk of his own popularity, or the sacrifice of what we designate once more the public property.

If credit may be given to Captain Medwin, Lord Byron was most desirous for the posthumous printing of his Memoirs; and he seems, indeed, to have intrusted them to Mr. Moore, as a safeguard against that very accident into which the high-wrought notions of delicacy of the trustee, and his deference to the relations and friends of the illustrious deceased, actually betrayed them. Lord Byron seems to have been aware of the prudery of his own immediate connexions; and in the way in which he bestowed the manuscript, to have consulted at once his generous disposition towards a friend, and his desire of security against mutilation or suppression. On this subject Captain Medwin's Journal makes him speak as follows: "I am sorry not to have a copy of my Memoirs to show you. I gave them to Moore, or rather to Moore's little boy."*

"I remember saying, 'Here are two thousand pounds for you, my young friend.' I made one reservation in the gift—that they were not to be published till after my death."

"I have not the least objection to their being circulated; in fact they have been read by some of mine, and several of Moore's friends and acquaintances among others they were lent to Lady Burghersh. On returning the manuscript, her ladyship told Moore that she had transcribed the whole work. This was *un peu fort*, and he suggested the propriety of her destroying the copy. She did so, by putting it into the fire in his presence. Ever since this happened, Douglas Kinnaird has been recommending me to resume possession of the manuscript, thinking to frighten me by saying, that a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go forth to the world. I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all that they contain. There are very few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes that will affect others, in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women."

In this particular Lord Byron's fate has been singular; and a superstitious person might be startled at the coincidence of so many causes, all tending to hide his character from the public. That scandal and envy should have been at work with such a man is not very extraordinary; but the burning of his Memoirs, and the subsequent injunction on the publication of his Letters to his Mother, seem as if something more than mere chance had operated to preserve unconfuted the calumnies of the day, for the benefit of future biographers. Of these Letters a friend of ours was fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse, and never, he told us, was more innocent, and at the same time more valuable matter, so withheld from the world. It were, he observed, but an act of cold justice to the memory of Lord Byron to state, publicly, that they appear the reflections of as generous a mind as ever committed its expression to paper: for though, indeed, the traces of his temperament, and of his false position in society, are there, still the sentiments are lofty and enthusiastic; and every line betrays the warmest sympathy with human suffering, and a scornful indignation against mean and disgraceful vice.

The extempore song, addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, on the latter's last visit to Italy, proves the familiar intercourse and friendship that subsisted between him and the subject of this memoir. The following stanzas are very expressive:—

*There is some trifling inaccuracy in this, as Moore' son was not with him in Italy. It is nevertheless true, as we are assured, that this was the turn which Lord Byron gave to his present, in order to make it more acceptable to his friend.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to *thee* that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thine and mine,
And a health to *thee, Tom Moore!*

When Lord Byron had published his celebrated satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which our poet, in common with most of his distinguished contemporaries was visited rather "too roughly" by the noble modern Juvenal, his lordship expected to be "called out," as the fashionable phrase is; but no one had courage to try his prowess in the field, save Mr. Moore, who did not relish the joke about "Little's leadless pistols," and sent a letter to his lordship in the nature of a challenge, but which he, by his leaving the country, did not receive. On Byron's return, Mr. Moore made inquiry if he had received the epistle, and stated that, on account of certain changes in his circumstances, he wished to recal it, and become the friend of Byron, through Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and who was intimate with both the distinguished bards. The letter, addressed to the care of Mr. Hanson, had been mislaid; search was made for it, and Byron, who at first did not like this offer, of one hand with a pistol, and the other to shake in fellowship, felt very awkward. On the letter being recovered, however, he delivered it unopened to Mr. Moore, and they afterwards continued, to the last, most particular friends.

It is but justice to the unquestionable courage and spirited conduct of the Bard of Erin, to observe here, that, though Byron had stated the truth about the said "leadless pistols," he had not stated the whole truth. The facts were these: Mr. Jeffrey, the celebrated critic, and editor of the Edinburgh Review, had, in "good set phrase," abused the Poems of Thomas Little, Esq., *alias* Thomas Moore, Esq.; and the latter, not choosing to put up with the flagellation of the *then* modern Aristarchus, challenged him. When they arrived at Chalk Farm, the place fixed on for the duel, the police were ready, and deprived them of their fire-arms. On drawing their contents, the compound of "villanous saltpetre" was found, but the cold lead,

The pious metal most in requisition
On such occasions,

had somehow disappeared. The cause was this: One of the balls had fallen out in the carriage, and the seconds, with a laudable anxiety to preserve the public peace, to save the shedding of such valuable blood, and to make both equal, drew the other ball.

In his youth Mr. Moore was in the high road to court favour, and had his spirit been *less* independent, we might even have had a Sir Thomas *More* in our days. It is said that when the juvenile Anacreon was introduced to the then Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness inquired of him whether he was a son of Dr. Moore, the celebrated author of Zeluco; and that the bard promptly replied, "No, Sir; I am the son of a grocer at Dublin!"

The following anecdote shows that His Majesty King George the Fourth did not forget to pay off the Prince of Wales's "old score" with our poet:—In the king's presence, a critic, speaking of the "Life of Sheridan," declared that Moore had murdered his friend. "You are too severe," said his Majesty, "I cannot admit that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life.*"

It was not till after the Prince of Wales's investment with regal power, that Mr. Moore levelled the keen shafts of his "grey goose quill" against that illustrious personage. He had previously dedicated the translation of Anacreon to His Royal Highness, by whom, it is said, his poetry was much admired. We question, though, if his verse was as palatable to the Prince *Regent*, as it had been to the Prince of *Wales*. Mr. Moore, perhaps, thought as one of his predecessors had done on this subject, of whom the following anecdote is recorded. Pope, dining one day with Frederic, Prince of Wales, paid the prince many compliments. "I wonder," said his Royal Highness, "that you, who are so severe on kings, should be so complaisant to me." "It is," replied the witty bard, "because I like the lion before his claws are grown."

The name of Anacreon Moore, by which our author is distinguished, is not so much his due from the mere circumstance of his having translated the odes of the Teian bard, as from the social qualities which he is known to possess, and the convivial spirit of his muse. Mr. Moore seems to be of opinion, that

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

He is not, however, ungrateful for whatever share conviviality may have had in inspiring his muse, but has amply acknowledged it in the elegant and glowing terms in which he has celebrated its praises. No individual presides with more grace at the convivial board, nor is there one whose absence is more to be regretted by his friends.

Being on one occasion prevented from attending a banquet where he was an expected guest, and where, in consequence, every thing seemed (to use a familiar phrase) out of sorts, a gentleman, in the fervour of his disappointment, exclaimed, "Give us but one Anacreon *more*, ye gods, whatever else ye do deny us."

Presiding once at a tavern dinner, where some of the company were complaining that there was no game at the table, a gentleman present, alluding to the fascinating manners of Mr. Moore, who "kept the table in a roar," said, "Why, gentlemen, what better game would you wish than *moor* game, of which I am sure you have abundance?"

At another time, after the pleasures of the evening had been extended to a pretty late hour, Mr. D. proposed, as a concluding bumper, the health of Mr. Moore; a toast which, having been twice drank in the course of the evening, was objected to as unnecessary. Mr. D., however, persisted in giving the toast; and quoted in support of it the following passage from Mr. Moore's translation of the eighth ode of Anacreon. "Let us drink it now," said he,

For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,

And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no *More!*

We here terminate the Biographical part of our sketch; and, after a few introductory and general remarks, shall proceed to take a critical review of our author's principal works, including some interesting sketches and anecdotes of ancient minstrelsy, illustrative of the "Irish Melodies."

Moore is not, like Wordsworth or Coleridge, the poet's poet; nor is it necessary, in order to enjoy his writings, that we should create a taste for them other than what we received from nature and education. Yet his style is condemned as tinsel and artificial, whereas the great praise bestowed on those preferred to it is, that they are the only true natural.—Now if it requires study and progressive taste to arrive at a sense of the natural, and but common feeling to enjoy the beauties of the artificial, then certainly these names have changed places since we met them in the dictionary.

Formerly, people were content with estimating books—persons are the present objects universally. It is not the pleasure or utility a volume affords, which is taken into consideration, but the genius which it indicates. Each person is anxious to form his scale of excellence, and to range great names, living or dead, at certain intervals and in different grades, self being the hidden centre whither all the comparisons verge. In former times works of authors were composed with ideal or ancient models,—the humble crowd of readers were content to peruse and admire. At present it is otherwise,—every one is conscious of having either written, or at least having been able to write a book, and consequently all literary decisions affect them personally:—

Scribendi nihil a me alienum puto,

is the language of the age; and the most insignificant calculate on the wonders they might have effected, had chance thrown a pen in their way.—The literary character has, in fact, extended itself over the whole face of society, with all the evils that D'Israeli has enumerated, and ten times more—it has spread its fibres through all ranks, sexes, and ages. There no longer exists what writers used to call a public—that disinterested tribunal has long since merged in the body it used to try. Put your finger on any head in a crowd—it belongs to an author, or the friend of one, and your great authors are supposed to possess a quantity of communicable celebrity: an intimacy with one of them is a sort of principality, and a stray anecdote picked up, rather a valuable sort of possession. These people are always crying out against personality, and personality is the whole business of their lives. They can consider nothing as it is by itself; the cry is, "who wrote it?"—"what manner of man is he?"—"where did he borrow it?" They make puppets of literary men by their impatient curiosity; and when one of themselves is dragged from his malign obscurity in banter or whimsical revenge, he calls upon all the gods to bear witness to the malignity he is made to suffer.

It is this spirit which has perverted criticism, and reduced it to a play of words. To favour this vain eagerness of comparison, all powers and faculties are resolved at once into *genius*—that vague quality, the supposition of which is at every one's command; and characters, sublime in one respect, as they are contemptible in another, are viewed under this one aspect. The man, the poet, the philosopher, are blended, and the attributes of each applied to all without distinction. One person inquires the name of a poet, because he is a reasoner; another, because he is mad; another, because he is conceited. Johnson's assertion is taken for granted—that genius is but great natural power directed towards a particular object: thus all are reduced to the same scale, and measured by the same standard. This fury of comparison knows no bounds; its abettors, at the same time that they reserve to themselves the full advantage of dormant merit, make no such allowance to established authors. They judge them rigidly by their pages, assume that their love of fame and emolument would not allow them to let any talent be idle, and will not hear any arguments advanced for their unexpected capabilities.

The simplest and easiest effort of the mind is egotism,—it is but baring one's own breast, disclosing its curious mechanism, and giving exaggerated expressions to every-day feeling. Yet no productions have met with such success;—what authors can compete, as to popularity, with Montaigne, Byron, Rousseau? Yet we cannot but believe that there have been thousands of men in the world who could have walked the same path, and perhaps met with the same success, if they had had the same confidence. Passionate and reflecting minds are not so rare as we suppose, but the boldness that sets at nought society is. Nor could want of courage be the only obstacle: there are, and have been, we trust, many who would not exchange the privacy of their mental sanctuary, for the indulgence of spleen, or the feverish dream of popular celebrity. And if we can give credit for this power to the many who have lived unknown and shunned publicity, how much more must we not be inclined to allow to him of acknowledged genius, and who has manifested it in works of equal beauty, and of greater merit, inasmuch as they are removed from self? It has been said by a great living author and poet,* that "the choice of a subject, removed from self, is the test of genius."

These considerations ought, at least, to prevent us from altogether merging a writer's genius in his works, and from using the name of the poem and that of the poet indifferently. For our part, we think that if Thomas Moore had the misfortune to be metaphysical, he might have written such a poem as the Excursion,—that had he condescended to borrow, and at the same time disguise the feelings of the great Lake Poets, he might perhaps have written the best parts of Childe Harold—and had he the disposition or the whim to be egotistical, he might lay bare a mind of his own as proudly and as passionately organized as the great lord did, whom some one describes "to have gutted himself body and soul, for all the world to walk in and see the show."

So much for the preliminary cavils which are thrown in the teeth of Moore's admirers. They have been picked up by the small fry of critics, who commenced their career with a furious attack on him,

* Coleridge

Pope, and Campbell, but have since thought it becoming to grow out of their early likings. And at present they profess to prefer the great works which they have never read, and which they will never be able to read, to those classic poems, of which they have been the most destructive enemies, by bethumbing and quoting their beauties into triteness and commonplace.

The merits of Pope and Moore have suffered depreciation from the same cause—the facility of being imitated to a certain degree. And as vulgar admiration seldom penetrates beyond this degree, the conclusion is, that nothing can be easier than to write like, and even equal to, either of these poets. In the universal self-comparison, which is above mentioned, as the foundation of modern criticism, feeling is assumed to be genius—the passive is considered to imply the active power. No opinion is more common or more fallacious—it is the "flattering unction" which has inundated the world with versifiers, and which seems to under-rate the merit of compositions, in which there is more ingenuity and elegance than passion. Genius is considered to be little more than a capability of excitement—the greater the passion the greater the merit; and the school-boy key on which Mr. Moore's love and heroism are usually set, is not considered by any reader beyond his reach. This is certainly Moore's great defect; but it is more that of his taste than of any superior faculty.

We shall now proceed to notice the most laboured and most splendid of Mr. Moore's productions—"Lalla Rookh:"—

> Then if, while scenes so grand,
> So beautiful, shine before thee,
> Pride, for thine own dear land,
> Should haply be stealing o'er thee;
> Oh! let grief come first,
> O'er pride itself victorious,
> To think how man hath curst,
> What Heaven hath made so glorious.

Several of our modern poets had already chosen the luxuriant climate of the East for their imaginations to revel in, and body forth their shapes of light; but it is no less observable that they had generally failed, and the cause we believe to be this—that the partial conception and confined knowledge which they naturally possessed of a country, so opposed in the character of its inhabitants and the aspect of its scenery to their own, occasion them, after the manner of all imperfect apprehenders, to seize upon its prominent features and obvious characteristics, without entering more deeply into its spirit, or catching its retired and less palpable beauties. The sudden transplantation of an European mind into Asiatic scenes can seldom be favourable to its well-being and progress; at least none but those of the first order would be enabled to keep their imaginations from degenerating into inconsistency and bombast, amid the swarms of novelties which start up at every step. Thus it is that, in nearly all the oriental poems added to our literature, we had the same monotonous assemblage of insipid images, drawn from the peculiar phenomena and natural appearances of the country.

We have always considered Asia as naturally the home of poetry, and the creator of poets. What makes Greece so poetical a country is, that at every step we stumble over recollections of departed grandeur, and behold the scenes where the human mind has glorified itself for ever, and played a part, the records of which can never die. But in Asia, to the same charm of viewing the places of former power—of comparing the present with the past—there is added a luxuriance of climate, and an unrivalled beauty of external nature, which, ever according with the poet's soul,

> Temper, and do befit him to obey
> High inspiration.

It was reserved for Mr. Moore to redeem the character of oriental poetry, in a work which stands distinct, alone, and proudly pre-eminent above all that had preceded it on the same subject.

Never, indeed, has the land of the sun shone out so brightly on the children of the north—nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth—nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe, as in the fine oriental romance of Lalla Rookh. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours of the East, found, at last, a kindred poet in that Green Isle of the West, whose genius has long been suspected to be derived from a warmer clime, and here wantons and luxuriates in these voluptuous regions, as if it felt that it had at length recognized its native element. It is amazing, indeed, how much at home Mr. Moore seems to be in India, Persia, and Arabia; and how purely and strictly Asiatic all the colouring and imagery of his poem appears. He is thoroughly imbued with the character of the scenes to which he transports us; and yet the extent of his knowledge is less wonderful than the dexterity and apparent facility with which he has turned it to account, in the elucidation and embellishment of his poetry. There is not a simile, a description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance, which belongs to European experience, that does not indicate entire familiarity with the life, nature, and learning of the East.

Nor are the barbaric ornaments thinly scattered to make up a show. They are showered lavishly over the whole work; and form, perhaps too much, the staple of the poetry, and the riches of that which is chiefly distinguished for its richness. We would confine this remark, however, to the descriptions of external objects, and the allusions to literature and history—to what may be termed the *materiel* of the poetry we are speaking of The characters and sentiments are of a different order. They cannot, indeed, be said to be copies of an European nature; but still less like that of any other region. They are, in truth, poetical imaginations;—but it is to the poetry of rational, honourable, considerate, and humane Europe that they belong—and not to the childishness, cruelty, and profligacy of Asia.

There is something very extraordinary, we think, in this work—and something which indicates in the author, not only a great exuberance of talent, but a very singular constitution of genius. While it is more splendid in imagery—and for the most part in very good taste—more rich in sparkling thoughts and original conceptions, and more full indeed of exquisite pictures, both of all sorts of beauties, and all sorts of virtues, and all sorts of sufferings and crimes, than any other poem which we know of; we rather think

we speak the sense of all classes of readers, when we add, that the effect of the whole is to mingle a certain feeling of disappointment with that of admiration—to excite admiration rather than any warmer sentiment of delight—to dazzle more than to enchant—and, in the end, more frequently to startle the fancy, and fatigue the attention, with the constant succession of glittering images and high-strained emotions, than to maintain a rising interest, or win a growing sympathy, by a less profuse or more systematic display of attractions.

The style is, on the whole, rather diffuse, and too unvaried in its character. But its greatest fault is the uniformity of its brilliancy—the want of plainness, simplicity, and repose. We have heard it observed by some very zealous admirers of Mr. Moore's genius, that you cannot open this book without finding a cluster of beauties in every page. Now, this is only another way of expressing what we think its greatest defect. No work, consisting of many pages, should have detached and distinguishable beauties in every one of them. No great work, indeed, should have *many* beauties: if it were perfect it would have but *one*, and that but faintly perceptible, except on a view of the whole. Look, for example, at what is the most finished and exquisite production of human art—the design and elevation of a Grecian temple, in its old severe simplicity. What penury of ornament—what neglect of beauties of detail—what masses of plain surface—what rigid economical limitation to the useful and the necessary! The cottage of a peasant is scarcely more simple in its structure, and has not fewer parts that are superfluous. Yet what grandeur—what elegance—what grace and completeness in the effect! The whole is beautiful—because the beauty is in the whole; but there is little merit in any of the parts except that of fitness and careful finishing. Contrast this with a Dutch, or a Chinese pleasure-house, where every part is meant to be beautiful, and the result is deformity—where there is not an inch of the surface that is not brilliant with colour, and rough with curves and angles,—and where the effect of the whole is displeasing to the eye and the taste. We are as far as possible from meaning to insinuate that Mr. Moore's poetry is of this description; on the contrary, we think his ornaments are, for the most part, truly and exquisitely beautiful; and the general design of his pieces extremely elegant and ingenious: all that we mean to say is, that there is too much ornament—too many insulated and independent beauties—and that the notice and the very admiration they excite, hurt the interest of the general design, and withdraw our attention too importunately from it.

Mr. Moore, it appears to us, is too lavish of his gems and sweets, and it may truly be said of him, in his poetical capacity, that he would be richer with half his wealth. His works are not only of rich materials and graceful design, but they are every where glistening with small beauties and transitory inspirations—sudden flashes of fancy that blaze out and perish; like earth-born meteors that crackle in the lower sky, and unseasonably divert our eyes from the great and lofty bodies which pursue their harmonious courses in a serener region.

We have spoken of these as faults of style—but they could scarcely have existed without going deeper; and though they first strike us as qualities of the composition only, we find, upon a little reflection, that the same general character belongs to the fable, the characters, and the sentiments—that they all are alike in the excess of their means of attraction—and fail to interest, chiefly by being too interesting.

We have felt it our duty to point out the faults of our author's poetry, particularly in respect to Lalla Rookh; but it would be quite unjust to characterize that splendid poem by its faults, which are infinitely less conspicuous than its manifold beauties. There is not only a richness and brilliancy of diction and imagery spread over the whole work, that indicate the greatest activity and elegance of fancy in the author; but it is every where pervaded, still more strikingly, by a strain of tender and noble feeling, poured out with such warmth and abundance, as to steal insensibly on the heart of the reader, and gradually to overflow it with a tide of sympathetic emotion. There are passages, indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very genius of poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively through long reaches of delight. Mr Moore's poetry, indeed, where his happiest vein is opened, realizes more exactly than that of any other writer, the splendid account which is given by *Comus** of the song of

> His mother Circe, and the sirens three,
> Amid the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
> Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
> And lap it in Elysium.

And though it is certainly to be regretted that he should occasionally have broken the measure with more frivolous strains, or filled up its intervals with a sort of brilliant *falsetto*, it should never be forgotten, that his excellences are as peculiar to himself as his faults, and, on the whole, we may assert, more characteristic of his genius.

The legend of Lalla Rookh is very sweetly and gaily told; and is adorned with many tender as well as lively passages—without reckoning among the latter the occasional criticisms of the omniscient Fadladeen, the magnificent and most infallible grand chamberlain of the haram—whose sayings and remarks, by the by, do not agree very well with the character which is assigned him—being for the most part very smart, snappish, and acute, and by no means solemn, stupid, and pompous, as one would have expected. Mr. Moore's genius perhaps, is too inveterately lively, to make it possible for him even to counterfeit dulness. We must now take a slight glance at the poetry.

The first piece, entitled "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," is the longest, and, we think, certainly not

* Milton, who was much patronized by the illustrious house of Egerton, wrote the *Mask of Comus* upon John Egerton, then Earl of Bridgewater, when that nobleman, in 1634, was appointed Lord President of the principality of Wales. It was performed by three of his Lordship's children, before the Earl, at Ludlow Castle.—*See the Works of the present Earl of Bridgewater*

the best of the series. The story, which is not in all its parts extremely intelligible, is founded on a vision, in d'Herbelot, of a daring impostor of the early ages of Islamism, who pretended to have received a later and more authoritative mission than that of the Prophet, and to be destined to overturn all tyrannies and superstitions on the earth, and to rescue all souls that believed in him. To shade the celestial radiance of his brow, he always wore a veil of silver gauze, and was at last attacked by the Caliph, and exterminated with all his adherents. On this story Mr. Moore has engrafted a romantic and not very probable tale: yet, even with all its faults, it possesses a charm almost irresistible, in the volume of sweet sounds and beautiful images, which are heaped together with luxurious profusion in the general texture of the style, and invest even the faults of the story with the graceful amplitude of their rich and figured veil.

"Paradise and the Peri" has none of the faults just alluded to. It is full of spirit, elegance, and beauty; and, though slight in its structure, breathes throughout a most pure and engaging morality.

"The Fire-worshippers" appears to us to be indisputably the finest and most powerful poem of them all. With all the richness and beauty of diction that belong to the best parts of Mokanna, it has a far more interesting story; and is not liable to the objections that arise against the contrivance and structure of the leading poem. The general tone of "The Fire-worshippers" is certainly too much strained, but, in spite of that, it is a work of great genius and beauty; and not only delights the fancy by its general brilliancy and spirit, but moves all the tender and noble feelings with a deep and powerful agitation.

The last piece, entitled "The Light of the Haram," is the gayest of the whole; and is of a very slender fabric as to fable or invention. In truth, it has scarcely any story at all; but is made up almost entirely of beautiful songs and fascinating descriptions.

On the whole, it may be said of "Lalla Rookh," that its great fault consists in its profuse finery; but it should be observed, that this finery is not the vulgar ostentation which so often disguises poverty or meanness—but, as we have before hinted, the extravagance of excessive wealth. Its great charm is in the inexhaustible copiousness of its imagery—the sweetness and ease of its diction—and the beauty of the objects and sentiments with which it is conceived.

Whatever popularity Mr. Moore may have acquired as the author of Lalla Rookh, etc., it is as the author of the "Irish Melodies" that he will go down to posterity unrivalled and alone in that delightful species of composition. Lord Byron has very justly and prophetically observed, that "Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Melodies;' they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry."

If, indeed, the anticipation of lasting celebrity be the chief pleasure for the attainment of which poets bestow their labour, certainly no one can have engaged so much of it as Thomas Moore. It is evident that writers who fail to command immediate attention, and who look only to posterity for a just estimate of their merits, must feel more or less uncertainty as to the ultimate result, even though they should appreciate their own productions as highly as Milton his Paradise Lost; while they who succeed in obtaining a large share of present applause, cannot but experience frequent misgivings as to its probable duration: prevailing tastes have so entirely changed, and works, the wonder and delight of one generation, have been so completely forgotten in the next, that extent of reputation ought rather to alarm than assure an author in respect to his future fame.

But Mr. Moore, independently of poetical powers of the highest order—independently of the place he at present maintains in the public estimation—has secured to himself a strong hold of celebrity, as durable as the English tongue.

Almost every European nation has a kind of primitive music, peculiar to itself, consisting of short and simple tunes or melodies, which, at the same time that they please cultivated and scientific ears, are the object of passionate and almost exclusive attainment by the great body of the people, constituting, in fact, pretty nearly the sum of their musical knowledge and enjoyment. Being the first sounds with which the infant is soothed in his nursery, with which he is lulled to repose at night, and excited to animation in the day, they make an impression on the imagination that can never afterwards be effaced, and are consequently handed down from parent to child, from generation to generation, with as much uniformity as the family features and dispositions. It is evident, therefore, that he who first successfully invests them with language, becomes thereby himself a component part of these airy existences, and commits his bark to a favouring wind, before which it shall pass on to the end of the stream of time.

Without such a connexion as this with the national music of Scotland, it seems to *us*, that Allan Ramsay's literary existence must have terminated its earthly career long since; but, in the divine melody of "*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*," he has secured a passport to future ages, which mightier poets might envy, and which will be heard and acknowledged as long as the world has ears to hear.

This is not a mere fancy of the uninitiated, or the barbarous exaggeration of a musical savage who has lost his senses at hearing Orpheus's hurdy-gurdy, because he never heard any thing better. One of the greatest composers that ever charmed the world—the immortal Haydn—on being requested to add symphonies and accompaniments to the Scotch airs, was so convinced of their durability, that he replied—"Mi vanto di questo lavoro, e per cio mi lusingo di vivere in Scozia molti anni dopo la mia morte."

It is not without reason, therefore, that Mr. Moore indulges in this kind of second-sight, and exclaims (on hearing one of his own melodies re-echoed from a bugle in the mountains of Killarney,)

> Oh, forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
> Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
> He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
> Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of fame;
> Even so, though thy mem'ry should now die away,
> 'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
> And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
> Through the answering future, thy name and thy song'

In truth, the subtile essences of these tunes present

no object upon which time or violence can act. Pyramids may moulder away, and bronzes be decomposed; but the breeze of heaven which fanned them in their splendour shall sigh around them in decay, and by its mournful sound awaken all the recollections of their former glory. Thus, when generations shall have sunk into the grave, and printed volumes been consigned to oblivion, traditionary strains shall prolong our poet's existence, and his future fame shall not be less certain than his present celebrity.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when the Bard of Love is gone,
His mem'ry lives in Music's breath!

Almost every European nation, as we before observed, has its own peculiar set of popular melodies, differing as much from each other in character as the nations themselves; but there are none more marked or more extensively known than those of the Scotch and Irish. Some of these may be traced to a very remote era; while of others the origin is scarcely known; and this is the case, especially, with the airs of Ireland. With the exception of those which were produced by Carolan, who died in 1738, there are few of which we can discover the dates or composers.

That many of these airs possess great beauty and pathos, no one can doubt who is acquainted with the selections that have been made by Mr. Moore; but as a genus or a style, they also exhibit the most unequivocal proofs of a rude and barbarous origin; and there is scarcely a more striking instance of the proneness of mankind to exalt the supposed wisdom of their ancestors, and to lend a ready ear to the marvellous, than the exaggerated praise which the authors of this music have obtained.

It is natural to suppose that in music, as in all other arts, the progress of savage man was gradual; that there is no more reason for supposing he should have discovered at once the seven notes of the scale, than that he should have been able at once to find appropriate language for all the nice distinctions of morals or metaphysics. We shall now pass to some interesting accounts of the Bards of the "olden time," which come within the scope of our subject when speaking of the present Bard of Erin, and his "Irish Melodies."

Dr. Burney observes, that "the first Greek musicians were gods; the second, heroes; the third, bards, the fourth, beggars!" During the infancy of music in every country, the wonder and affections of the people were gained by surprise; but when musicians became numerous, and the art was regarded of easier acquirement, they lost their favour; and, from being seated at the tables of kings, and helped to the first cut, they were reduced to the most abject state, and ranked amongst rogues and vagabonds. That this was the cause of the supposed retrogradation of Irish music, we shall now proceed to show, by some curious extracts from contemporary writers.

The professed Bards, of the earliest of whom we have not any account, having united to their capacity of musicians the functions of priests, could not fail to obtain for themselves, in an age of ignorance and credulity, all the influence and respect which that useful and deserving class of men have never failed to retain, even among nations who esteem themselves the most enlightened. But the remotest period in which their character of musician was disengaged from that of priest, is also the period assigned to the highest triumph of their secular musical skill and respectability. "It is certain," says Mr. Bunting (in his Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Harp,) "*that the further we explore, while yet any light remains, the more highly is Irish border minstrelsy extolled.*"

"The *oldest* Irish tunes (says the same writer) are said to be the *most perfect*," and history accords with this opinion. Vin. Galilei, Bacon, Stanishurst, Spenser, and Camden, in the 16th century, speak warmly of Irish version, but not so highly as Polydore Virgil and Major, in the 15th, Clynn, in the middle of the 14th, or Fordun, in the 13th. As we recede yet further, we find Giraldus Cambrensis, G. Brompton, and John of Salisbury, in the 12th century, bestowing still more lofty encomiums; and these, again, falling short of the science among us in the 11th and 10th centuries. In conformity with this, Fuller, in his account of the Crusade conducted by Godfrey of Bologne, says, "Yea, we might well think that all the concern of Christendom in this war would have made no music, if the *Irish Harp* had been wanting."

In those early times the Irish bards were invested with wealth, honours, and influence. They wore a robe of the same colour as that used by kings; were exempted from taxes and plunder, and were billeted on the country from Allhallow-tide to May, while every chief bard had thirty of inferior note under his orders, and every second-rate bard fifteen.

John of Salisbury, in the 12th century, says, that the great aristocrats of his day imitated Nero in their extravagant love of fiddling and singing; that "they prostituted their favour by bestowing it on minstrels and buffoons; and that, by a certain foolish and shameful munificence, they expended immense sums of money on their frivolous exhibitions." "The courts of princes," says another contemporary writer, "are filled with crowds of minstrels, who extort from them gold, silver, horses, and vestments, by their flattering songs. I have known some princes who have bestowed on these minstrels of the Devil, at the very first word, the most curious garments, beautifully embroidered with flowers and pictures, which had cost them twenty or thirty marks of silver, and which they had not worn above seven days!"

From the foregoing account, by Salisbury John, the twelfth century must, verily, have been the true *golden* age for the sons of the lyre; who were then, it seems, clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. It is true, they were flatterers and parasites, and did "dirty work" for it in those days; but, at any rate, princes were then more generous to their poet-laureates, and the sackbut and the song were better paid for than in a simple butt of sack.

According to Stowe, the minstrel had still a ready admission into the presence of kings in the 4th century. Speaking of the celebration of the feast of Pentecost at Westminster, he says "In the great

hall, when sitting royally at the table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode about the table showing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and, forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one and departed: when the letter was read, it was found to contain animadversions on the king. The door-keeper, being threatened for admitting her, replied, that it was not the custom of the king's palace to deny admission to minstrels, especially on such high solemnities and feast-days."

In Froissart, too, we may plainly see what necessary appendages to greatness the minstrels were esteemed, and upon what familiar terms they lived with their masters. When the four Irish kings, who had submitted themselves to Richard II. of England, were sat at table, "on the first dish being served they made their minstrels and principal servants sit beside them, and eat from their plates, and drink from their cups." The knight appointed by Richard to attend them having objected to this custom, on another day, "ordered the tables to be laid out and covered, so that the kings sat at an upper table, the minstrels at a middle one, and the servants lower still. The royal guests looked at each other, and refused to eat, saying, that he deprived them of their good old custom in which they had been brought up."

However, in the reign of Edward II., a public ediet was issued, putting a check upon this license, and limiting the number of minstrels to four per diem admissible to the tables of the great. It seems, too, that about this period the minstrels had sunk into a kind of upper servants of the aristocracy: they wore their lord's livery, and sometimes shaved the crown of their heads like monks.

When war and hunting formed almost the exclusive occupation of the great; when their surplus revenues could only be employed in supporting idle retainers, and no better means could be devised for passing the long winter evenings than drunkenness and gambling, it may readily be conceived how welcome these itinerant musicians must have been in baronial halls, and how it must have flattered the pride of our noble ancestors to listen to the eulogy of their own achievements, and the length of their own pedigrees.

Sir William Temple says, "the great men of the Irish septs, among the many officers of their family, which continued always in the same races, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and a tale-teller. The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales when they were melancholy and could not sleep; and a very gallant gentleman of the north of Ireland has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, a giant, a dwarf, or a damsel, and such rambling stuff, and continue it all night long in such an even tone, that you heard it going on whenever you awaked, and believed nothing any physicians give could have so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep, in any pains or distempers of body or mind."

In the reign of Elizabeth, however, civilization had so far advanced, that the music which had led away the great lords of antiquity no longer availed to delude the human understanding, or to prevent it from animadverting on the pernicious effects produced by those who cultivated the tuneful art. Spenser, in his view of the state of Ireland, says, "There is among the Irish a certain kind of people called Bardes, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rithmes; the which are had in so high regard and estimation among them, that none dare displease them, for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation among them. These Irish Bardes are, for the most part, so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition: him they set up and glorifie in their rithmes; him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow" The moralizing poet then continues to show the "effect of evil things being decked with the attire of goodly words," on the affections of a young mind, which, as he observes, "cannot rest;" for, "if he be not busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bardes do for *little reward*, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent, and half mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself; as of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life-time of spoils and robberies, one of their Bardes in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up to the fire-side; but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises—that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night in slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but, where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor the lays of love, but the cries of people and the clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death."

It little occurred to Spenser that, in thus reprobating

these poor bards, he was giving an admirable analysis of the machinery and effects of almost all that poets have ever done!

In 1563 severe enactments were issued against these gentlemen, to which was annexed the following—"*Item*, for that those *rhymers* do, by their ditties and rhymes, made to dyvers lordes and gentlemen in Ireland, *in the commendacion and highe praise of extortion, rebellion, rape, raven, and outhere injustice, encourage those lordes and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leve them, and for making of such rhymes, rewards are given by the sdid lordes and gentlemen;* that for abolishinge of soo heynouse an abuse," etc., etc.

The feudal system, which encouraged the poetical state of manners, and afforded the minstrels worthy subjects for their strains, received a severe blow from the policy pursued by Elizabeth. This was followed up by Cromwell, and consummated by King William, of Orange memory.

More recently a Scotch writer observes, "In Ireland the harpers, the original composers, and the chief depositories of that music, have, till lately, been uniformly cherished and supported by the nobility and gentry. They endeavoured to outdo one another in playing the airs that were most esteemed, with correctness, and with their proper expression. The taste for that style of performance seems now, however, to be declining. The native harpers are not much encouraged. A number of their airs have come into the hands of foreign musicians, who have attempted to fashion them according to the model of the modern music; and these acts are considered in the country as capital improvements."

We have gone into the above details, not only because they are in themselves interesting and illustrative of the "Irish Melodies," but because we fully coincide with the bard of "Childe Harold," that the lasting celebrity of Moore will be found in his lyrical compositions, with which his name and fame will be inseparably and immortally connected.

Mr. Moore possesses a singular facility of seizing and expressing the prevailing association which a given air is calculated to inspire in the minds of the greatest number of hearers, and has a very felicitous talent in making this discovery, even through the envelopes of prejudice or vulgarity. The alchemy by which he is thus accustomed to turn dross into gold is really surprising. The air which now seems framed for the sole purpose of giving the highest effect to the refined and elegant ideas contained in the stanzas "Sing, sing—music was given," has for years been known only as attached to the words of "Oh! whack! Judy O'Flanagan, etc.," and the words usually sung to the tune of *Cumilum* are of the same low and ludicrous description. He possesses, also, in a high degree, that remarkable gift of a poetical imagination, which consists in elevating and dignifying the meanest subject on which it chooses to expatiate:

> As they, who to their couch at night
> Would welcome sleep, first quench the light—
> So must the hopes that keep this breast
> Awake, be quench'd, e'er it can rest.
> Cold, cold my heart must grow,
> Unchanged by either joy or woe,
> Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
> Within their current turns to stone.

The ingenuity with which the above simile is applied, is not more remarkable than the success with which the homely image of putting out the bed-candle before we sleep, is divested of every particle of vulgarity.

In the same way, and with equal facility, the sudden revival of forgotten feelings, at meeting with friends from whom we have been long separated, is compared to the discovering, by the application of heat, letters written invisibly with sympathetic ink:—

> What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
> In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
> The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part
> Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
> As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
> When held to the flame will steal out to the sight;
> So many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,
> The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

"Rich and Rare," taking music, words and all, is worth an epic poem to the Irish nation,—simple, tender, elegant, sublime, it is the very essence of poetry and music;—there is not one simile or conceit, not one idle crotchet to be met with throughout.

The musical as well as the poetical taste of the author is evident in every line, nor is one allowed to shine at the expense of the other. Moore has composed some beautiful airs, but seems shy of exercising this faculty, dreading, perhaps, that success in that pursuit would detract from his poetical fame. The union of these talents is rare, and some have affirmed that they even exclude one another. When Gretry visited Voltaire at Ferney, the philosopher paid him a compliment at the expense of his profession: "Vous etes musicien," said Voltaire, "et vous avez de l'esprit: cela est trop rare pour que je ne prenne pas a vous le plus vif interet." Nature certainly may be supposed not over-inclined to be prodigal in bestowing on the same object the several gifts that are peculiarly hers; but, as far as the assertion rests on experience, it is powerfully contradicted by the names of Moore and Rousseau.

The late Mr. Charles Wolfe, having both a literary and a musical turn, occasionally employed himself in adapting words to national melodies, and in writing characteristic introductions to popular songs. Being fond of "The Last Rose of Summer" (IRISH MEL. No. V.) he composed the following tale for its illustration:

"This is the grave of Dermid:—He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius, and of the most tremulous, and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses hurried into a dance, with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it:—with all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became univer

sal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended the minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid; and the song and the dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw our minstrel approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriest of his collection: the ring was formed; all looked eagerly to the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favourite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive cheerfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments; his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burthen to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments, then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sate down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends;—he first looked up sharp in our faces, next down upon his harp; then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it.—Again we paused:—then knowing well that, if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest path; it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had gotten in their stead that one dreary simple melody; it was about a Lonely Rose, that had outlived all its companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village: he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and continued repairing thither to sing it to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly resorted there to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learnt it, and still chaunt it over Dermid's grave."

"The Fudge Family in Paris" is a most humorous work, written partly in the style of "The Twopenny-Post Bag." These poetical epistles remind many persons of the "Bath Guide," but a comparison can hardly be supported; the plan of Mr. Moore's work being less extensive, and the subject more ephemeral. We pity the man, however, who has not felt pleased with this book; even those who disapprove the author's politics, and his treating Royalty with so little reverence, must be bigoted and loyal to an excess if they deny his wit and humour.

Mr. Moore, in his preface to the "Loves of the Angels," states, that he had somewhat hastened his publication, to avoid the disadvantage of having his work appear after his friend Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth;" or, as he ingeniously expresses it, "by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, to give myself the chance of what astronomers call a *heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear." This was an amiable, but by no means a reasonable modesty. The light that plays round Mr. Moore's verses, tender, exquisite, and brilliant, was in no danger of being extinguished even in the sullen glare of Lord Byron's genius. One might as well expect an aurora borealis to be put out by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Though both bright stars in the firmament of modern poetry, they were as distant and unlike as Saturn and Mercury; and though their rising might be at the same time, they never moved in the same orb, nor met or jostled in the wide trackless way of fancy and invention.

Though these two celebrated writers in some measure divided the poetical public between them, yet it was not the same public whose favour they severally enjoyed in the highest degree. Though both read and admired in the same extended circle of taste and fashion, each was the favourite of a totally different set of readers. Thus a lover may pay the same attention to two different women; but he only means to flirt with the one, while the other is the mistress of his heart. The gay, the fair, the witty, the happy, idolize Mr. Moore's delightful muse, on her pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. Lord Byron's severer verse is enshrined in the breasts of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall, whose fair exterior has a canker within—whose mirth has received a rebuke as if it were folly, from whom happiness has fled like a dream! By comparing the odds upon the known chances of human life, it is no wonder that the admirers of his lordship's works should be more numerous than those of his more agreeable rival. We are not going to speak of any preference we may have, but we beg leave to make a distinction. The poetry of Moore is essentially that of *fancy*, the poetry of Byron that of *passion*. If there is passion in the effusions of the one, the fancy by which it is expressed predominates over it; if fancy is called to the aid of the other, it is still subservient to the passion. Lord Byron's jests are downright earnest; Mr. Moore, when he is most serious, seems half in jest. The latter dallies and trifles with his subject, caresses and grows enamoured of it; the former grasped it eagerly to his bosom, breathed death upon it, and turned from it with loathing or dismay. The fine aroma that is exhaled from the flowers of poesy, every where lends its perfume to the verse of the bard of Erin. The noble bard (less fortunate in his muse) tried to extract poison from them. If Lord Byron cast his own views or feelings upon outward objects (jaundicing the sun,) Mr. Moore seems to exist in the delights, the virgin fancies of nature. He is free of the Rosicrucian society; and in ethereal existence among troops of sylphs and spirits,—in a perpetual vision of wings, flowers, rainbows, smiles, blushes, tears, and kisses. Every page of his work is a vignette, every line that he writes glows or sparkles, and it would seem (to quote again the expressive words of Sheridan) "as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with

fond aspirations, to regain that native source of light and heat." The worst is, our author's mind is too vivid, too active, to suffer a moment's repose. We are cloyed with sweetness, and dazzled with splendour. Every image must blush celestial rosy red, love's proper hue;—every syllable must breathe a sigh. A sentiment is lost in a simile—the simile is overloaded with an epithet. It is "like morn risen on mid-noon." No eventful story, no powerful contrast, no *moral*, none of the sordid details of human life (all is ethereal;) none of its sharp calamities, or, if they inevitably occur, his muse throws a soft, glittering veil over them,

> Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
> Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

We do not believe that Mr. Moore ever writes a line that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious common-place. Lord Byron wrote whole pages of sullen, crabbed prose, that, like a long dreary road, however, leads to doleful shades or palaces of the blest. In short Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden, and Lord Byron's a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last you see the naked stem and rough bark; but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of a human voice within.

Critically speaking, Mr. Moore's poetry is chargeable with two peculiarities: first, the pleasure or interest he conveys to us is almost always derived from the first impressions or physical properties of objects, not from their connexion with passion or circumstances. His lights dazzle the eye, his perfumes soothe the smell, his sounds ravish the ear; but then they do so for and from themselves, and at all times and places equally—for the heart has little to do with it. Hence we observe a kind of fastidious extravagance in Mr. Moore's serious poetry. Each thing must be fine, soft, exquisite in itself, for it is never set off by reflection or contrast. It glitters to the sense through the atmosphere of indifference. Our indolent luxurious bard does not whet the appetite by setting us to hunt after the game of human passion, and is therefore obliged to hamper us with dainties, seasoned with rich fancy and the *sauce piquante* of poetic diction. Poetry, in his hands, becomes a kind of *cosmetic* art—it is the poetry of the toilet. His muse must be as fine as the Lady of Loretto. Now, this principle of composition leads not only to a defect of dramatic interest, but also of imagination. For every thing in this world, the meanest incident or object, may receive a light and an importance from its association with other objects, and with the heart of man; and the variety thus created is endless as it is striking and profound. But if we begin and end in those objects that are beautiful or dazzling in themselves and at the first blush, we shall soon be confined to a human reward of self-pleasing topics, and be both superficial and wearisome. It is the fault of Mr Wordsworth's poetry that he has perversely relied too much (or wholly) on this reaction of the imagination on subjects that are petty and repulsive in themselves; and of Mr. Moore's, that he appeals too exclusively to the flattering support of sense and fancy. Secondly, we have remarked that Mr. Moore hardly ever describes entire objects, but abstract qualities of objects It is not a picture that he gives us, but an inventing of beauty. He takes a blush, or a smile, and runs on whole stanzas in ecstatic praise of it, and then diverges to the sound of a voice, and "discourses eloquent music" on the subject; but it might as well be the light of heaven that he is describing, or the voice of echo—we have no human figure before us, no palpable reality answering to any substantive form or nature. Hence we think it may be explained why it is that our author has so little picturesque effect—with such vividness of conception, such insatiable ambition after ornament, and such an inexhaustible and delightful play of fancy. Mr. Moore is a colourist in poetry, a musician also, and has a heart full of tenderness and susceptibility for all that is delightful and amiable in itself, and that does not require the ordeal of suffering, of crime, or of deep thought, to stamp it with a bold character. In this we conceive consists the charm of his poetry, which all the world feels, but which it is difficult to explain scientifically, and in conformity to *transcendant rules*. It has the charm of the softest and most brilliant execution; there is no wrinkle, no deformity on its smooth and shining surface. It has the charm which arises from the continual desire to please, and from the spontaneous sense of pleasure in the author's mind. Without being gross in the smallest degree, it is voluptuous in the highest. It is a sort of sylph-like spiritualized sensuality. So far from being licentious in his Lalla Rookh, Mr. Moore has become moral and sentimental (indeed he was always the last,) and tantalizes his young and fair readers with the glittering shadows and mystic adumbrations of evanescent delights He, in fine, in his courtship of the Muses, resembles those lovers who always say the softest things on all occasions; who smile with irresistible good humour at their own success; who banish pain and truth from their thoughts, and who impart the delight they feel in themselves unconsciously to others! Mr. Moore's poetry is the thornless rose—its touch is velvet, its hue vermilion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Lord Byron's, on the contrary, is a prickly bramble, or sometimes a deadly upas, of form uncouth and uninviting, that has its root in the clefts of the rock, and its head mocking the skies, that wars with the thunder-cloud and tempest, and round which the loud cataracts roar.

We here conclude our Sketch of

> Anacreon Moore,
> To whom the Lyre and Laurels have been given
> With all the trophies of triumphant song—
> *He won them well, and may he wear them long!*

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

LALLA ROOKH;

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

May 19, 1817. THOMAS MOORE.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visiter and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh[1];—a Princess described by poets of her time, as more beautiful than Lelia, Shirine, Dewilde, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses[2]; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take the last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine apples on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined, the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen imme

1 Tulip Cheek. 2 Gul Reazee.

dinely after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of every thing, from the pencilling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem; and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, "Should the Prince at noon-day say, it is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and, when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who now and then lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet Fadladeen elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,[1]—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirits of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.[2]

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves,
Among Merou's[3] bright palaces and groves;—
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's[4] cheek, when down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;

1 The Indian Apollo.
2 Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province, or region of the sun. *Sir W. Jones.*
3 One of the Royal cities of Khorassan. 4 Moses

Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,[1]
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;
Their weapons various;—some, equipp'd for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of Buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems[2] that bloom on IRAN's rivers;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when Winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise)
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades!—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts,[3]
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;
From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY;[4]
And GEORGIA's bloom and AZAB's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles,
All, all are there;—each land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,—
What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?
Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer's sky;—
That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords,—
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young AZIM's fame;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,
He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains;
Oh! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good, that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart;—proud views of human-kind
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd;—
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet!—
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who, kneeling, pale,
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN!
Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though new the frame
Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
For many an age,[2] in every chance and change
Of that existence, through whose varied range,—
As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand
The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—
From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,

1 Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.
2 Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.
3 The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, steemed as holy. *Turner.*
4 China

1 In the war of the Caliph Mohadi against the Empress Irene: for an account of which, see *Gibbon*, vol. x.
2 The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines see *D'Herbelot.*

That run this course;—Beings, the most divine,
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,
To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One, knelt;[1]
Such the refin'd Intelligence that glow'd
In MOUSSA'S frame;—and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a prophet's breast;—in ISSA[2] shone,
And in MOHAMMED burn'd; till, hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!"

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warrior's swords
Were pointed up to heav'n; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers the' Immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!
For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet
Some task to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"
The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA'S own!
The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;
The old deep pondering on the promis'd reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,—
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee!
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud BOKHARA'S groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,[1] which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from BUCHARIA'S ruby mines,
And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;—
His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire,—and love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM'S plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim
E'en summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
(Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick man's name

[1] "And when we said unto the Angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis, (Lucifer,) who refused." *The Koran*, chap. ii.

[2] Jesus.

[1] The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"
Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such
Ev'n reason blighted sunk beneath its touch;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;—
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half extacy, half pain,
The bulbul[1] utters, e'er her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!
Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies!—
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught;—
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say "of *some*?"
No—of the one, one only object trac'd
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd
With ev'ry broken link of her lost mind;
Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
No—had not Reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou had'st an amulet
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflam'd, —a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well th' Impostor nurs'd
Her soul's delirium, in whose active frame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant flame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.
No art was spar'd, no witchery;—all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and extacy by turns—
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;
That extacy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breath'd around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house;—through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly graz'd by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to Heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
When round, in trances only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look—oh! where's the heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross
By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;

1 The Nightingale.

In every glance there broke without control,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
The almond groves, that shade BOKHARA's tide,
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth, whom she had lov'd,
And wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;—
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By Memory's magic, lets in all the rest!
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But, though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain—tears, floods of tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she, till now, had heard with extacy,)
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;
Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone;—and then the hope most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Ev'n purer than before,—as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veiled MOKANNA lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy KOOM,[1] or MECCA's dim arcades,—
But brilliant, soft, such light as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there
Stood vases, fill'd with KISHMEE's[2] golden wine,
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness,[3] had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;

1 The cities of Com [or Koom] and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia. *Chardin.*

2 An Island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

3 The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity;[1]—
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom, if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refus'd, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!
Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night[2]—
Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, sages, yes—
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
How I shall laugh when trumpeted along,
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these lean'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;
Who, bolder ev'n than Nemrod, think to rise
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, every thing—but true.
Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
For truths too heavenly to be understood;
And your state priests, sole venders of the lore
That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
Where none *but* priests are privileg'd to trade
In that best marble of which gods are made;[3]—
They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysterics enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
A splendid Paradise—pure souls, ye must:
That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
The heav'n of each is but what each desires,
And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity!

So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,
But keep him what he is, no hell were worse."—

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,—
Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
"Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er Hell's gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose smile
Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's dream!
Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
Nor which to sigh for in their trance of heart,
The Heav'n thou preachest, or the Heav'n thou art!
What should I be without thee? without thee
How dull were power, how joyless victory!
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone
All life, last night—what!—is their glory gone?
Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,
They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,
Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
From Light's own fount, supplies of brilliancy!
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.
Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;
'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then;
Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls Virtue—we must conquer this—
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery.
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
Shall tempt the boy;—young Mirzala's blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips, that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!—
All shall combine their witching powers to steep
My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
From which to Heav'n is but the next advance;
That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
On which Religion stamps her image best.

1 The god Hannaman.
2 A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.
3 *Symes's* Ava, vol. ii. p. 376.

But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of these
Hath some peculiar practised power to please,
Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside;
There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
One, who in every look joins every lure;
Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd pass,
Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,
Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
Such the refined enchantress that must be
This Hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From whence these words, like south-winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came filled with pestilence:[1]
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
And the wretch felt assur'd, that once plung'd in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"
All flash'd at once, and, shrieking piteously,
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God! to whom
I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
To live, the wanton of a fiend!.to be
The pander of his guilt—oh, infamy!
And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
Others?—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I lov'd—not him—oh! do but say,
But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark fiend! will worship, even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice;
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.—
Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! those eyes were made
For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

'Obey'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
On me, on me Heav'n's vengeance cannot fall
Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true,
And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?
Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me;
No—he's all truth, and strength, and purity!
Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him
Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers
He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,
Whom once he lov'd—once!—*still* loves dotingly.
Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou'l't brand my name?
Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she came
But I may fade and fall without a name!
And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—thro' soul and frame
With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!
If when I'm gone——"

"Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage—by Heav'n, not half so bold
The puny bird that dares with teazing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.[1]—
And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what, give up all
Thy chaste dominions in the Haram hall,
Where now to Love, and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run,
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!
Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

At this dread word
The maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
That burst and lighten'd ev'n through her despair!—
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
The bridal place—the charnel vault was ours!
Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
Gay flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead,

1 "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south-wind, which in June or July passes over that flower, [the Kerzerah,] it will kill him." *Thevenot.*

1 The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java. *Barrow's Cochin-China.*

(Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)
From reeking shrouds, upon the rite look'd out!
That oath thou heardst more lips than thine repeat—
That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine;
Bound thee by chains, that, whether blest or curst
No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!—
Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
Look wild, look—any thing but sad;—yet stay—
One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
I see that thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives![1]
And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
'Tis time those *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial light!
Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight!
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
Thou st seen immortal man kneel down and quake—
Would that they *were* Heaven's lightnings for his sake!
But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
Here, judge, if Hell with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

He rais'd his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground.

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations. Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

Prepare thy soul, young Azim! thou hast brav'd
The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslav'd,
Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs,
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Harem chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one:
While some bring leaves of Henna to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,[2]
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,[3]
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion; rings, and plumes, and pearls
Are shining every where;—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,[4]
Thinks of the time, when, by the Ganges' flood,
Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud

1 Circum easdem ripas [Nili, viz.] ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his nidis escam suis refert.—*Solinus.*

1 "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes.—*Sol. Song.*

2 "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush.*

3 "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Cohol."—*Russel.*

4 "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women, has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions.—See *Asiatic Researches* vol. iv.

Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain-flowers, as by a spell,—
The sweet Elcaya,[1] and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy[2]—
Sees call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here the way leads, o'er tesselated floors,
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet,[3] send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode!—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola which towers
All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers;
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;
While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Camorin,[4]
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree,[5]
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,[6] and the thrush
Of Indostan,[7] whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds, that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood,
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;[2]—
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds[3] that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on through scenes past all imagining,—
More like the luxuries of that impious King,[4]
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,—
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round;
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound,
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth;—to teach him, while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives;
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And daring deed! thy godlike sages taught;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!
Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place?
But no—it cannot be that one, whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
A Prophet of the truth, whose mission draws
Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his cause
With the world's vulgar pomps;—no, no—I see—
He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

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1 "A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen."—*Niebuhr.*

2 Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—*Niebuhr.*

3 "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—*Turner's Tibet.*

4 "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—*D'Herbelot.*

5 "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees."—*Barrow.*

6 "In Mecca, there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

7 "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—*Pennant's Hindostan*

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1 Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern Isles to India, and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

2 "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon."—*Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

3 "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds"—*Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

4 Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

So thought the youth;—but, ev'n while he defied
The witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through every sense. The perfume, breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep![1]
And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;—
All was too much for him, too full of bliss:
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this.
Soften'd, he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;—
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
And of the time, when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

"O my lov'd mistress! whose enchantments still
Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look,
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
Oh my own life!—why should a single day,
A moment, keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sister's slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others walk'd as gracefully along,
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!

And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and gave birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
Awhile they dance before him, then divide
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind—
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of YEZD and SHIRAZ wear
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud's[1] edge; and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN[2]
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's[3] stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER.

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert sent,
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.

1 "My Pundits assure me that the plant before us [the Nilica] is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms."—*Sir W. Jones.*

1 Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

2 The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Perdas by the names of different countries or cities; as, the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc

3 A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar

For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th' unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine."

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there.—
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd,
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;[1]
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of EDEN, shake in the Eternal Breeze,[2]
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! *they* resemble
Blue water-lilies,[1] when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this

By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and the wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour!
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves most
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost;
The youth had started up and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best,
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest!
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering
With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise;[2]—
Here fond ZULEIKA[3] woos with open arms
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
Wishes that heav'n and she could *both* be won!

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1 "To the north of us, [on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku] was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals, with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

2 "To which will be added, the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music."—*Sale*

1 The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

2 For the loves of King Solomon, [who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii] with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D' Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

3 The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the Patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances

And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;—
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love![1]

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,
Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
As though the distance and that heavenly ray
Through which the sounds came floating, took away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.
Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in heaven!
Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.
Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the other wore,
But in that deep-blue melancholy dress,[2]
BOKHARA's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
And such as ZELICA had on that day
He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
'Tis she herself!—'tis ZELICA he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd—none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
The once ador'd divinity! ev'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—when loth
He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,[1]
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

"Look up my ZELICA—one moment show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,
Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
When, had the whole rich world been in my power
I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world's collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
My own best purest ZELICA once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those lov'd lips
Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild—but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, ev'n for that tranc'd minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his belov'd caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But when she heard him call her good and pure
Oh 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone, whose anguish would have rived
A heart of very marble, "pure!—oh! heaven.—

That tone—those looks so chang'd—the withering blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy!
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves:[2]—
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,

1 The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, v. 151.

2 "Deep-blue is their mourning colour."—*Hanway.*

1 The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

2 "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry: several were brought me alive, both in Yumbo and Jidda."—*Bruce*

That could from heav'n and him such brightness sever,
'Tis done—to heav'n and him she's lost for ever!
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years,
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst,
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand tow'rds heav'n—"though I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall;
No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceas'd—
I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee!
They told me thou wert dead—why, AZIM, why,
Did we not both of us that instant die
When we were parted?—oh, could'st thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop, that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
Oh God! thou would'st not wonder, that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
All wild—and ev'n this quenchless love within
Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou would'st—that sky
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
The fiend, who lur'd me hither—hist! come near,
Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he shou'd hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such dev'lish art,
As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where, bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weep'st for me—do, weep—oh! that I durst
Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,
They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness
I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die!
The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe,
My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no:
Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good,
Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.
Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!"—

"ZELICA! ZELICA!" the youth exclaim'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
Almost to madness—"by that sacred Heav'n,
Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be forgiven,
As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love,
Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
Fly with me from this place.———"

"With thee! oh bliss
'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
When we were both so happy, both so pure—
Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
And in their light re-chasten'd silently,
Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven!
Oh yes, I'll fly with thee.———"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice, deep and dread
As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that maid's look!—
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou art ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am MOKANNA'S bride—his, AZIM, his.—
The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow
Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight

So horrible—oh! may'st thou never see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight.

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity:—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,) informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War, which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of Him, who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,[1]
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory!—
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird[2]
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;—
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind
The neigh of cavalry; the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their driver's songs;—
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;—
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That, far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,[3] swell and float?

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow,[4] over yonder tent?—
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
Rous'd in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam[5] and the world;—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright palace calm reclin'd,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign;
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave[6]
To conquer or to perish, once more gave

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1 The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

2 A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain, between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

3 "This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano* which signifies, The note of the Eagle."—*Note of Bruce's editor.*

4 The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, the Night and the Shadow. See *Gibbon.*

5 The Mahometan Religion.

6 "The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to observate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."—*Struy.*

His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And, with an army nurs'd in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
Such pomp before;—not e'en when on his way
To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury;[1]
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip beneath the glow
Of MECCA's sun, with urns of Persian snow:[2]—
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that,
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,[3]
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock;[4]
Then Chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry;[5]
Men from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh,[6]
And many a mace-arm'd Moor, and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of the Impostor throng'd.
Besides his thousands of Believers,—blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner;—Chiefs of the UZBEK race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace;[7]
TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the North;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills[8]—and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of HINDOO KOSH,[9] in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,
Her worshippers of fire[10]—all panting then
For vengeance on the accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd
From YEZD's[1] eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire,
From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the CASPIAN,[2] fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motly banners tost
Around the Prophet Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;
While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heav'n—hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!
"On, swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls,—
"Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who falls!"
"On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,
"And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's troops give way!
MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark! that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout;
And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of heav'n's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDAR's vale,)[3]
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks!
In vain MOKANNA, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds, that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy!
The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,

1 Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

2 "Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam."—*Abulfeda.*

3 The inhabitants of Hejas or Arabia Petræ, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock."—*Ebn Haukal.*

4 "Those horses, called by the Arabians, Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds."—*Niebuhr.*

5 "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords, are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems."—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.

6 Azab, or Saba.

7 "The Chiefs of the Uzbec Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."—*Account of Independent Tartary.*

8 "In the mountains of Nishapour, and Tous, in Khorassan, they find turquoises."—*Ebn Haukal.*

9 For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

10 The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

1 "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—*Stephen's Persia.*

2 "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea, to a distance almost incredible."—*Hanway on the everlasting Fire at Baku*

3 In the great victory gained by Mahomed al Bedar, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum.—*The Koran and its Commentators*

All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!
But vain his speed—though in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all;—
Yet now the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries e'en *him* along;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forc'd flight is—murdering, as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, e'en in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla il Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
"Alla Akbar!"[1]—the Caliph 's in MEROU.
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines, and chaunt your ziraleets;[2]
The swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
Who does not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sounds along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls!
He turns away coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illume;—
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!
Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm, or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,[3]
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstacy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;
Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start!

1 The tecbir, or cry of the Arabs, "Alla Akbar!" says Ockley, means "God is most mighty."

2 The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.

3 The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe, as yet, that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
He gain'd MEROU—breath'd a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the JIHON's flood,
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a Saviour in their downfall'n Chief,
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB's gates,[2]
And there, untam'd, th' approaching conqueror waits

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
For ZELICA stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From the Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead![3]
No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him, among demons, all but first!
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumes
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives[4] have gifted him—for mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,

1 The ancient Oxus.

2 A city of Transoxiania.

3 "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit: and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground, (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers,) others come forth in their stead," etc. etc.—*Niewhoff.*

4 The Demons of the Persian mythology

Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
That spangle INDIA's fields on showery nights,[1]—
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguer'er spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
That, friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
E'en thus a match for myriads such as they!
"Oh! for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian King[2]
To darkness in a moment, that I might
People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—King—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave."
Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:—
"Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
Shear from Heav'n, whose light, nor blood shall drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne
Of PARVIZ,[3] and the heron crest that shone,[4]
Magnificent, o'er ALI's beauteous eyes,[5]
Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd
O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
That ISLAM's sceptre shall beneath the power
Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
From NEKSHEB's Holy Well portentously shall rise!
Now turn and see!"—

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles,[6]—
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd minaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when they set!
Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol Star
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
While he of MOUSSA's creed, saw, in that ray
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day
Had rested on the Ark,[1] and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the MOSLEM's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
Had paus'd and een forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night,
To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,[3]
Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the CALIPH—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot,—like bees of KAUZEROON[4]
To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And back to NEKSHEB's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train
Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.
Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest.
And they believed him!—oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

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1 Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—See his *Travels*.

2 "Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Moussal."—*D'Herbelot*.

3 Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot*.

4 "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.—See *Chardin*.

5 "The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali."—*Chardin*.

6 "Il anmas pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portait sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—*D'Herbelot*. Hence he was called Sazendéhmah, or the Moon-maker.

1 The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—See *Sale's Note*, chap. ii.

2 The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—See *Burder's Oriental Customs* vol. ii. p. 119.

3 "The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to inclose a considerable space round the royal tents."—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

4 "From the groves of Orange trees at Kauveroon, the bees call a celebrated honey."—*Morier's Travels*

And well th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.
Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never could st have borne it—Death had come
At once and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought almost of life, came o'er th' intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire 's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath!—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide![1]
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd:—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promis'd spears
Of the wild hordes and TARTAR mountaineers.
They come not—while his fierce beleaguerers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new;[2]—javelins, that fly
Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled Naptha fount,
Showers of a consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go,
Like those wild birds[1] that by the Magians, oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide!
All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore:-
Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd;—
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood;—and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?"—thus, with unblushing check,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying;—
"What! drooping now?—now, when at length we press
Home o'er the very threshold of success;
When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
The chosen few who shall survive the fall
Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
To-night—yes, sainted men! This very night,
I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
Where, having deep refresh'd each weary limb
With viands such as feast Heaven's cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
With that pure wine the dark-ey'd maids above
Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,[2]—
I will myself uncurtain in your sight
The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;—
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!

1 "A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the god of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—*Savary.*

2 The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

1 "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezè, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."—*Richardson's Dissertation.*

2 "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Koran*, chap lxxxiii.

Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout "to-night!"—
"To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;—
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those royal gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When ZELICA—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Rous'd every feeling, and brought Reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil—e'en the foe had ceas'd,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
'Tis her tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters. Holy ALLA, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk, blackening, on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their soul's tormentor to the last;—
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming;
But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
On its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,[1]
No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows.—
"There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star,—
Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;
That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd
E'en monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If EBLIS loves you half so well as I.—
Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
Nay come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
The dead before?—they grac'd our wedding, sweet,
And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
With all death's grimness added to its own,
And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes,
Of slaves, exclaiming 'There his Godship lies!'—
No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death
Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;
There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!
There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave;—
That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from Hell!

[1] "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country, to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—*Elphinstone's Caubul.*

So shall my banner, through long ages, be
The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
But hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all:
No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick clos'd the burning waters o er his head,
And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still curst with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent[1] dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire, (the dread artillery, lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi,) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor Boa's clasp,
Could match the gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls;
But still no breach—"once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
Right on that spot,—and Nekshеb is our own!"—
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!
But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen
Above, below what can this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;
But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanc'd
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—"'Tis He, 'tis He,
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground.—
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
"I meant not *thou* should'st have the pain of this,—
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou would'st not rob me of, didst thou but know
How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live!
All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me, from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine
Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
Oh live to pray for her—to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity,
To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
As thine are, Azim, never breath'd in vain,
And pray that he may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
Our youthful hearts together—every wind,
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou did'st then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
And should they—but alas! my senses fail—
Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
Oh heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fleeted—years on years had pass'd away
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,

[1] "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—*Elphinstone.*

Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel's smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died,—
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever—" "My good FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain, (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi,) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines, as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story telling."[1]

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments, mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's[2] apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi: but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses too in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said FADLADEEN, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: "Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man: so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and

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1 La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenait de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait étaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.—*D'Herbelot.*

2 The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion; to *one* heart, perhaps too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—"Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!"—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth;[1]—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the sea, upon his back."[2]—FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Roshinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated, from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open'd portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,[1]
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,[2]
Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies

1 "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it."—*Forster.*

2 "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*

1 The Huma. 2 The story of Sinbad.

On the blue flow'r, which, Bramins say,
Blooms no where but in Paradise!
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
'The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!'
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands[1]
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,—
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heav'n?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;[2]—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;[3]—
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,[4]
With Life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis He of GAZNA![1]—fierce in wrath
He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;[2]—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer to th' Invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!
"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"
"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opens the gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC's Lunar Mountains,[3]
Far to the South, the PERI lighted;

1 "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the Heavens."—*Fryer.*

2 "The Forty Pillars: so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there."—*D'Herbelot, Volney.*

3 The Isles of Panchaia.

4 "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson.*

1 Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—See his History in *Dow* and *Sir J. Malcolm.*

2 "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History.* vol. iii.

3 "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise"—*Bruce.*

And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile![1]
Thence, over EGYPT's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,[2]
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA's vale[3]—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MŒRIS' Lake.[4]
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys, and their fruits of gold,
Basking in heav'n's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep, descending,
Warns them to their silken beds;[5]—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun 's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana[6] sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoon hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks[1]
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes[2]
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard:
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain—falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,

1 "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant."—*Asiat. Researches*, vol. i. p. 387.

2 See Perry's View of the Levant, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

3 "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Sonnini.*

4 Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

5 "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—*Dafard el Hadad.*

6 "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini.*

1 Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

2 *Bruce.*

She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd, or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breath'd by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There, drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on; in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay,[1]
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of dooms-day taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take![1]

But ah! e'en Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade; again
Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
By Seraph eyes shall long be read.
But PERI, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this sight the boon must be
That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses[2]
Softly tho light of eve reposes,
And like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls[3]

1 "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson.*

1 "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity, drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand's* Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity.*

2 Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

3 "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them."—*Bruce.*

Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed,[1] with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,[2]
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems anneal'd
In upper fires, some tabret seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC, winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,[3]
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;—
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!

In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
E'en haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land,[1] of so healing a power
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour

1 "The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—*Russel.*

2 The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

3 "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—*Sonnini.*

1 The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague

That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all.'

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeams shine upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a Soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear, that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash, or meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,[1]
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!
Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now the Tooba tree.[2]
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the Lote-tree, springing by ALLA's Throne,[3]
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

"AND this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.[1] They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence—who, like them, flung the jereed[2] carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam."

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism, to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand," he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects[3] should undertake."

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.[4] Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration,

1 The Country of Delight—the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

2 "The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet."—*Sale's Prelim. Disc.* "Touba," says *D'Herbelot*, "signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness."

3 Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the Angel Gabriel, "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven on the right hand of the throne of God.

1 "It is said, that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."—*Ebn Haukal.*

2 The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—See *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

3 For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, see *Parson's Travels*, p. 262.

4 "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."—*Kinneir.*

indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful, as to love *without* knowing it, had been delicious. FERAMORZ too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone![1] She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy; and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever![2]

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment:—particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads[1] as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,[2] at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticism, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for e'en Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart,—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most

1 "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d' Egypte.*

2 See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 434.

1 Ferishta.

2 The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.[1] In the middle of the lawn, where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection; but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakeu,[2] when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea;[1]
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's[2] walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,[3]
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion,
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome[4]
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.
E'en he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race had brought on Iran's[5] name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven:
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;[6]—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

1 The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak.—*Sir W. Jones.*
2 The "Agar ardens" described by *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

1 The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.
2 The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.
3 A Moorish instrument of music.
4 "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—*Le Bruyn.*
5 "Iran is the true general name of the empire of Persia."—*Asiat. Res. Disc. 5.*
6 "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—*Russel.*

Just Alla! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
E'en as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which, from the sunniest hours that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad![1]
Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd
In their own land—no more their own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh shame! were turn'd,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance:—hearts that yet,
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They've treasur'd from the sun that's set,
Beam all the light of long-lost days!—
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray!
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power:
None but the loving and the lov'd
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a King,[2]
Hang from the lattice, long and wild.—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain![3]
Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those, who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide
On summer-eves, through Yemen's dales;
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmin'd flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay Harams smil'd,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded, like serpents when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze![2]—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!
Such is the maid, who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she us'd to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night air
After the day-beam's withering fire,[3]

1 "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—*Tournefort.*

2 "Their kings wear plumes of black heron's feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—*Hanway.*

3 "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—*Richardson.*

1 Arabia Felix.

2 "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds,) he immediately becomes blind."—*Ahmed ben Abdalaziz,* Treatise on Jewels.

3 "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes

He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea 's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water!
Yes—ARABY's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb th' untrodden solitude
Of ARARAT's tremendous peak,[1]
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heav'n's path-ways, if to thee they led!
E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way:
E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,[2]
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scal'd the terrace of his bride;—
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And mid-way up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth, who, fleet and bold
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.
See—light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber.[3]
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird, without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover?
Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,[4]

Alone, at this same watching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring Spirit, cast from Heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their Heaven for woman's eyes!

Fond girl! nor fiend, nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow:
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep
Visions that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone
Far from the cruel and the cold—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,

so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—*Varco Pelo.*

1 This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

2 In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent;—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way, by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See *Champion's Ferdosi.*

3 "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræ are rock-goats."—*Michahr.*

4 "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco."—*Toderini, translated by De Cournan.*

My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine,
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heaven—it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast,"
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd had must grasp in waking!
Danger!—"
"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destin'd course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid! as soon the Powers
Of Light and Darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine!
Thy father——"

"Holy Alla save
His gray-head from that lightning glance!
Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.
And still, whene'er, at Haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:—
Good Heav'n that frown!—e'en now thou glow'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,
Oh, still remember Love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o'er thoso Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors——"
"Hold, hold—thy words are death—"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.[1]
"Here, maiden look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes—*I* am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven![2]
Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas he I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love hath made one thought his own,
That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart e'en now forget
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
Had Fate not frown'd so dark between,
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,

1 "They [the Ghebers] lay so much stress on the cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's* Voyage. "Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portait comme Ghebr," etc. etc.—*D'Herbelot*, art. Aguani.

2 "They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary."—*Hanway.*

In which the charm of Country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till IRAN's cause and thine were one;—
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine!—
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee—
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what Love has wove,—
Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide;—
And then, then only, true to love,
When false to all that's dear beside!
Thy father IRAN's deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee!
When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
But look——"
With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals,[1]
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal-lights!—I must away—
Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again."
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,—
"I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,
In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind.

1 "The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."—*Baumgarten.*

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea[1] palely shines,
Revealing BAHREIN's groves of palm,
And lighting KISHMA's[2] amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round SELAMA's[3] sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen,
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain

1 The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf."—*Sir W. Jones.*

2 Islands in the Gulf.

3 Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea to secure a propitious voyage."—*Morier.*

The best and brightest scimetar[1]
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who, from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on CADESSIA's[2] bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From IRAN's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,[3]
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own belov'd but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts, where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds;
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm,[4]
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
How safe e'en tyrants heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain—
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue—blest to be
E'en for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince!
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, e'en here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er-
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's, success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthron'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that, truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on IRAN's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour
Such tales of fearful wonder tell.
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,[1]
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,

1 In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "the dew is of such a pure nature, that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

2 The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

3 Derbend.—"Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens."—*D'Herbelot.*

4 The Talpot or Talipot tree.—"This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—*Thunberg.*

1 Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy Land among the Peris and Dives may

A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon's small mountain flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks![1]
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny;—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though fram'd for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that, shrinking, bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—
No—far he fled, indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they rais'd,
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully:
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
As if to guard the Gulf across;
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross[1]
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd;—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;[2]
And, though for ever past the days
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the Priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread;

be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

1 This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River, from the "cedar-saints," among which it rises.

1 These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good-Hope.

2 The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

Stretch'd on this rock, while vulture's beaks
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!'

Twas night when to those towers they came;
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glar'd on his features, as he spoke:—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done:
If IRAN *will* look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God!
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace!
The blood of ZAL, and RUSTAM,[1] rolls,—
If they *will* court this upstart race,
And turn from MITHRA'S ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday!
If they *will* crouch to IRAN'S foes,
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows
Too vile for e'en the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thraldom never stain'd;—
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profan'd;
And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of LEBANON
Across the dark sea-robber's way,[2]
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion s last farewell;
When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And e'en Despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save!"
His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;[3]
Though neither priests nor rites were there,
Nor cnarmed leaf of pure pomegranate,[4]
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;[1]
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard *them*; while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in IRAN'S injur'd name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled Shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain
The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
While heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood—
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear
Far other feelings Love hath brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim
There 's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
AL HASSAN'S falchion for the fight;
And—had he look'd with clearer sight—
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came;

1 Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Ghebers there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."—*Stephen's Persia.*

2 See Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

3 Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—*Richardson.*

4 In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

1 "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun; and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—*Rabbi Benjamin.*

The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, HINDA, no—thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's Sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep.
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogged wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting,
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon HERKEND's Sea,
When tost at midnight furiously,[1]
Tells not a wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter up—the Kerna's[2] breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head, heart, limbs—will all be mine,
This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"
"*His* blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind—
"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accurs'd,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
To strong for ALLA's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When GOD and Vengeance speed the blow,
And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,[1]
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to ARABY.
Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hop'd our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid—the wind that no
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount.
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The path-way through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their Sacred Height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup, for him,
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim—

1 "It is observed with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire." —*Travels of two Mohammedans.*

2 A kind of trumpet;—"it was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles." *Richardson*

1 "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and external one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."—*Universal History*

With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding Heaven and feeling Hell!

Lalla Rookh had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer———

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shattered canopy!
There's not a cloud in that blue plain,
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth, 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land:—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore.—
No music tim'd her parting oar,[1]
Nor friends, upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more.
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.[2]

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath![3]
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from the scenes of slaughter,
As a young bird of Babylon,[4]
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filletted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount.[5]—
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower.
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if e'en now she felt at heart

1 "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."—*Harmer.*

2 "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."—*Richardson.*

3 "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—*Pennant.*

4 "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat or Babylonian pigeon."—*Travels of certain Englishmen*

5 "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."—*Harris.*

The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger!' thou,
So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith, home, father, all—
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship e'en Thyself above him—
For oh! so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, e'en while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd;
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.
But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
'Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful heav'n! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shuddered as she rode
O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!
Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,
Trembling all over—for she felt,
As if her judgment hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm;—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For God and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her, breathless, from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame,
Amid the ruins of that hour,
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower!
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands[1]—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul—e'en then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of EGYPT,[2] whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,[3]
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers

1 The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."
2 "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—*Brown.*
3 See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem[1]
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And e'en that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world when HINDA woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes.
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA! who shall save her now?
There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own Faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt[2] that wraps
Each yellow vest[3]—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps[4]—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;—
HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within,
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd,
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought,
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees
Their course is tow'rd that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where MECCA's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!

Amid th' illumin'd land and flood,
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass:
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch,
Through which departed spirits go;—
Not e'en the flare of brand and torch

1 A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.

2 *D'Herbelot*, Art. Aghuani.

3 "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes."—*Thevenot.*

4 "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—*Waring*

Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.

Just then a day-beam, through the shade,
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.
Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
E'en Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had ris'n from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled:
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way.
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—e'en to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly nears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber 's here!"
She *does* not dream—all sense—all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber 's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,[1]
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make e'en ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
Have ever welcom'd with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
And here, before thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit that away
Casting from its angelic ray
Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin;—

1 A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose."—*Jami*

One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heaven-ward track!
Let him but live, and both are Thine,
Together Thine—for, blest or crost,
Living or dead, his doom is mine;
And if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat for the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN'S almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,[1]
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.
But vainly did those glories burst
On HINDA'S dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and aw'd as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave[2] appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers, all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying e'en the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
"HAFED, the Chief!"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not YEMEN'S boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night![1]
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scattered, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening, round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell?

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till HAFED with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"HINDA!"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest.—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the fire-fiends brood,
HAFED, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smil'd
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believ'd her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

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1 "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—*Ebn Haukel.*

2 The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir; who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

1 "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle, on account of its shining appearance in the night."—*Richardson.*

E'en he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
IRAN, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcases and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—
Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom Fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!

The mighty ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er th' illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark, that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if to grace the gorgeous West,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left its sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them waves of crystal move
In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries
"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
Hush!—heard'st thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors e'en to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief;—
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God, will be thy sentinels;
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire———"

"To-morrow!—no—"
The maiden scream'd—"thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good heav'n, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own lov'd youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
So amaz'd and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant

Of the still halls of Ishmonie![1]
But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days!
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of aftertimes,
The suffering brave shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes!
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain,
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow:
And ne'er did Saint of Issa[2] gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destin'd funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrade's hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-god's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd![3]

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoots his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teams with fear?
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last ador'd!
If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees, that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine
The world 's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at *any* God's for thine!"

Wildly those passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heav'd sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees,
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own;
And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear-

1 For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant.*

2 Jesus.

3 "The Ghebers say, that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—*Tavernier.*

If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn[1] hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free

They came—his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er KERMAN'S plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
And the wide ox-tails stream'd behind,[2]
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paus'd before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!

'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried "the clouds grow dark
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!
With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou——" but ah!—he answers not—
Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the Angel ISRAFIL'S,[1]
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—
"HAFED! my HAFED!—if it be
Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy loved name,
'Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!
You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—
Oh! stay—one moment is not much;
He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
HAFED! dear HAFED!"—All the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no HAFED came:—
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.
But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!

1 "The shell called Shanko, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals. It sends forth a deep and hollow sound."—*Pennant.*

2 "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."—*Thevenot.*

1 "The Angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—*Sale.*

They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes—
'Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine—his Chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?
He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of IRAN's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains,
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA's vale[1]
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untam'd and fearless as themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;—
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fall'n before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,
The guards, with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain shrines.

Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of IRAN's last avengers stand—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem's tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if ere your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the file that foremost wades!
They come—a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.

Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire:
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed,
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood,
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by HAFED's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion, swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride[1]

1 See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

1 "In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, severa-

From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind—
Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss:
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrid yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear,—
Now reach him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his recking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And IRAN'S self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a lov'd friend, the only one
Of all his warriors left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
Foes round us, and the Shrine so near?"
These words have rous'd the last remains
Of life within him—"what! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains?"—
The thought could make e'en Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
E'en feebler, heavier than his own,
And faintly up the pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!
They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weeds dripping with their gore—
Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heav'n! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—
When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?
No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze,
Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN'S Sea.—
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on OMAN'S tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—
That bears the wretched Moslem maid
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom;
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED'S fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Come echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd

sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*"—*Maundrell's Aleppo.*

Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power
Of Fancy's most terrific touch,
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things within the cold rock found
Alive, when all 's congeal'd around.
But there 's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
E'en now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—
Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—
Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.
But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'rd the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine
Fix their last failing life-beam there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While HAFED, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrin'd in its own grand element!
"'Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he 's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach the blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter!
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea:)
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart 'till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south[1] o'er a summer lute blowing
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star[2] to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,[3]
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero! forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;[4]
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;

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1 "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia.*

2 "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb.*

3 For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amœnitat, Exot.*

4 Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See *Prevoux, Chambers*

We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian[1] are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

The singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspicious young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk[2] would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the king of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,[3] and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,[1] beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal, and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.[2]

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens, and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal—the Light of the Haram,[3] who had so often wandered

1 "The bay of Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—*Struy.*

2 "The application of whips or rods."—*Dubois.*

3 Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him, "formæ corporis estimator." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

1 The Attock.

2 The star Soheil, or Canopus.

3 Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,[1]—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconcilement of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave and thus began:—

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,[2]
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.[3]
Or to see by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet:—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos, like a lover,
The young aspen-trees[4] till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous[5] portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.[1]
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
The flowret of a hundred leaves,[2]
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives!
'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of BARAMOULE.[3]
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And wak'd to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On BELA's[4] hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than look'd the Valley at that hour.
A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night!
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaim'd to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair
And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fall'n upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;—

1 See note, p. 65.

2 "The rose of Kashmire, for its brilliancy and delicacy of colour has long been proverbial in the East."—*Forster.*

3 "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."—*Song of Jayadeva.*

4 "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall."—*Bernier.*

5 "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—*Forster*

1 "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—See *Pietro de la Valle.*

2 "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—*Ouseley.*

3 Bernier.

4 A place mentioned in the Toozek Jehangeery, or Memoirs of Jehanguire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere

The minaret-cryer's chaunt of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,[1]
And answer'd by a ziraleet
From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;—
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents[2] that line the way,
Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other!—

And the sounds from the Lake,—the low whisp'ring boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that every where floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of KATHAY utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave![3]
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh! best of delights, as it every where is,
To be near the lov'd *One*,—what a rapture is his
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!
If Woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heav'n she must make of CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR,[4]
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young NOURMAHAL.
When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There 's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheek to th eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry,—for e'en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in Spring:
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.[1]
While her laugh, full of life, without any controul
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave;
And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
Of the flowers[2] of this planet—though treasures were there,
For which SOLIMAN's self might have given all the store
That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ?—
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw the City of Delight[3]
In fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers!
Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried;
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!

1 "It is the custom among the women to employ the Muazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—*Russell.*

2 "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, with music, dances," etc. etc.—*Herbert.*

3 "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of hem."—*Grosier.*

4 Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

1 "In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—*Richardson.*

2 In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

3 The capital of Shadukiam. See note, p. 54

A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin:
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round;[1]—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings; though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies![2]
Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own,—
He wanders, joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.[3]
In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the earth supplies
Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?[4]

In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers;
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heav'n that lights the Star!

Hence is it too, that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,
Namouna, the Enchantress;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth!
All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,[1] which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems[2] of Afric, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's[3] harm.
And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's[6] smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd
With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sun-light dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;—
When thus Namouna:—"'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gather'd now,
That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,

1 See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's* Cérémonies Religieuses.

2 "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."—*Grosier.*

3 "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les ames damnées."—*Dallaway.*

4 "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—*Jami.*

1 "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—*Wilford.*

2 "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain."—*Jackson.*

3 "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c. in a human shape."—*Richardson.*

4 "The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowrets' breaths, and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell———'l

"For me, for me,"
Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently,—
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones and Seas of Gold,[1]
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowrets, that unfold
Their buds on CAMEDEVA's quiver;[2]—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of MALAY
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,[3]
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through ZAMARA's shades;[4]—
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On SERENDIB's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;—
In short, all flowrets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,[5]
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil[6] tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert'—and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more,
Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bath'd with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flow'rs and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves —

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough,[1]
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,[2] that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem,
That shrieks, when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

---

1 "Hemasagare, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—*Sir W. Jones.*

2 "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—*Id.*

3 "The Malayans style the tube-rose (Polianthes tuberosa) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—*Pennant.*

4 The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—*Marsden.*

5 "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—*Sir W. Jones.*

6 Sweet-basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in church-yards.

7 "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—*Asiat. Res.*

1 "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."—*Hasselquist.*

2 An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Plac'd on her head, than sloep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL;—
And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind, that o'er the tents
Of AZAB[1] blew, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;[2]—
And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From CHINDARA'S[3] warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
Where in music morn and night, I dwell;
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come,
From my fairy home,
And if there 's a magic in Musie's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey:
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
As mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.[4]
'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on,
To a note more heavenly still that is near!
The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be,
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like th' silent stars, that wink and listen
While Heav'n's eternal melodies roll!
So, hither I come,
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,[1]
As if the morn had wak'd, and then
Shut close her lids of light again.
And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
Oh bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings!
And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.—
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine."
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.
That evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love releas'd
By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
Th' Imperial SELIM held a Feast
In his magnificent Shalimar;
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams,[2]
And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found

---

1 The myrrh country.

2 "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—*Wilford.*

3 "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—*Richardson.*

4 "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See *Brown's Illustr.* Tab. 19.

1 "They have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break."—*Waring.*

2 "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—*Ali Yezdi.*

Singing in gardens of the South[1]
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth;
There too the Haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the NILE,
Delicate as the roses there;[2]
Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;[3]
Light Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;[4]
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,[5]
That they might fancy the rich flowers,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying!
Every thing young, every thing fair
From East and West is blushing there.
Except—except—oh NOURMAHAL!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by!
Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,
And every thing seem'd drear without thee:
But ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingling unnotic'd with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,—[6]
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On CASBIN's hills;[7]—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples that CAUBUL[1]
In all its thousand gardens[2] bears.
Plantains, the golden and the green,
MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen;[3]
Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of SAMARKAND,
And BASRA dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun,[4] from IRAN's land;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,[5]
Of Orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells.[6]
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle[7]
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,[8]—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;[9]
And SHIRAZ wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby, for which CUBLAI-CHAN
Offer'd a city's wealth,[10] was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
And seems resolv'd the floods shall reach
His inward heart—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy;—
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
Down the blue GANGES laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,[11]
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

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1 "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cachmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."—*Persian Miscellanies.*

2 "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for men of rank to recline upon."—*Jackson.*

3 "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—*Maritti.*

4 "There is a part of Candahar, called Peria or Fairy Land."—*Thevenot.* In some of those countries to the North of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

5 "These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."—*Dunn.*

6 "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—*Carreri.* Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

7 "The golden grapes of Casbin."—*Description of Persia.*

1 "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates, etc."—*Elphinstone.*

2 "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaunder about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens, etc."—*Id.*

3 "The Mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay Islands."—*Marsden.*

4 "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ed-shems, signifying sun's seed."—*Description of Persia.*

5 "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers, etc."—*Russel.*

6 "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."—*The Moallakat,* a poem of *Tarafa.*

7 Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan.—See *Kempfer.*

8 Persian Tales. 9 The white wine of Kishma.

10 "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest roby that was ever seen, Kublai-Kahn sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—*Marco Polo.*

11 The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo.—See *Pennant.*

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from TEFLIS' brooks;[1]
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
His heart is weak, of heav'n should pray,
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,[2] and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;[3]
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,[4]
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth[5] left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblets give forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breath'd around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of ISRAFIL,[6] the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wond'rously they went together:

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While SELIM, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes wrapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—

1 Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—See *Ebn Haukal.*

2 "The Indian Syrinda or guitar."—*Symes.*

3 "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra-trees on the mountain tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—*Song of Jayadeva.*

4 "The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—*Richardson.*

5 For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels—see *Mariti.*

6 The Angel of Music, see note, p. 72.

Fresh as the fountain under ground
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.[1]

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, e'en without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into SELIM's burning heart;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown,
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit,—'twas too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere held by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnam'd,
"Oh NOURMAHAL! oh NOURMAHAL!
Had'st thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And SELIM to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,[2]—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the unfaithful, wine; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.[1] But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless water-falls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal

1 The Hudhud or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

2 See page 65

1 Kachmire be Nazeer.—*Forster*

her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over the earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have ever borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell.—In the barge immediately after the Princess was FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his angust presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded, as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, ALIRIS, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ

NOTES.

Page 27.

These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan* vol. iii. p. 392.

Page 27, line 16.

Leila.

The Mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Page 27, line 16.

Shirine.

For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see *D'Herbelot*, *Gibbon*, *Oriental Collections*, etc.

Page 27, line 16.

Dewilde.

"The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero."—*Ferishta.*

Page 27, line 47.

Those insignia of the Emperor's favour, etc.

"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor, is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum, at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."—*Fryer's Travels.*

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles."—*Elphinstone's Account of Caubul.*

Page 27, line 52.

Khedar Khan, etc.

"Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century,) whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—*Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.*

Page 27, line 54.

The gilt pine-apple, etc.

"The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—*Scott's notes on the Baharianush.*

Page 27, line 59.

The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.

In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of von blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

Page 27, line 60.

A young female slave sat fanning her, etc.

See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara Begum in her progress to Cashmere.

Page 28, line 13.

Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector.

This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high-priest at the consecration of this temple, and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 235. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Orientai Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

Page 28, line 15.

The diamond eyes of the idol, etc.

"The Idol at Jaghernaut has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol."—*Tavernier.*

Page 28, line 19.

Gardens of Shalimar.

See a description of these royal Gardens in "An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin."—*Asiat. Research.* vol. iv. p. 417.

Page 28, line 26.

Lake of Pearl.

"In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water."—*Pennant's Hindostan.*

"Nasir Jung, encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of

Motee Talab, 'the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains."—*Wilke's South of India.*

Page 28, line 30.

Described by one from the Isles of the West, etc.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

Page 28, line 45.

Loves of Wamak and Ezra.

"The romanee Wemakwcazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet."—*Notes on the Oriental Tales.*

Page 28, line 45.

Of the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress Rodahver.

Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the bank of the river, and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero, who is encamped on the opposite side.—See *Champion's Translation.*

Page 28, line 46.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible white Demon.

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his Victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45.—Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazophylacium Persicum, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See *Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.*

Page 28, line 53.

Their golden anklets.

"The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices."—*Maurice's Indian Antiquities.*

"The Arabian courtezans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive, in passing, the homage due to them."—See *Calmet's Dictionary*, art. Bells.

Page 28, line 68.

That delicious opium, etc.

"Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaide, ou il croit beau coup de pavots noir, dont se fait le milleur opium "—*D' Herbelot.*

Page 28, line 78.

That idol of women, Crishna.

"He and the three Ramas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindostan were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women."—*Sir W. Jones on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*

Page 28, line 86.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.

See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The materials for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Page 28, line 107.

The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Haken ben Hasehem, and who was called Mokanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D' Herbelot.*

Page 28, line 111.

Flowerets and fruits blush oveevery stream.

"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one eannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens." *Ebn Haukal's Geography.*

Page 28, line 120.

For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were e'en the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's cheek.

"Ses disciples assuraient qu'il se couvrait le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchaient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moyse."—*D' Herbelot*

Page 29, line 7.

In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night.

"Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvait pas en choisir une qui lui fut plus opposée."—*D' Herbelot.*

Page 29, line 10.

Javelins of the light Kathaian reed.

"Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reeds, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru.*

Page 29, line 12.

Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.

The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it.—"Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearanee of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of the rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—*Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on select Indian Plants.*

Page 29, line 17.

Like a chenar-tree grove.

The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—*Moricr's Travels.*

Page 29, line 47

With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awfu' face,
Like tulip beds———

"The name of Tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban."—*Beckman's History of Inventions.*

Page 29, line 57.

With belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

"The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—*Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

Page 29, line 108.

Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying Throne of star-taught Soliman.

This wonderful Throne was called, The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem:" *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235.—When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, "he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that, when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—*Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214. note.

Page 30, line 7.

And thence descending flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna:—"Sa doctrine était que Dieu avait pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commande aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'apres la mort d'Adam, Dieu était apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophetes et autres grands hommes qu'il avait choisis, jusqu'a ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professait l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Métempsychose; et qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité etait passée, et descendue en sa personne."

Page 33, line 5.

Such Gods as he,
Whom India serves, the monkey Deity.

"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—*Pennant's Hindoostan.*

See a curious account in *Stephen's Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

Page 33, line 7.

——Proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refus'd, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted:—"The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the Angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung; and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such."—*Sale on the Koran.*

Page 33, line 44.

Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that *best* marble of which Gods are made.

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made, is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity already made."—*Symes's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

Page 34, line 93.

The puny bird that dares, with teazing hum,
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the Lapwing, as a fact, to which he was witness, by *Paul Lucas,—Voyage fait en* 1714.

Page 35, line 38.

Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously.

"The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamptcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a thrice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city, and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence."—*The present State of China*, p. 156.

Page 35, line 41.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.

See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register of* 1804.

Page 35, line 59.

The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon

the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*Present State of China.*

Page 35, line 100.

The Kohol's jetty dye.

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards, through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the prophet (Jer. iv. 30,) may be supposed to mean by *rendering the eyes with painting*. This practice is, no doubt, of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings, ix. 30,) *to have painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore*."—*Shaw's Travels.*

Page 36, line 53.

——— Drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food.

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

Page 37, line 53.

As they were captives to the King of Flowers.

"They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage."—*The Bahardanush.*

Page 37, line 78.

But a light golden chain-work round her hair, etc.

"One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear."—*Hanway's Travels.*

Page 37, line 79.

The Maids of Yezd.

"Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdeeas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—*Tavernier.*

Page 38, line 54.

And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies.

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze."—*Jayadeva.*

Page 38, line 87.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round.

It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Torderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Page 38, line 97.

Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest.

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest, when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Page 38, line 101.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read, that to be bless'd, is to be wise.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass."—Chap. 27

Page 38, line 103.

Zuleika.

"Such was the name of Potiphar's wife according to the *sura*, or chapter of the Alcoran, which contains the history of Joseph, and which for elegance of style surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef vau Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami*; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—*Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.*

Page 41, line 22.

The apples of Istkahar.

"In the territory of Istkahar, there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour."—*Ebn Haukal.*

Page 41, line 25.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpre's Voyage in the Indian Ocean.*

Page 41, line 38.

The Oton-tala or Sea of Stars.

"The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotunior, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

Page 41, line 67.

This City of War, which in a few short hours
Has sprung up here.

"The Lesear, or Imperial Camp, is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave

their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress, are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—*Dow's Hindostan.*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment.—"His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suits of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels, all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."—*Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

Page 41, line 77.

And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings, and tufts of small shells."—*Ali Bey.*

Page 41, line 85.

The tinkling throngs
Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which, together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe: the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier.*

Page 42, line 63.

Hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate caravan is aw'd.

Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt, from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

Page 44, line 31.

—The pillar'd Throne
Of Parviz.

"There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parvis, a hundred vaults filled with treasures so immense, that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History.*

Page 44, line 46.

And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disait être la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb.—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiania, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

Page 44, line 73.

On for the lamps that light yon lofty screen.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tents of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—See *Harmer's Observations on Job.*

Page 45, line 51.

Engines of havoc in, unknown before.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Account of Mamood I.* "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naptha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flames cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See *Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471.—And in the curious Javan poem, the *Brata Yudha*, given by Mr. *Raffles* in his History of Java, we find, "He aimed at the heart of Soeta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before us supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others, which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the siege of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel."—See *the extracts from Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages.*

Page 45, line 55.

Discharge, as from a kindled naptha fount.

See *Hanway's* Account of the Springs of Naptha at Baku (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger*

Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke* in his Journal mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water, "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says, that naptha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

Many a row
Of stary lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

Page 46, line 107.

Thou seest you cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd.

"Il donna du poison dans le vin a tous ses gens, et se jetta lui-méme ensuita dans une cuve pleine de drogues brulantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restat rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restaient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il était monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 48, line 28.

To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.

"The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepois; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

Page 49, line 30.

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors," (about the year 442.)—*Dunn's Collection of Curious Observations, etc.*—a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.*

Page 49, line 36.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown."—*Richardson.*

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holdings fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—*Wilks's South of India.* He adds in a note: "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Page 49, line 36.

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, etc. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—*Volney.* M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts."—*Niebuhr.*

Page 49, line 70.

From the dark hyacinth to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair.

Vide *Nott's Hafez, Ode* v.

Page 49, line 71.

To the Camalata by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented.

"The Camalata (called by Linnæus, Ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of Camalata, or Love's Creeper."—*Sir W. Jones.*

"Camalata may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of India; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa."—*Ib.*

Page 49, line 73.

That Flower-loving Nymph, whom they worship in the temples of Kathay.

"According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son, radiant as herself."—*Asiat. Res.*

Page 50, line 1.

On the blue flower, which, Bramins say,
Blooms no where but in Paradise.

"The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.* It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—*Marsden's Sumatra.*

Page 50, line 26.

I know where the Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of

Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpre*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

Page 50, line 39.

Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds, etc.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—*Travels of two Mohammedans.*

Page 50, line 54.

Thy pillar'd shades.

——— In the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, *a pillar'd shade*,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see *Cordiner's Ceylon.*

Page 50, line 56.

Thy Monarchs and their thousand thrones.

"With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and, in the year 400, prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—*Ferishta.*

Page 50, line 91.

Blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is.

Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty, in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood in the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Page 50, line 108.

Afric's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbel Kumre, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Page 51, line 56.

Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyænas, from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—*Bruce.*

Page 51, line 104.

But see,—who yonder comes.

This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

Page 53, line 13.

The wild bees of Palestine.

"Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm 81,) "*honey out of the stony rock.*"—*Burder's Oriental Customs.*

Page 53, line 15.

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

"The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."—*Thevenot.*

Page 53, line 50.

On the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount.

Imaret, "hospice ou on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours."—*Toderini, translated by the Abbe de Cournand.*—See also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. v. p. 145.

Page 53, line 81.

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had lain his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the Mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him, from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for a while; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *ghell ghonnum ghell*, or, Come, dear, follow me."—*Aaron Hill's Travels.*

Page 54, line 92.

The Banyan Hospital.

"This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my

arrival there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—*Parsons.*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—See *Grandpre.*

Page 54, line 97.

Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them.

"A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour."—*Sir W. Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients.*

Page 55, line 62.

Artizans in chariots.

Oriental Tales.

Page 55, line 72.

Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads.

"Or, rather," says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

Page 55, line 83.

His delectable alley of trees.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

Page 56, line 8.

On the clear, cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a residence in India.*

Page 56, line 38.

Who many hundred years since had fled hither from their Arab conquerors.

"On les voit, pérsecutés par les Khalifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arreterent sur les bords du Gange, a l'est de Delhi."—*M. Anquetil, Memoires de l'Academie*, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

Page 56, line 48.

As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers.

"Cashmere (says its historians) had its own Princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce his Paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef Kahn, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs."—*Pennant.*

Page 56, line 79.

His story of the Fire-worshippers.

Voltaire tells us, that in his Tragedy "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

Page 57, line 77.

Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower.

"In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montague.*

Page 57, line 78.

Before their mirrors count the time.

The women of the east are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—*Travels.*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents.

"He, with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She rais'd her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."
Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Page 58, line 17.

Th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for:—"Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."—See *Carreri's Travels, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.*

Page 59, line 85.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopedie Francaise*

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather

Page 59, line 89.

Who, morn and even
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of Heaven.

"As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mithras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—*Grose.* The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

Page 60, line 72.

That enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician Tan-Sein.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—*Narrative of a journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

Page 60, line 77.

The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

Page 60, line 84.

Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected, etc.

"The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies: in others are erected, beneath the shade, pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—*Pennant.*

Page 60, line 108.

The nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russel's Aleppo.*

Page 61, line 88.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, etc.

"When the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

Page 62, line 18.

As Lebanon's small mountain flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity.*

Page 62, line 57.

A rocky mountain o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.

This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris, and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gombaroon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and, following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde."—*Kinnier's Persian Empire.*

Page 62, line 80.

That bold were Moslem, who would dare
At twilight hour to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan*

Page 62, line 103.

Still did the mighty flame burn on.

"At the city of Yezd in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darub Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at 25 rupees each man."—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

Page 63, line 60.

While on that altar's fires
They swore.

"Nul d'entre eux n'oserait se parjurer, quand il a pris a témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopedie Francais.*

Page 63, line 78.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—*Russel's Aleppo.*

Page 65, line 3.

Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—*Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there.—See *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.*

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy*, January, 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of Childe Harold,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

Page 65, line 9.

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh.

"The Shuhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger.*

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran, chap.* 24.

Page 65, line 20.

A flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over.

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*Le Bruyn.*

Page 65, line 22.

Where the sea-gipseys, who live for ever on the water.

"The Biajus are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea.* In like manner the Biajus perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it. *Dr. Leyden* on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.

Page 65, line 37.

The violet sherbets.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasselquist.*

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier.*

Page 65, line 39.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales.*

Page 65, line 107.

Her ruby rosary.

"Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matiere précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il était de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estime trenté mille piastres."—*Toderini.*

Page 69, line 16.

A silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree Nilica.

"Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk."—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—*Sir W. Jones.* The Persians call it Gul.—*Carreri.*

Page 71, line 54.

When pitying heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—See *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

Page 76, line 54.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River.

"Akbar, on his way, ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means, in the Indian language, Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river."—*Dow's Hindostan.*

Page 76, line 77.

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy: on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich:

"Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

"(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicksome, with tipsiness and mirth."

"The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night."—*Extract from a geographical Persian Manuscript, called Heft Aklin, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

Page 76, line 92.

Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate lizards.

"The lizard Stello. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head, it mimics them when they say their prayers." *Hasselquist.*

Page 76, line 98.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussun Abdaul to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon *Caubul.*

Page 76, line 107.

As the Prophet said of Damascus, "It was too delicious."

"As you enter at the Bazar without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thevenot.* This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: "When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"

Page 77, line 9.

Would remind the Princess of that difference, etc.

"Haroun Al Raschid, Cinquieme Khalife des Abassidese, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maitresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimait cependant jusqu'a l'excez, et cette mesentelligence ayant déja duré quelque temps, commenca a s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en apperçut, commanda a Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poete de ce temps-la, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie, Ce poete exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali, en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poete et de la douceur de la voix du Musicien qu'il alla aussitot trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle"—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 78, line 6.

Where the silken swing.

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson.*

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings"—*Thevenot.*

Page 78, line 16.

——— as if all the shores,
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus littus ait Capella concentum musicum illisis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum" *Ludov. Vives in Augustine, de Civitat. Dei,* lib xviii. c. 8.

Page 80, line 40.

The basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan,* and which is our sweet basil."—*Maillet, Lett.* 10.

Page 80, line 89.

The mountain herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Hascabschat ed aab.*"

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms me in that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground."—*Dandini Voyage to Mount Libanus.*

Page 81, line 49.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure,
The past, the present, and future of pleasure.

"Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination are conjunctively employed."—*Gerrard on Taste.*

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure as explained by Cicero:—"Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem; animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."

Madame de Stael accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme.* "Elle

est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui repondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rapelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

Page 81, line 69.

'Tis dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

"The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus,) it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—*Scott Waring*. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Page 81, line 98.

—— held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suits of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul Princes, and are esteemed of great value."—*Forster*.

Page 83, line 20.

And oh, if there be, etc.

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—'*If there be a Paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.*' "—*Franklin*.

Page 84, line 67.

Like that painted porcelain.

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels, fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kai-tsin, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

Page 84, line 100.

More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor

An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Hafiz*.

Page 84, line 112.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschan, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—*Major Rennell's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*.

Jehanguire mentions "a fountain in Cashmere called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—*Toozek Jehangeery*.—See *Asiat. Misc.* vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul Fazil, the author of the Ayin-Acbaree, "who," says *Major Rennell*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

Page 84, line 117.

Whose houses, roof'd with flowers.

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

Page 85, line 12.

Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise shell of Pegu.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple coloured tortoises for the King's Viviary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

Page 85, line 22.

The meteors of the north, as they are seen by those hunters;

For a description of the Aurora Borealis, as it appears to these hunters, see *Encyclopædia*.

Page 85, line 36.

The cold, odoriferous wind.

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passess by another's grave, shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse*.

Page 85, line 97.

The cerulean throne of Koolburga.

"On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan) he made a great festival, and mounted his throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this Throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when, in the reign of Sultan Mamood, it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one crore of oons, (nearly four millions sterling.) I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels"—*Ferishta*.

EPISTLES, ODES,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.
MARTIAL, *Lib.* i. *Epig.* 118.

ΠΕΡΙΠΛΕΥΣΑΙ ΜΕΝ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΝ,
ΕΝΟΙΚΗΣΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΗ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΧΡΗΣΙΜΟΝ.
PLUTARCH. *περι παιδων αγωγης.*

TO FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

MY LORD:—IT IS impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude, which I have here the honour to present.

I am, MY LORD, with every feeling of attachment and respect,
Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,
27, *Bury Street, St. James's, April* 10, 1806. THOMAS MOORE

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.[1] How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for, is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow

1 Epistles VI, VII, and VIII.

from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride, of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually, as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprized of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy, which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE OFF THE AZORES; BY MOONLIGHT.

Sweet Moon! if like Crotona's sage,[1]
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

Oh Strangford! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together
We lean'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world!

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more![1]

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,[2]
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.[3]

1 Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon, by the means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle. Art. Pythag.*

1 Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of this Poet:

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt!

2 Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the Island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

3 I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited

Dear STRANGFORD! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoen's harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But hark! the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells:—the middle watch is set:
Good night, my STRANGFORD, ne'er forget
That far beyond the western sea[2]
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' ημος .....
..... με προσφωνει ταδε·
Γινωσκε τ'ανδρωπιον μη σεβειν αγαν.
Æschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim:
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

1 These islands belong to the Portuguese.

2 From Capt. Cockburn, who commanded the Phaeton, I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude. As some of the journalists have gravely asserted that I went to America to speculate in lands, it may not be impertinent to state, that the object of this voyage across the Atlantic was my appointment to the office of Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Bermuda.

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I'VE heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothings it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul!

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echoed notes that heav'n might hear!

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
But dar'd not tell the world how well;
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear-one bless'd,
Whom love had giv'n her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanc'd that in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow!

And while the melting words she breath'd
On all its echoes wanton'd round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreath'd,
Through golden mazes charm'd the sound

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranc'd they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswered stole,
Nor chang'd the sweet, the treasur'd tone

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sigh'd;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand
Hung high, amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fann'd
Betray'd the mystery of your loves!

Yet, oh!—not many a suffering hour,
Thy cup of shame on earth was giv'n:
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to Heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs!

Still do your happy souls attune
The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
In sympathies of angel love!

TO THE FLYING-FISH.[1]

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again:
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er,
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

EPISTLE II.

TO MISS M———E.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOV. 1803.

In days, my KATE, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose!
Then, haply, if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye:
And oh! e'en then, that darling seal,
(Upon whose print, I us'd to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there!)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness, may be chill'd.
But hence, that gloomy thought!—At last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dies!

At length I touch the happy sphere
To Liberty and Virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!
The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there

Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;

1 It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα ῥηκτα. With this thought in our minds when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

And he who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not if Truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal—
If yet my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace![1]
Never did youth, who lov'd a face
From portrait's rosy flattering art
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of grey,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have wrapt me to this wond'rous clime!
But, courage yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,[2]
Till you have traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to freedom's fane;
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting: in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple notes I send you here,[3]
Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought,
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
That lull me oft, when Music seems
To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respir'd the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restor'd!
Now, Sweet, adieu—this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,[1]
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd Isle,[2]
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which the gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew.

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

Conceal'd within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child
And flew to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her path-way rise,
The mother roams astray and weeping,
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears—a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night-wind's breath
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill'd to death;

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
Dim by Death's eternal chill—
And yet, perhaps, they are not faded;
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul with parting sigh,
Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
If parting pain'd thee half so much—

I thought, and, oh! forgive the thought,
For who, by eyes like thine inspir'd,
Could ere resist the flattering fault
Of fancying what his soul desir'd?

Yes—I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I call'd my own!

Oh, blest! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of pity's care,
To shield and strengthen in thy breast,
The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour beguil'd by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forget the new-born treasure.
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

---

1 Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the "Account of Kentucky by Imlay," would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

2 Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived, the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

3 A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

1 The poems which immediately follow.

2 Bermuda.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give—
Yet no—perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it!
Oh, CARA!—*does* the infant live?

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one!

But, CARA, when the dawn was nigh
Which came another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us those moments were not fled;
Oh no! we felt some future sun
Should see us still more closely one!

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide;
And, still, my CARA, may the sigh
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.[1]

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, your're a woman; your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted or press'd!
But I will not believe them—no, science! to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with HARVEY, whole volumes upon it?
No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear, you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue!
Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
Oh Spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind!
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
And exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my CARA is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh!

Sweet Spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy, and CARA may smile for me still.

[1] This and the subsequent poem have appeared in the public prints.

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WHERE now is the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brightened
Honour's eye, and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided,
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded,
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather,
Lovely in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle;
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?

Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding Hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

To —— ——, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return, and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear—
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary! oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee!
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

SONG.

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me!
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest;
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie:
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine,
Yet, no—allow them still to stay;
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature."
D'Alembert.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,[1]
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true

---

1 The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

EPISTLE III.

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D—LL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

Lady, where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;[1]
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,[2]
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay!

Yet, Lady! no—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictur'd spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius, as he learn'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?[3]
There, as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breath'd from elysium through each shadowy form
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where Virtue wakened with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies
Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;

Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers etherial and the spirit's clime!

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms[1]
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning twin'd
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island sheds so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brightened the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded, bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love in many a form to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,[2]
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentalic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being![3] who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh!
Though weak the magic of my humble strain,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her, (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
A moment wander from your starry sphere,
And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,

1 Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

2 The chapel of William Tell, on the Lake of Lucerne.

3 M. Gebelin says, in his Monde Primitif, "Lorsque Strabon croit que les anciens théologiens et Poëtes placaient les Champs Elysées dans les Isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

1 Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands and seeming to sail from one cedar grove into another, form, all together, the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

2 This is an illusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

3 Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto, can delight you still,
Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells!

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam cahere mundum.
Cicero de Nat. Deor. Lib. 3.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd
Such as of old,
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sand of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,[1]
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear![2]
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides,[1] that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,[2]
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields;[3]
Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all, and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony!

Welcome, welcome mystic shell!
Many a star has ceas'd to burn[4]
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,[5]
Since thy aerial spell
Hath in the waters slept!
I fly,
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
The syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,[6]
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful soul!"
While thou!
Oh, son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;[8]
Listen!—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs!

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1 In the "Historie Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacoa, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters, so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, parce qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on dirait qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avaient cinq lignes, une clé et des notes, qui formaient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avait ajouté la lettre, que la nature avait oubliée, et la faisait chanter en forme de trio, dont l'aire était fort agréable." Chap. 19. Art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

2 According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille cœli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatior, acuto et excitato movetur sono: gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus." —*Somn. Scip.* Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languescente jam volvitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convertitur."—*In Somn. Scip. Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 4. It is not very easy to understand the ancients in their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies. See *Ptolem. Lib.* 3.

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non però manca fra loro il perfetto e reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è la lor amicizia harmoniaca e la concordanza, che perpetuamente si trova in loro."—*Dialog.* 2. *di Amore*, p. 58. This "reciproco amoro" of Leone is the φιλοτης of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laertius, Αλλοτε μεν φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν'. κ. τ λ. *Lib.* 8. *Cap. n.* 12.

1 Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

2 Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

3 In the account of Africa which d'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable," etc. etc.—*L'Afrique de Marmol.*

4 Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

5 Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear. Την θαλατταν μιν εκαλει ειναι δακρυον. De Vit, and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth:" ἱδρωτα της γης. See *Rittershusius upon Porphyry, Num.* 41.

6 The system of harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients, the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian accounts, η δε Λυρη εκτεμιτος εστι την των κινουμενων αστρων αρμονιαν συνιβαλλετο. κ. τ. λ. *in Astrolog.*

7 Διειλε ψυχας ισαριθμους τοις αστροις, ενειμε δ' εκαστην προς εκαστον, και εμβιβασας ΩΣ ΕΙΣ ΟΧΗΜΑ. *Plato. Timæus.*

8 This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. Επει ποταμη * * * ην δε ακουσαι θελης τ υδατος λαλουντος. The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus, which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispania quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," etc. etc.

A liquid chord in every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows![1]
There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of him,[2]
Who, many a night with his primordial lyre,[3]
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,[4]
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire!
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstasy[5]
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest[6]
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,[7]
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?
When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal number,[8]
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,[9]
Mingling their beams
In a soft Iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

1 These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. Εαν γαρ ολιγος κινησις εις τας ὑδατος ἐμπεσῃ, το μεν ὑδωρ ως χορδη κρουεται, το δε πνευμα της ὑδατος πλειτερον γινεται. το ρευμα δε ως κιθαρα λαλει. *Lib.* 2.

2 Orpheus.

3 They called his lyre πρωτιστροφον οκτωχορδον Ορφεως. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri." *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 3. p. 177.

4 Eratosthenes, telling the extreme veneration of Orphaus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangæan mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. Εκεγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την ανατολην ηκι το ορος το καλουμενον Παγγαιον, προειδομενος της ανατολης, ινα ιδη τον Ηλιον πρωτον. Καταστερισμ. 24.

5 There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. As those which Justin Martyr has produced:

Ουτος μεν χαλκειον ος ουρανον εστηριχται
Χρυσειαι ενι ῥιζαι, κ. τ. λ.

Ad Græc. cohortat.

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still it appears doubtful to whom we should impute them; they are too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

6 In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

7 Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. *Jamblich. de Vit.* This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

8 The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called πηγαν αενναον φυσεως, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very finely in his *Sale of Philosophers.*

9 This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. Ουτως τε και εκει, μιτα φωνης τε και φωτος την αρμονιαν αναφαινουσι. *De Musica.*

EPISTLE IV.

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.[1]

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

ΚΕΙΝΗ Δ' ΗΝΕΜΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΤΡΟΠΟΣ, ΟΙΑ Θ'ΑΛΙΠΛΑΗΞ, ΑΙΘΥΙΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ ΕΠΙΔΡΟΜΟΣ ΗΕΙΡΕΣΙΠΠΟΙΣ, ΠΟΝΤΩ ΕΝΕΣΤΗΡΙΚΤΑΙ.

Callimach, Hymn. in Del. v. ii.

Oh! what a tempest whirl'd us hither![2]
Winds, whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!
Yet think not, George, that Fancy's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm.
When close they reef'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
And e'en our haughty main-mast bow'd!
The muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In songs elysian lapp'd my mind!
She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has sav'd from ancient days!
Take one of these, to Lais sung—
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. *Lib.* 2. *Variar.*

1 This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere, but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger, who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips, "col dolce in bocca," could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the *Travels* of the *Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, Vol.* 2.

2 We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The Driver, sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda, of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend, Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the Lilly, in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service: so small, so crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

SWEETLY[1] you kiss, my LAIS dear!
But, while you kiss, I feel a tear,
Bitter as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eye-lid start!
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do, tell me, Sweet!
Ah, LAIS! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last—go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio;
But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth
Warm from the very lips of health!
Oh! could you view the scenery dear
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for Love to sigh in,
For bards to live, and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep![2]
The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.

The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictur'd o'er the waters lie,
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave[1]
To him, who, in his heaven-ward flight,
Sail'd o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
To planet-isles of odorous light!
Sweet Venus, what a climc he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round![2]
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That pant around thy twilight car;
There angels dwell, so pure of form,
That each appears a living star![3]
These are the sprites, oh radiant queen!
Thou send'st so often to the bed
Of her I love, with spell unseen,
Thy planet's brightening balm to shed;
To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
To give the cheek one rose-bud more,
And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
Which had been, oh! too dear before!
But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have ever thought to search her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth, and song, your board illumine!

Fare you well—remember too,
When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, oh! as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

TO ——— ———, 1801.

No—Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
Oh! think how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,

1 This epigram is by Paulus Silentiarius, and may be found in the Analecta of Brunck, Vol. 8. p. 72. But as the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poemata.

Ἡδυ μεν εστι φιλημα το Λαιδος· ηδυ δε αυτων
Ητιοδινητων δακρυ χεεις βλεφαρων
Και πολυ κιχλιζουσα σοβεις ευδεστρυχον αιγλην
Ημετερ κεφαλην δηρον ερεισαμενη.

Μυρομενην δ'εφιλησα· τα δ'ως δροσερης απο πηγης,
Δακρυα μιγνυμενων πιπτε κατα στοματων·
Ειτε δ' ανειρομενω, τινος ουνεκα δακρυα λειβεις;
Δειδια μη με λιπης· εστε γαρ ορκαπαται.

2 The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth, and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface, that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead, and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

1 In Kircher's "Extatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of Asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuæ præparatam." Itinerar. 1. Dial. 1. Cap. 5. There are some very strange fancies in this work of Kircher.

2 When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?"—"An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

3 This idea is father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." Itinerar. i. Dial. Cap. 5

Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye!
Oh! it doth ask, with magic power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie,
Where love inwreaths no genial flower!

Away, away, bewildering look!
Or all the boast of Virtue 's o'er;
Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more!

I cannot warn thee! every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine!

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal,—
Oh, Lady! think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like day-beams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art;
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow!
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid, my soul hath prov'd;
With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look, and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so fond and lips so near—
Give me the ring, and now—Oh heaven!

TO ——— ———,

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

ΜΑΡΓΑΡΙΤΑΙ ΔΗΛΟΥΣΙ ΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ ΡΟΟΝ.
Ap. Nicephor. in Oneirocritico.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The lucid pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
The hour that Love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

————vo cercand' io
Donna, quant'e possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.
Petrarc. Sonett. 14

Yes, if 'twere any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there 's not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh! beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth,
That could have charm'd my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
Resemble less their warm-ey'd mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false hearted,
When such a lip I fondly prest;
'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee one half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
They sued, half open, to be kiss'd,
I could as soon resist thine own—
And them, heaven knows! I ne'er resist

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
'Twas love that wak'd the dear excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less!

TO ——— ———.

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.[1]

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my HELIODORA's name!
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there;
It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow;
It breathes of HELIODORA now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil now
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stol'n, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there 's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure!
Oh most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven! do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA TYPANNEI.
Euripid. Medea, v. 967

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear NEA! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of Beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again!
Dear absent girl, whose eyes of light,
Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone!
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolv'd life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim hours!

Say, NEA, dear! could'st thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander
Could'st thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endear it still, reproaching never.
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thine own, more fix'd than ever?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast:
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last!
NEA! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine

[1] Εγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, 'Ηλιοδωρος
Ειπε, συν ακρητω το γλυκυ μισγ' ονομα.
Και μοι τον ερικθεντα μυρoις και χθιζον εοντα,
Μναμοσυνον κεινας, αμφιτιθει στεφανον·
Δακρυει φιλεραστον ιδου ροδον, ουνεκα κεινην
Αλλοθι κ'ου κολποις ημετεροις εσορα.
Brunck. Analect. tom. i. p. 28.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

——— TALE ITER OMNE CAVE.
Propert. Lib. iv. *Eleg.* 8

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little bay, where, winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
(As lovers steal to bliss,)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wish'd and thought;—
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that on the golden sand
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I rais'd it to your lips of dew,
You kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
Good heaven, how sweet it seem'd!

O, trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet NEA! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore—
Such walks will be our ruin!

You read it in my languid eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dar'd to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you—oh, even this!—
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone, but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have—oh, my only love!
My life! what should I *not* have done!

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of Fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breath'd the blissful air
That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh.

And now the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmy spell
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene luxurious shade,[1]

1 Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first Book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Assomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vine-yard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Chap. ii. Vol. I.

Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness![1]

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the elimes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own belov'd!
And dearly by thy side I rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to sooth or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green,
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way![2]
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, NEA, thou didst look and move,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story![3]
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,[4]
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet![5]

While others, waving arms of snow
Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,[1]
And showing limbs, as loth to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,[2]
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in langour breathing,
And the young bee-grape,[3] round them wreathing
Hung on their blushes warm and meck,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek!
Oh, NEA! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me?
Why did I wake! how *could* I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me?

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me.
To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda,[4] and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its vallies perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller[5] has stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

IF I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

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1 This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Caidanus, de Rerum Varietat. Lib. vii. cap. 34.

2 In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accipimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. Plin. Lib. x. cap. 47.

3 The Milesiacs, or Milesian Fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso) who calls them ακολαστα βιβλια.

4 Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls οινος ανθοσμιας, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers. *Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

5 *Ν* appears, that in very splendid mansions the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." Epig. 50. Lib. xii.

1 Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. Οι επικαρπιοι οφεις και αι χρυσαι παιδες Θαιδος και Αριστηγορας και Λαιδος φαρμακα. Philostrat. Epist. xl. Lucian too tells of the βραχιοσι δρακοντες. See his Amores, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

2 Ταραντινιδιον, διαφανες ενδυμα, ωνομασμενον απο της Ταραντινων χρησεως και τρυφης.—*Polluc.*

3 Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telish")" says Pancirollus, Book i. Sect. 1. Chap. 17.

4 The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest. I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period, (the beginning of the sixteenth century,) was sent Patriarch of the Latin Church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins, which he encountered. *Travels of the Jesuits*, Vol. I. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

5 Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but the "Account of the European Settlements in America," affirms it confidently. (Vol. II.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority, than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.

If I were yonder couch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac d!

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its NEA in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
And nuptial bed at once may be,
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee!

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like NEA's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light[1]

Oh, my beloved! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every flowret lies.

But then thy breath!—not all the fire,
That lights the lone Semenda's[1] death
In eastern climes could e'er respire
An odour like thy dulcet breath!

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too!

ON SEEING AN INFANT IN NEA'S ARMS.

THE first ambrosial child of bliss,
That Psyche to her bosom prest,
Was not a brighter babe than this,
Nor blush'd upon a lovelier breast!
His little snow-white fingers, straying
Along her lips' luxuriant flower,
Look'd like a flight of ring-doves playing,
Silvery through a roseate bower!
And when, to shade the playful boy,
Her dark hair fell, in mazes bright,
Oh! 'twas a type of stolen joy,
'Twas love beneath the veil of night!
Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again;
They seem'd so kindred in their charms,
That one might think, the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms!

1 Referunt tamen quidam in interiore India avem esse, nomine Semendam, etc. Cardan. 10 de Subtilitat. Cæsar Scaliger seems to think Semenda but another name for the Phœnix. *Exercitat.* 233.

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

Tu potes insulitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?
Propert Lib. i. Eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here!

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh, fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is a veil of a vestal severe;
No, no,—thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

Ενταυθα δε καθωρμισται ημιν. και ο, τι μεν ονομα τη νησω ουκ οιδα· χρυση δ' αν τρος γε εμου ονομαζοιτο.
Philostrat. Icon. 17. Lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape[1] drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!
'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,

1 The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

And, light, along the water's brim,
I steered my gentle bark by him;
For Fancy told me, Love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me where my soul should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet.

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear,
As Fate allows but seldom here:
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's[1] lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh, vision bright! oh, spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there?
'Twas NEA! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanc'd around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.
Was ever witchery half so sweet!
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
Oh! you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this!

ON THE LOSS OF A LETTER INTENDED FOR NEA.

OH! it was fill'd with words of flame,
With all the wishes wild and dear,
Which love may write, but dares not name,
Which woman reads, but must not hear!

Of many a nightly dream it told,
When all that chills the heart by day,
The worldly doubt, the caution cold,
In Fancy's fire dissolve away!

When soul and soul divinely meet,
Free from the senses' guilty shame,
And mingle in a sigh so sweet,
As virtue's self would blush to blame!

How could he lose such tender words?
Words! that of themselves should spring
To NEA's ear, like panting birds,
With heart and soul upon their wing!

Oh! fancy what they dar'd to speak;
Think all a virgin's shame can dread,
Nor pause until thy conscious cheek
Shall burn with thinking all they said!

And I shall feign, shall fancy, too,
Some dear reply thou might'st have given
Shall make that lip distil its dew
In promise bland and hopes of heaven!

Shall think it tells of future days,
When the averted cheek will turn,
When eye with eye shall mingle rays,
And lip to lip shall closely burn!—

Ah! if this flattery is not thine,
If colder hope thy answer brings,
I'll wish thy words were lost like mine,
Since I can dream such dearer things

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd
And left behind their odorous trace!

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there!

I saw the web, which all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose!

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh, NEA! NEA! where wert thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee!

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old

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1 The Agave. I know that this is an erroneous idea, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" τριτατος απο της αληθειας

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

Look, darling, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more:
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd—
Look, NEA, love! and say, in sooth,
Is not her hand most dearly plac'd!

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,[1]
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

Oh happy maid! too happy boy!
The one so fond and faintly loath,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both!

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed hair behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—oh, my love!

. . . . λιβανοτω εικασειν, οτι απολλυμενον ευφραινει.
Aristot. Rhetor. Lib. iii. Cap. 4.

THERE's not a look, a word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung!

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter, than to let
The lov'd remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away!

1 Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely expressive of affection. See the Museum Florentinum, Tom. ii. Tab. 43, 44. I know of very few subjects in which poetry could be more interestingly employed, than in illustrating some of the ancient statues and gems.

EPISTLE V.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.[1]

March.

"THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear,
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash-tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower,
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,
Who is lonely and sad in these vallies so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there

1 Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist, who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the trans-atlantic politicians, that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives; and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New-York, that they had formed a plan for its capture, towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself,) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt, it lies so fairly in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education, which would entirely remove the alternative, in which the colonists are involved at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or entrusting them to colleges in the States of America, where ideas by no means favourable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day,
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And oh!—such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!
Not the vallies Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,[1]
Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)
Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh, magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away,[2]
Impatiently flutters her wings to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew,
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
Of the wave, that would carry your wanderer home!

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."
J. J. Rousseau.[3]

'Twas in the summer-time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you"
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits, and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dea!
While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine?

---

1 Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs.—See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, Lib iv. Ηρκια γαρ οφη κατα την Σικελιαν εστιν, α φασι καλλει κ. τ. λ.

2 A ship, ready to sail for England.

3 Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes de la Nature.

Is there, on earth, a space so dear,
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine!

For me there 's not a lock of jet
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangled net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me!

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning many an hour,
In dalliance met, and Learning smil'd,
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time! when laws of state,
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!

Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you *are* not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm, and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
No—give the universe a soul
Attun'd to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.[1]

TO HER LOVER.

. . . . . Χι τι καλος
Πυθαγορης, ειπατι τα χορτον στηριξαν ερωτος.
Απελλων περι Πλατωνος. *Oracul. Metric. e Joan. Opsop. Collecta.*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
I linger'd still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest!
Upon my breath thy sigh yet faintly hung;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue,
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing wind;
Quick to my heart I press'd the shell divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
I kiss'd its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of fire
As none but chords, that drank the burning dews
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er diffuse!
Oh love! how blissful is the bland repose,
That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled!

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in balm,
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem play'd,
And slept in music which themselves had made!
Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly dream!
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
Like the young genii, who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,[1]
And rise at midnight, from the tepid rill
To cool their plumes upon some moon-light hill!

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they play'd; then gliding through my eyes,
(Where the bright babies, for a moment, hung,
Like those thy lip hath kiss'd, thy lyre hath sung,)
To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreath'd in blisses lay my captive soul.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties that clung
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung!
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free soul banquets after death!

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom lies.
Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls[2]
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the hallow'd souls,

1 "It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blessed reside. Accordingly we find that the word Ωκεανος was sometimes synonymous with αηρ, and death was not unfrequently called Ωκεανοιο περοος, or "the passage of the ocean."

1 Eunapius, in his life of Jamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Jamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the author of the Dii Fatidici, p. 160) illos esse loci Genios:" which words however are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gardara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. "Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadaræ nomine Amatha, ubi calidæ aquæ erumpunt."—Geograph. Antiq. Lib. iii. cap. 13.

2 This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "Defense des saints Pères accusés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions, (which by no means appears from what I have

Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose for ever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my arms at night,
Is no cbill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating, in splendour, through those seas above!
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest!'
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium[2] on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and caress'd;
And there the twine of Pythias'[3] gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms!
The Attic Master,[4] in Aspasia's eyes
Forgot the toil of less endearing ties;
While fair Theano,[5] innocently fair,
Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair.[6]

Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone!

Ob Samian sage! whate'er thy glowing thought
Of mystic Numbers hath divinely wrought;
The One tbat 's form'd of Two who dearly love,
Is the best number heaven can boast above!
But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form reeline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
That, oh!—'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee!
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish, or cmbassy desires;
But, by a throb to spirits only given,
By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies!

We met—like thee the youthful vision smil'd;
But not like thee, when passionately wild,
Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my check,
By looking things thyself would blush to speak!
No! 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
Flush'd with the past and yet serene the while,
Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam!

Oh my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!
Th' Elean god,[1] whosc faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with whicb Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride
What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide!
Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
Confound their current in a sea of bliss!
'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
Oh! that our lips were, at this moment, near,
And I would kiss thee into patiencc, dear!
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of star-light bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by tbee and love,
In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest:
Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
Thy lip shall teach me something more tban dreams!

---

already quoted) adduces the obstinacy of the fatbers in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repugnance to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus, (the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, etc. in the famous oracle controversy) see "Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiast. du 18. siécle," 1 Part. Tom. ii.

. 1 There were various opinions among tbe ancients with respect to their lunar establishment; some make it an elysium, and others a purgatory; while some suppose it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls whicb had left their bodies, and those wbicb were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders. Τους περι σελήνην περι λειγειν αυτης κατοικειν, και απ' αυτης κατω χωρειν εις την περιγειον γενεσιν. Stob. lib. 1. Eclog. Physic.

2 The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium" (Λεοντιδιον) as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent; "sbe had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus;" and, at the same time Cicero gives her a name which is neither polite nor translateable, "Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est."—*De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother; something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if tbo name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius; but M. Menage will not hear of this reading.

3 Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured; it would be well however if some of our modern Stagirites had a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

4 Socrates; who used to console bimself in the society of Aspasia for those "less endearing ties" whicb he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see L'Histoire de l'Académie, etc. Tom. xxxi. p. 69. Segur rather fails on tbe subject of Aspasia. "Les Femmes." Tom. i. p. 122.

The author of the "Voyage du Monde de Descartes" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has allotted Seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomers; (2 part. p. 143.) but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses. "Curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt."

5 There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, etc. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Gale's Opuscul. Myth. Phys. p. 741.

6 Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his Histoire des Perruques) seems to take it for granted it was all his own as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the "coma apposititia." L'Hist. des Perruques, Chap I

1 The river Alpheus; which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. Και επι την Αρεθουσαν υπο των Αλειων νυμφικοτολεις οταν αι των Ολυμπιων εορτη, κ. τ. λ. Lib .

THE SENSES.

A DREAM.

Imbower'd in the vernal shades,
And circled all by rosy fences,
I saw the five luxurious maids,
Whom mortals love, and call The Senses.

Many and blissful were the ways,
In which they seem'd to pass their hours—
One wander'd through the garden's maze,
Inhaling all the soul of flowers;

Like those, who live upon the smell
Of roses, by the Ganges' stream,[1]
With perfume from the flowret's bell,
She fed her life's ambrosial dream!

Another touch'd the silvery lute,
To chain a charmed sister's ear,
Who hung beside her, still and mute,
Gazing as if her eyes could hear!

The nymph who thrill'd the warbling wire,
Would often raise her ruby lip,
As if it pouted with desire
Some cooling, nectar'd draught to sip.

Nor yet was she, who heard the lute,
Unmindful of the minstrel maid,
But press'd the sweetest, richest fruit
To bathe her ripe lip as she play'd!

But, oh! the fairest of the group
Was one, who in the sunshine lay,
And op'd the cincture's golden loop
That hid her bosom's panting play!

And still her gentle hand she stole
Along the snows, so smoothly orb'd,
And look' the while, as if her soul
Were in that heavenly touch absorb'd!

Another nymph, who linger'd nigh,
And held a prism of various light,
Now put the rainbow wonder by,
To look upon this lovelier sight.

And still as one's enamour'd touch
Adown the lapsing ivory fell,
The other's eye, entranc'd as much,
Hung giddy o'er its radiant swell!

Too wildly charm'd, I would have fled—
But she, who in the sunshine lay,
Replac'd her golden loop, and said,
"We pray thee for a moment stay.

"If true my counting pulses beat,
It must be now almost the hour,
When Love, with visitation sweet,
Descends upon our bloomy bower.

"And with him from the sky he brings
Our sister-nymph who dwells above—
Oh! never may she haunt these springs,
With any other god but Love!

"When he illumes her magic urn,
And sheds his own enchantments in it,
Though but a minute's space it burn,
'Tis heaven to breathe it but a minute!

"Not all the purest power we boast,
Not silken touch, nor vernal dye,
Nor music, when it thrills the most,
Nor balmy cup, nor perfume's sigh,

"Such transport to the soul can give,
Though felt till time itself shall wither,
As in that one dear moment live,
When Love conducts our sister hither!"

She ceas'd—the air respir'd of bliss—
A languor slept in every eye;
And now the scent of Cupid's kiss
Declar'd the melting power was nigh!

I saw them come—the nymph and boy,
In twisted wreaths of rapture bound;
I saw her light the urn of joy,
While all her sisters languish'd round!

A sigh from every bosom broke—
I felt the flames around me glide,
Till with the glow I trembling woke,
And found myself by Fanny's side!

[1] Circa fontem Gangis Astomorum gentum ..... halitu tantum viventum et odore quem naribus trahant. Plin. lib vii. cap 2

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28th APRIL.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under coursers snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the Fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see! the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of Fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

[1] I left Bermuda in the Boston, about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New-York.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And, though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, CLOE, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twin'd about it!
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether!

TO THE FIRE-FLY.[1]

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd—
Oh Love! how happy 'twould have been,
If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
Would know the spell that lurks within;
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
But Beauty murmur'd "'twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
That neither heaven or earth forbad it;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it!

He stole the key when Virtue slept,
(E'en she can sleep, if Love but ask it!)
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

Oh dulcet air that vanish'd then!
Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever!
Can Love, himself, inhale again
A breath so precious? never! never!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN

I BRING thee, Love, a golden Chain,
I bring thee too a flowery Wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath 's of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft,
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, FANNY, so unblest they twine,
That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their glow, their tints, are faded!
Sweet FANNY, what would Rapture do,
When all her blooms had lost their grace?
Might she not steal a rose or two,
From other wreaths, to fill their place?—
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to thee

THE timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's dearest rose
Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how FANNY chose,
That ever look'd in FANNY'S eyes!
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
The tie to bind my soul to thee!"

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1 The lively and varying illuminations, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettaient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avait ravie," etc. etc.—See *l'Histoire des Antilles, Art.* 2. *Chap.* 4. *Liv.* 1.

TO ——— ———.

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
The endearing charms that round me twine—
There never throbb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery, like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awak'd its witching powers,
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest!

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
In ecstasy, as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
To wither blooms of present bliss!
Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
And Heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee;
Thou should'st but have begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
Love should have kept that leaf alone,
On which he first so dearly trac'd
That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

EPISTLE VI.

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΗΣ ΜΗΤ' ΕΙ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ ΓΕΓΡΑΦΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΝ, ΜΗΔ' ΕΙ ΤΙ ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΟΤΕΡΟΝ Η ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΙΚΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΕΙΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ ΕΑΥΤΗ.

Isocrat. Epist. 4.

If former times had never left a trace,
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling, and the past unknown—
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot, and heaven within his view,
Well might the novice hope—the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much before!
But tracing, as we do, through age and clime
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies, and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potomac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of this mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind!"
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught,
In form, no more from cups of state be quaff'd;
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall justice bound her view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
But take her range through all the social frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The brightness rather than the shades of man,
That own the good, while smarting with the ill
And loves the world with all its frailty still—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine.
Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link

1 Thus Morse:—"Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements; here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny; here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," etc etc. p. 569

Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—e'en now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime![1]

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts
Begot by brilliant heads or worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear—
Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round Virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess:
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill—
All youth's transgression with all age's chill—
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that Virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade![2]

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,[1]
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,[2]
Have prov'd, at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.[3]
Oh! freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not eastern bombast, nor the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart, and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence while they spurn control,
And shout for rights with rapine in their soul.
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,[4]
And all the pye-bald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with soul from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty:
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free)

1 "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. i. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side, and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

2 "Nous voyons que dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales" Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois, Liv. 20. Chap. 2.

1 I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the Colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

2 The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, among the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

3 See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's Works throughout for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer, than to the occurrences which he has related, and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

4 In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations which are expected to take place from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made brute!
But, oh my FORBES! while thus, in flowerless song,
I feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst!
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd—
Thou, gently lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been!
Why should I wake thee? why severely chace
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart!

Forgive me, FORBES—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless'd that few who can!
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Dim gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf where love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

LYING.

Che con le lor bujie pajon divini.
Mauro d'Arcano.

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn:

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseat drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO ———'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain—
Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free:

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.[1]

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died.

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? Art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!

'Tis she!
Psyche, the first born spirit of the air!
To thee, oh Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstacy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh! sweet, oh heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

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TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F-RR-S.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
The silent story of the mind;

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
Divinest of the powers divine
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
And these, oh Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In emanating soul express'd,
The sweet memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
The smile of Peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
The eye, that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand, whose various hue
Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart,
Than critic taste can *ever* feel!

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS[1]

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.
Martial, Lib. xiv. Epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp (my mistress said)
The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
Has kept its little watch of light

"Full often has it seen her weep,
And fix her eyes upon its flame,
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
Repeating her beloved's name!

"Oft has it known her cheek to burn
With recollections, fondly free,
And seen her turn, impassion'd turn,
To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,

1 Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of the world; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia."

1 It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring and smiling at the genius, the absurdities of the philosophers

And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

"Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
Thy step through learning's sacred way;
And, lighted by its happy ray,
Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
Of things sublime, of Nature's birth
Of all that 's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung;[1]
The neck reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze!

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades![2]
To whom the nightly-warbling Nine[3]
A wand of inspiration gave,[4]
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.
Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is chang'd before the fall of night![5]

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift the tide of being runs,
And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns!'

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die?

Pleasure! thou only good on earth![1]
One little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my LAIS' lip, 'tis worth,
The sage's immortality!

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing LAIS said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ![2]

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of Heaven's young wanderer in the west,
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen, but to those worlds above,

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1 The ancients had their lucernæ cubiculariæ, or bed-chamber lamps, which, as the Emperor Galienus said, "nil eras meminere, and with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp, in Aristophanes, Εκκλης. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic Lucerna which we find in the Romanum Museum, Mich. Ang. Causei, p. 127.

2 Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. Εργ. και Ημερ. v. 251.

3 Εννυχιαι στειχον, περικαλλεα οσσαν ιεισαι.—Theog. v. 10.

4 Και μει σκηπτρον ιδον, δαφνης εριθηλεα οζον. Id. v. 30.

5 Ρειν τα ολα ποταμευ δικην, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quicquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," etc.

1 Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

2 Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra goûter les mêmes plaisirs." See his *Vénus Physique*. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well ridiculed in the *Akakia* of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his *Essai de Philosophie Morale*, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held μη διαφερειν τι ηδονην ηδονης, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis; "Tant qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," ect. ect.

And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near,
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!

Or if she dream, oh! let her dream
Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
Form'd to be felt by us alone!
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till even the sigh,
That wafts her very soul, be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet LAIS! what an age of bliss
In that one moment waits for me!
Oh sages! think on joy like this,
And where's your boast of apathy!

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τυτο δε τι εστι το ποτον; πλανη, εφη.
Cebetis Tabula.

THEY say that Love had once a book,
(The urchin likes to copy you,)
Where, all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane should enter there

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately trac'd!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

EPISTLE VII.

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΔΙΗΓΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΔΙΗΓΗΜΑΤΑ ΙΣΩΣ ΑΠΙΣΤΑ, ΚΟΙΝΩΝΑ ΩΝ ΠΕΠΟΝΘΑ ΟΥΚ ΕΧΩΝ.
Xenophont. Ephes. Ephesiac. lib. v.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,

Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace![1]

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome![2]
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now![3]—
This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt, and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood[4] and ******** they see,
Where streets should run, and sages *ought* to be!

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!—
Oh great Potomac! oh you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas, and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate, and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love!
Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organiz'd, half-minded race[5]
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motly dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?

But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs, and the fire-fly shines
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief,[1]
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that the mob might reign
How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art—
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!
While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls,
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there
So here I pause—and now, my HUME! we part;
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potomac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise![2]

1 The "black Aspasia" of the present ********* of the United States, "inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas" has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

2 "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld,) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome."—*Weld's Travels*, Letter iv.

3 A little stream that runs through the city, which with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

4 "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe a novel circumstance."—*Weld*, Letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city,) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is in the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, τα δε ιν απορρητα.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago, have remained so long waste and unfinished, that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

5 The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the *Notes on Virginia*, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general, the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it,) *belittles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered. See his *Recherches sur les Americains*, Part i. tom. i. p. 102.

1 On a small hill near the capitol, there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

2 In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distin

While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and screne;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?

Never did mortal thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd, it might not be.

"No," said the girl—and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid, as she said it—
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one—don't you think so?"

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

————τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Επων· επαξια γαρ.
Sophocl. Œdip. Colon v. 758.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

Oh, nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unbless'd by the smile he had languish'd to meet:
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

But the lays of his boy-hood had stol'n o their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—oh, woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue!
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh! bless'd be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met.
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.[1]

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At Nature's dawning hour,

guishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

R

1 Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features. He adds, "Ces caractères des dityrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." *Mémoires de l'Acad.* vol. x. p. 306. And the same opinion may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. But I think if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find, that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, Lib. i. cap. 12.) has given amongst his Vendemie, a Dithyrambic, "all' uso de' Greci:" it is full of those compound epithets which, we are told, were a chief character of the style (συνθετους δε λεξεις εποιουν. Suid Διθυραμβοδιδ;) such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the li-

Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul![1]
Around,
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd,)
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid day-break o'er the board distill'd!
All, all was luxury

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!
While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstacy!
Now in his arm,
In blushes she reposed,
And, while her zone resign'd its every charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole;
And now she raised her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently closed,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl!
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Waved o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
With roses of Cyrene blending,[2]
The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;[1]
And still,
As the resplendent rill
Flamed o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands[2]
Where life is all a spring and north winds never blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,
With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
Check'd thy impatient pace!
And all Heaven's host of eyes
Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies![3]
Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine!
The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sweetly twin'd
Its spirit with the breathing rings
Of her ambrosial hair,

---

cense of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori
Non piu dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
——————— esser vorrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.
Rime del Chiabrera, part ii. p. 352.

1 This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his Timæus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls; in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it amongst the stars which served as reservoirs of the fluid. Ταυτ' ειπε και παλιν επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν ω την του παντος ψυχην κεραννυς εμισγε, κ. τ. λ.

2 We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. Ευοσμοτατα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ροδα

1 Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. "Scintilla stellaris essentiæ."—*Macrobius, in Somn. Scip.* Lib. i. cap. 14.

2 The country of the Hyperboreans; they were supposed to be placed so far north, that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, etc. etc. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined, that instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: Τα ων πτερα εικαζοντας την χιονα τους Σκυθας τε και τους περιοικους δοκεω λεγειν.—*Herodot.* lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise. See *Metamorph.* lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

3 I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him; "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset revolutisque vestibus"—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings,
(Oh wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow,
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,
Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries![1]
* * * *
* the brow of Juno flushed—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.
Drops of ethereal dew,
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below![2]
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heaven's illumin'd lyre,[3]
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the hill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower;[4]
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
But, when the waking boy
Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermeil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd in dews upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

Bless'd be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs!
Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god![1]

TO ——— ———.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye that was glowing beside it
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee
Than bask in the noon of another!

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
Yet why the wanton's smile recall!
I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;

---

1 The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the *Divine Legation*, Book ii. sect. 4.

2 In the *Geoponica*, Lib. ii. cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. Εν ουρανω των θεων ευωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασκιρτησαι χορεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τω πτερω του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν, κ. τ. λ. See *Auctor. de Re Rust, edit. Contab.* 1704.

3 The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendenti, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his Urania:

——— ———Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcet que novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captæ nascentum animæ concordia ducunt
Pectora, etc.

4 The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a ynung boy seated upon a lotos. Ειτε Αιγυπτυς εωρακως αρχην ανατολης παιδςον νεογιον γραφοντας επι λωτω καθεζομενον. Plutarch. περι τυ μη χραν εμμετρ. See also his treatise *Isid. et Osir.* Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sun-rise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos, is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See *Montfaucon*, Tom. ii. planche 158, and the *Supplément.* etc. Tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

1 The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated.—*Plutarch Sympos.* Lib iv. cap. 2, where (as Vossius remarks) καιυσι, instead of καλυσι, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See *Vossius* for some curious particularities of the rainbow, *De Origin et Progress, Idololat.* Lib. iii. cap. 13.

But still the notes on LAMIA hung—
On whom but LAMIA *could* they hang!

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet as if 'twas LAMIA'S hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And LAMIA'S lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth, and hope's beguiling dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
Every hand's licentious touch
Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think heaven's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
Oh Love! oh Music! how I hate you!

TO MRS. ———.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refin'd?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love, or Heaven can trace?
And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near
May now repay its love with blame!
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee!
Though the whole world may freeze around thee.
Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,[1]
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still.

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!

No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow, and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home!
'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a deity!
Guide of my heart! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words, are still my own
I see thee raising from the dew,
Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
Was planted for a doom divine,
And, though it weep in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! as oft, at close of day
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green;
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow! thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silvery tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ωσπερ σφραγιδες τα φιληματα
Achilles Tatius, Lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd,

1 This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water inclosed within a piece of crystal. See *Claudian. Epigram. de Chrystallo cui aqua inerat.* Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan. He says, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendôme in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene." —*Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*

1 The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia. But upon all

Oh! never can my heart rely
On word or look, on oath or sigh.
Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
With promis'd faith and vows to Heaven;
That little ring, which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
That seal which oft, in moment blest,
Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
And sworn its dewy spring should be
A fountain seal'd[1] for only thee!
Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost, and hateful, now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "FANNY, dear!
Not half thy lovers gifts are here:
Say, where are all the seals he gave
To every ringlet's jetty wave,
And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted—
Seals of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh! richer, softer, far than this!

"And then the ring—my love! recall
How many rings delicious all,
His arms around that neck hath twisted,
Twining warmer far than this did!
Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like day-light o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew!
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy Fancy keep
These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that Fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From Beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest, living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In Fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of Music's sigh or Beauty's beam
Are realiz'd, at once, in thee!

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.[1]

Gia era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua. * * * *Dante.*

FROM rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd, and flowers tha. smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!

important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his *Dialogue on Music*, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." Αλλα μην και τω κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρομαρτει αυλητης.

1 "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain which they say is the 'sealed fountain,' to which the holy spouse in the *Canticles* is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking." —*Maundrell's Travels.* See also the *Notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.*

1 There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately above these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Falls is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

Oh! I have thought, and thinking, sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many a humble still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the last current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee:
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but my humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

TO MISS ———.

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you;
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet stay—you need not take the pains—
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
For man or maid's desiring:
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale—
The thing 's not worth inquiring!

TO ——— ———

ON HER ASKING ME TO ADDRESS A POEM TO HER.

Sine venere friget Apollo.
Ægid. Menagius.

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
I ne'er have felt from thee?
How can I sing of smiling eyes,
That ne'er have smil'd on me?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
But, oh! 'tis cold and seeming—
One moment's real, rapturous touch
Is worth an age of dreaming!

Think'st thou, when Julia's lip and breast
Inspir'd my youthful tongue,
I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
Nor felt the heaven I sung?

No, no, the spell, that warm'd so long,
Was still my Julia's kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
What she had giv'n in bliss!

Then beam one burning smile on me,
And I will sing those eyes;
Let me but feel a breath from thee,
And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
What makes the bard divine—
Oh, Lady! how my lip would sing,
If once 'twere prest to thine!

SONG

OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.[1]

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla..
Ovid. Metam. Lib. iii. v 27.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along,
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home![2]
Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes
And the cayman[3] loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,[4]

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1 The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

2 "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehanna and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped."—*Morse's American Geography.*

3 The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

4 This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air
To the Fiend presiding there![1]
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO MRS. HENRY T—GHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair
A glory round thy temple spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd!

Oh! you that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam,
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where Heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallowed light,
Or Psyche knows, the boy will fly![1]

Dear Psyche! many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower[2]
Thy mazy foot my soul hath trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow[3]
Hath chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast,

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
(Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray.)[4]

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good and evil dark;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless here,
As nectar keeps her soul in heaven!

---

[1] "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, etc. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls;-and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.*

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America.*

1 See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his "*Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi.*" He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love; and he accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies; accordingly, he observes, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris; and Apuleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the *Giornale di Litterati d'Italia*, tom. xxvii. articol. 1. See also the *Observations upon the ancient Gems in the Museum Florentinum*, vol. i. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopédistes have been led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They say, "Petron fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyché.) Déjà, dit-il," etc. etc. The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis. See *Spon's Recherches Curieuses*, etc. Dissertat. 5.

2 Allusions to Mrs. T—ghe's poem.

3 Constancy.

4 By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

IMPROMPTU, UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valete coetus!—*Catullus.*

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of memory found,
Alive—when with your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER,

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata getas.
Ovid ex Ponto, Lib. i. ep. 5.

FROM BUFFALO UPON LAKE ERIE.

Thou oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd in those classic bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,
And pagan spirits, by the pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade!
There still the bard, who, (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo,) must have talk'd like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Warm without toil and brilliant in repose.
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
How mitres hang, where ivy wreaths might twine,
And heathen Massic 's damn'd for stronger wine!
There too are all those wandering souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering[1] rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
The world 's a wilderness, and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts though little can entice,
And nothing 's known of luxury, but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, oh, you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew,
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave![1]
Less dearly welcome were the lines of yore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hop'd to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If, neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate

1 This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea."—*Letter* xxvii.

1 In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble by which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and, in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*

To the mob-mania which imbrues her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above?—
If yet, releas'd from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness and so pleas'd with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!
It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given—
Oh, but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er!

Believe me, SPENCER, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!
And looks I met, like looks I lov'd before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd;
When shall we both renew them? when restor'd
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as wandering upon Eric's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

ΦΙΛΑΙ ΡΙΣ, ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.
Euripides.

A WARNING

TO ——— ———

Oh! fair as Heaven and chaste as light!
Did Nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid Virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no—a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!

Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For Destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom too was once a zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone
To memory rais'd by hands unknown,
Which, many a wintry hour, has stood,
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he cross'd,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost-one's fate from thee!

TO ——— ———

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One moment's thought to stray from thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer—
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer:
I am lost, unless I fly thee!

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And would'st, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Good Heaven! how much, how far beyond
Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
Never to meet, no, never, never
Oh, woman! what a mind and heart
Thy coldness has undone for ever!

FROM THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO, TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.[1]

Cum digno digna.—*Sulpicia.*

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

'Twas thus the deity, who treads
The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
Day from his eye-lids!—thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,[2]
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;

For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns[3] of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven!

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
And bid those eyes with fonder fire
Be kindled for a god's desire;[4]
Since He, who lights the path of years—
Even from the fount of morning's tears,
To where his sitting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
Cannot, in all his course, behold
Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold!
Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
That mantles in Olympian bowls,
The nectar of eternal souls!
For her, for her he quits the skies,
And to her kiss from nectar flies.
Oh! he would hide his wreath of rays,
And leave the world to pine for days,
Might he but pass the hours of shade,
Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid—
She, more than earthly woman blest,
He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep,[1]
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begem'd with dew:
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay!
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
And the dim orb of lunar souls[2]
Along its shadowy path-way rolls—
There shall we find our bridal bed,
And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
Not even in Jove, voluptuous bowers,
A bridal bed so blest as ours!"

"Tell the imperial God, who reigns,
Sublime in oriental fanes,
Whose towering turrets paint their pride
Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide;[3]
Tell him, when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,

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1 This poem requires a little explanation. It is well known that, in the ancient temples, whenever a reverend priest, like the supposed author of the invitation before us, was inspired with a tender inclination towards any fair visitor of the shrine, and, at the same time, felt a diffidence in his own powers of persuasion, he had but to proclaim that the God himself was enamoured of her, and had signified his divine will that she should sleep in the interior of the temple. Many a pious husband connived at this divine assignation, and even declared himself proud of the selection, with which his family had been distinguished by the deity. In the temple of Jupiter Belus, there was a splendid bed for these occasions. In Egyptian Thebes the same mockery was practised, and at the oracle of Patara in Lycia, the priestess never could prophesy till an interview with the deity was allowed her. The story which we read in Josephus (Lib. xviii. cap. 3.) of the Roman matron Paulina, whom the priests of Isis, for a bribe, betrayed in this manner to Mundus, is a singular instance of the impudent excess to which credulity suffered these impostures to be carried. This story has been put into the form of a little novel, under the name of "La Pudicitia Schernita," by the licentious and unfortunate Pallavicino. See his *Opere Scelte*, tom. i. I have made my priest here prefer a cave to the temple.

2 In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for telling the god what his omniscience must know so perfectly already:

Ει δε γε χρη και παρ σοφον αντιφερεξαι
Εροω·

3 Αλλ' εις δαφνωδη γυαλα βησομαι ταδε. *Euripid. Ion.* v. 76.

4 Ne deve partorir ammiratione ch' egli si pregiasse di haver una Deità concorrente nel possesso della moglie; mentre, anche, nei nostri secoli, non ostante così rigorose legge d'onore, trovasi chi s'ascrive à gloria il veder la moglie honorata da gl' amplessi di un Principe.—*Pallavicino.*

1 The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

2 See a preceding note, page 119. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes too imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

3 The temple of Jupiter Belus at Babylon, which consisted of several chapels and towers. "In the last tower (says Herodotus) is a large chapel, in which there lies a bed, very splendidly ornamented, and beside it a table of gold; but there is no statue in the place. No man is allowed to sleep here, but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldean priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite."—Lib. i cap. 181.

The poem now before the reader, and a few more in the present collection, are taken from a work, which I rather prematurely announced to the public, and which, perhaps very luckily for myself, was interrupted by my voyage to America. The following fragments from the same work describe the effect of one of these invitations of Apollo upon the mind of a young enthusiastic girl:—

Delphi heard her shrine proclaim,
In oracles, the guilty flame.
Apollo lov'd my youthful charms,
Apollo woo'd me to his arms!—
Sure, sure when man so oft allows
Religion's wreath to blind his brows,
Weak wondering woman *must* believe,
Where pride and zeal at once deceive.

Lighted by many an odorous fire,
And hymn'd by all Chaldea's choir—
Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
The pompous joy delights him less,
(Even though his mighty arms enfold
A priestess on a couch of gold)
Than, when in love's unholier prank,
By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
Exhaling from her lips and eyes
The flame and incense of delight,
To sanctify a dearer rite,
A mystery, more divinely warm'd
Than priesthood ever yet perform'd!"

Happy the maid, whom Heaven allows
To break for Heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid!—her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!

Oh, virgin! what a doom is thine!
To-night, to-night a lip divine[1]

When flattery takes a holy vest,
Oh! 'tis too much for woman's breast!

How often ere the destin'd time,
Which was to seal my joys sublime,
How often did I trembling run
To meet, at morn, the mounting sun,
And, while his fervid beam he threw
Upon my lips' luxuriant dew,
I thought—alas! the simple dream—
There burn'd a kiss in every beam;
With parted lips inhal'd their heat,
And sigh'd, "oh god! thy kiss is sweet!"

Oft too, at day's meridian hour,
When to the maid's gleamy bower
Our virgins steal, and, blushing, hide
Their beauties in the folding tide,
If, through the grove, whose modest arms
Were spread around my robeless charms,
A wandering sunbeam wanton fell
Where lover's looks alone should dwell,
Not all a lover's looks of flame
Could kindle such an amorous shame.
It was the sun's admiring glance,
And, as I felt its glow advance
O'er my young beauties, wildly flush'd
I burn'd and panted, thrill'd and blush'd.
* * * * * *

No deity at midnight came—
The lamps, that witness'd all my shame,
Reveal'd to these bewilder'd eyes
No other shape than earth supplies;
No solar light, no aectar'd air,
All, all, alas! was human there:
Woman's faint conflict, virtue's fall,
And passion's victory—human all!

How gently must the guilt of love
Be charm'd away by Powers above,
When men possess such tender skill
In softening crime and sweetening ill!
'Twas but a night, and morning's rays
Saw me, with fond forgiving gaze,
Hang o'er the quiet slumbering breast
Of him who ruin'd all my rest;
Him, who had taught these eyes to weep
Their first sad tears, and yet could sleep!
* * * * * *

In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality!
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly;
There lose the world, and wed the sky!
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give, or woman feel!

WOMAN.

Away, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Slow to be warm'd, and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that 's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest!

Away, away—your smile 's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "if there's peace to be found in the world
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech-tree

And "Here in this lone little wood,"[1] I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

TO ——— ———.

ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ. *Euripides*

1803.

Come, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp, and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

1 Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind, which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See *L'Historie des Oracles*, seconde dissertat. chap. vii. Crebillon, too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner very formidable to the husbands of the island He says, however, "Les maris ont le plaisir de rester tou jours dans le doute; en pareil cas, c'est une ressource."

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then:
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man:[1] a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh![2] and still, as he unclos'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium,[3] breath'd around!
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of Time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster nam'd)
Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,[1]
Nor let the living star of science[2] sink
Beneath the waters which ingulf'd the world!—
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him,[3] who trac'd upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of Heaven!
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
Of Carmel's sacred mount![4]—Then, in a flow

1 In Plutarch's *Essay on the Decline of the Oracles*, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. Ἡμεῖς τὴν ἐρυθρὰν θάλασσαν εὑρόντες, ἀνδρὸς ἀνέπλεον ἐντυγχάνοντα, τελλὰν δὲ σὺν τοῖς νυμφικοῖς, γνώμῃ καὶ δαίμονι, ὡς ἔφασκεν. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: φθέγγομένου δὲ τοῦ τόνου εὐθὺς κατεῖχε, τοῦ στόματος ἡδύτερον ἀποπνέοντος. From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

2 The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of *Heinsius* "in harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa." Page 501.

3 ——— ἐνθὰ μακάρων
νᾶσον ὠκεανίδες
ἀμφὶ περιστένουσιν· ἀν-
θεῖ δὲ χρυσὸς ἀλιγύει
ποταμοῖο τὰ μὲν χερσὶν
ἐς πόντιον ἅλμυρὸν ἔρνος
πέμπει, τὰ δὲ πορφυρέαις
ἐν ἀγκοίναις τε καὶ κόμαις
ἀνέμων ἀελλαῖς τε θάλλει.

Pindar. Olymp. ii.

1 Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity.—See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article *Cham*. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Annius, and a few more such respectable testimonies. See *Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes*, etc. Chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

2 Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo habitum.—*Bochart. Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv. cap. i.

3 Orpheus.—Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, Cap. ii. Lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapeate, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, page 107, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument: (*Plutarch de Animæ Procreat.*) and Eurypharnus the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobæus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well-tuned lyre. Some of the ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the operations of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thesin;" while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says, "let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle;" but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as, in the treatise Περὶ κοσμου, attributed to him, Καθάπερ δὲ ἐν χορῷ, χορυφαίου καταρξαντος, κ. τ. λ.

The Abbé Batteux, upon the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration. "L'ame était cause active, ποιοῦν αἴτιος, le corps cause passive πρὸς τοῦ πάσχειν. L'une agissant dans l'autre; et y prenant, par son action même, un caractère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avait pas par elle-même: à peu près comme l'air, qui, chassé dans un instrument de musique, fait connaitre par les différens sons qu'il produit, les différentes modifications qu'il y reçoit." See a fine simile of this kind in *Cardinal Polignac's Poem*, Lib. 5. v. 734.

4 Pythagoras is represented in Jamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted this idea, *Démonstration évangélique*, Prop. iv. chap. 2. § 7; and Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See *Biblioth. choisie*, tom. i. p. 75.—It is certain, however, that the doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated long before Epicurus. "With the fountains of Democritus," says Cicero, "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and indeed the learned author of the *Intellectual System* has shown, that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato, were atomists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhaps few among the

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam

ancients had a stronger claim to originality; for, in truth, if we examine their schools of philosophy, notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to distinguish them from each other, we may generally observe that the difference is but verbal and trifling, and that, among those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely one to be selected, whose opinions are its own, original, and exclusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be traced through all the sects. The continual metempsychosis of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoics, (at the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution,) the successive dissolution and combination of atoms maintained by the Epicureans, all these tenets are but different intimations of the same general belief in the eternity of the world. As St. Austin explains the periodic year of the Stoics, it disagrees only so far with the idea of the Pythagoreans, that instead of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul to repeat their former round of existence, and "that identical Plato, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same academy and resume the same functions—" .... sic eadem tempora temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. sicut in isto sæculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in ea schola quæ Academia dicta est, discipulos decuit, ita per innumerabilia retro sæcula, multum plexis quidem intervallis, sed certis, et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde sæcula repetendi sint—de Civitat. Dei. lib. xii. cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Ea de causa, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, totiesque renascentur quoties ceciderunt."—52.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics, upon the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics of the school, and, according to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Priora illa (decreta) quæ passim in philosophantium scholis fere obtinent, ista quæ peculiaria huic sectæ et habent contradictionem: i. e. paradoxa."—*Manuduct ad Stoic. Philos.* lib. iii. dissertat. 2. But it is evident (as the Abbé Garnier has remarked, *Mémoires de l'Acad.* tom. 35.) that even these absurdities of the stoics are borrowed, and that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We find their dogma, "dives qui sapiens," (which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from the Philosopher to the Christian, *Pædagog.* lib. iii. cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at the end of the Phædrus. Ω φιλε Πανται καλλοι οσοι τηδε θεοι, δοιητε μοι καλω γενεσθαι τανδοθεν· τα ξωθεν δε οσα εχω, τοις εντος ειναι μοι φιλια· πλουσιον δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον. And many other instances might be adduced from the Αντεραστα, the Πολιτικος, etc. to prove that these weeds of paradox, were gathered among the bowers of the Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his Paradoxes, calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrates, says, "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a coalition which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similitude of ancient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of the Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his own ignorance, is called in to authorize the pretensions of the most obstinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his *Itinerarium*, has ridiculed the sabbath of the Jews, as "lassati mollis imago Dei;" but Epicurus gave an eternal holiday to his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to have been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, in a letter to Autolycus, lib. iii. imputes a similar belief to Pythagoras. φησι (Πυθαγορας) τα των παντων θεις ανθρωπων μηδεν φροντιζειν; and Plutarch, though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the very same theological error; having quoted the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divinity, he adds, Κοινως εν αμφεταινουσιν αμφοτεροι, στι τον θεον εποιησαν ακηρατοφορον των ανθρωπινων. *De Placit. Philosoph.* lib. i. cap. 7.—Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where Plotarchus asks, Ουκουν εικος γε ητε χαιρειν θεους, ητε το αγαθον; and Socrates answers, Παυ μαν ουν εικος, ασχημον γουν αυτων εκαστερον γιγνομενον εστιν: while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the Deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice: Και γαρ ωσπερ ουδεν δικαιου εστι κακεινε, ουδε αρετη, ουτως ουδε θεου.—*Ethic. Nicomach.* lib. vii. cap. 1 In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise Περι κοσμου, (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle,) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; they both omit the mention of a deity; and, in his Ethics, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια των ανθρωπινων υπο θεων γινεται. It is true, he adds, Ωσπερ δοκει, but even this is very sceptical.

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect, which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox; but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to interpret all his fancies to their purpose; such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like Borgia, et Cæsar et nihil. Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity: "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit." *Lib. de Providentiâ*, Cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero, prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other: "Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt." *Academic.* lib. ii. 5., and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconcilement of all the rest: "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." *Essays*, vol. iii. In short, from the little which I know upon the subject, it appears to me as difficult to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, as it would be to fix the land-marks of those estates in the moon, which Ricciolus so generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician, sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus: "non sine causa igitur, Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus." *Tusculan. Quest.* lib. v.—Though often pure in his theology, he sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says, "Quæ si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, præter sensum doloris?" though here perhaps we should do him justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage, "Hæc autem dixit, ut causæ suæ subserviret." Horace roves like a buttorfly through the schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, and now basks among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has left us uncertain of the sect which he espoused; the balance of opinion declares him an Epicurean, but the ancient author of his life asserts that he was an Academician, and we trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the leading sects. The same kind of electric indifference is observable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Propertius, in the fine elegy of Cynthia, on his departure for Athens,

> Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis,
> Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.
> Lib. iii. Eleg. 21.

Though Broukhusius here reads, "dux Epicure," which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been considered as orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, and Boccaccio, in his commentary upon Dante, has doubted, (in consideration of the philosophei's supposed correspondence with St. Paul,) whether

From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,[1]
And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
The lone,[2] eternal One who dwells above,
And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left![3]

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled; and, as I wak'd,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy![4]

Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the rest of the Pagans—the rigid Seneca has bestowed such commendations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his works were preserved to us, we could not, I think, hesitate in pronouncing him an Epicurean. In the same manner we find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lancelotti, the author of *Farfalloni degli antichi Istorici*, has been seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There is no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers; and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menœceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. M. de Sablons, in his *Grands hommes vengés* expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopédiates for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce philosophe était vertueux," he denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. Αλλα την δοξαν ου την αληθειαν παρεσομεν. To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals the Stoics, Epicurus owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of Epicurus with the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the declamations of the fathers against the heretics; trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of this philosopher, as we would to St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important and much more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present.

1 Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy, might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non discentiret a nobis."—*Inst.* lib. vi. c. 7.

2 Το μονον και ερημον.

3 This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passage Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in *Picart's Cerem. Relig.* tom. iv.

4 According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy. Δημος δε ονειρων εστιν ηυθαγερων, αι ψυχαι ας συναγεσθαι φησιν εις την γαλαξιαν.—*Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

TO ——— ———

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on,
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again!

With every beamy smile, that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace, which long had learn'd to roam

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new, and love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin, which they've left behind!

I could have lov'd you—oh so well;—
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
Is but a bright beguiling spell,
Which only lives, while passion glows:

But when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

* * * * *

DREAMS.

TO ——— ———.

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are—Heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they kiss'd the time through
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they may'nt do!

And *your* little soul, Heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh:

'In an instant, she frightens me in
"With some phantom of prudence or terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error!

'So, instead of displaying my graces
Through look, and through words, and through mein,
I am shut up in corners and places,
Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

'But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady's in bed,
And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little soul may expect him

TO MRS. ——.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling dear!—
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long, my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she used to touch?
Where are the songs she lov'd so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play'd,
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain:
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.[1]

Et remigem cantus hortatur.
Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time:
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn,[1]
Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past!

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past!

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

NOT many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian Isles,)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf![2]

---

1 I wrote these words to an air, which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable, that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins,

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm, which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we had entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now, there is not a note of it, which does not recal to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive, during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs, who go to the Grande Portage by the Utawas river. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see *Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade*, prefixed to his *Journal*.

1 "At the Rapids of St. Ann they are obliged to take out a part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers."—*Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade.*

2 "Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi ed antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli

There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,[1]
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white Rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair,
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see,
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,[2]
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,[3] gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:—

From the clime of sacred doves,[1]
Where the blessed Indian roves,
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light,[2]
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air![3]

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manitaulin isle,[4]
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-bird[5] I fly
Where beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake,
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves![6]

Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread[7] loves to creep,

di anime beate."—*Pietro della Valle*, Part. Second. Lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

1 When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited, for our amusement, in the race, the bat-game, etc. while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

2 Auburey in his travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. i. p. 29.

3 The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

1 The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.* See the curious *Fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau*, tom. i. p. 402.

2 "The mountains appear to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones."—*Mackenzie's Journal.*

3 I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes: "When it was calm and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

4 Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse, nommée l'isle de Manitoualin.—*Voyages du Baron de Lohontan*, tom. i. lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a place of Spirits, and this Island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

5 "The Wakon-bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."—*Morse.*

6 The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by a large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

7 "The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses and are easily drawn out by handfuls

Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,[1]
Till with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird[2] soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the islaud-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung—
Virgins,[3] who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh day-light o'er the water beams!
Once more embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,[4]
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze, or echo, or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donnington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high,
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead!
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes.

They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—*Morse.*

1 L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hannecton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs comme les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre.—*Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu. Second Part, lett. xx.

2 Emberiza hyemalis.—See *Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

3 Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians; but I am afraid that Jacques Carthier, upon whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing but vestal institutions by the "cabanes publiques" which he met with at Montreal.—See Lafitau, *Mœurs des Sauvages Americains, etc.* tom. i. p. 173.

4 Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, nè altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.
Vedi come 'l ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando 'l aere con 'l eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.
Dante, Purgator. Cant. ii

T

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded the impressions of many an hour!
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower,

Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we could look, and imagine, and say,
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN
ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,[1] IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,
LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark!
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on
Thou terrible bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,[2]
ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCT. 1804.

ΝΟΣΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΓΑΥΚΕΡΟΥ.—*Pindar. Pyth.* 4.

With triumph, this morning, oh, Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand[3]
Is the last I shall tread of American land.

Well—peace to the land! may the people, at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength;
That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret,
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumin'd our bowl,
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mein
Of some bard I had known, or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board!
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest!

But, Douglas! while thus I endear to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore.
Oh! think then how happy I follow thee now,
When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part!—
But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!

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1 This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the Flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

2 Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe him.

3 Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded. I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

TO LADY H———,

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

Tunbridge-Wells, August, 1805.

When Grammont grac'd these happy springs
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you!

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because, as yet, she knew no better!

Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the Mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried,
And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing;

From whence it can be fairly trac'd
Through many a branch and many a bough.
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you
Oh, Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by H—the—te's eye of blue
To dedicate the important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles' loves in H—the—te live,
And Charles' bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
The few, who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night!

TO ——— ———

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip that 's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethies—'tis you that can cheek,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels,
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour,
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

EXTRACT FROM "THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS."[1]

ΤΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ Ο ΓΕΛΩΣ.

Chrysost. Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.

* * * * *

But, whither have these gentle ones,
The rosy nymphs and black-ey'd nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing?
Instead of wise encomiasties
Upon the Doctors and Scholastics,
Polymaths, and Polyhistors,
Polyglots and—all their sisters,

1 I promised that I would give the remainder of this Poem, but, as my critics do not seem to relish the sublime learning which it contains, they shall have no more of it. With a view, however, to the edification of these gentlemen, I have prevailed on an industrious friend of mine, who has read a great number of unnecessary books, to illuminate the extract with a little of his precious erudition.

The instant I have got the whim in,
Off I fly with nuns and women,
Like epic poets, ne'er at ease
Until I've stol'n "in medias res!"
So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down, in quest of lore and truth,
With tomes sufficient to confound him,
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,
Mamurra[1] stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus![2]
When lo! while all that's learn'd and wise
Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
And, through the window of his study
Beholds a virgin, fair and ruddy,
With eyes as brightly turn'd upon him, as
The angel's[3] were on Hieronymus,
Saying, 'twas just as sweet to kiss her—oh!
Far more sweet than reading Cicero!
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurell'd brow is batter'd,
And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,
All are confus'd and tost together!
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume.[4]
But, to begin my subject rhyme—
'Twas just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics,
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger[1] et cæteris,)
Finding that in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic mannikin,
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,[2]
Lully, Hales irrefragabilis
Or any doctor of the rabble is!
In languages,[3] the Polyglots,
Compared to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrim and Priest included;
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Were one-and-seventy fools to him!
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory,[4]
He nightly tippled "Græco more,"
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends,
From whence your scholars, when they want tick
Say, to be At-tick 's to be on tick!

1 Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. "Nulla de re unquam prætermquam de patre dubitavit." *In vit.*—He was very learned—"Là dedans, (that is, in his head when it was opened,) le Punique heurte le Persan, l'Hébreu choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler de la mauvaise intelligence du Latin avec le Grec," etc. See *l'Histoire de Montmaur*, tom. ii. page 91.

2 Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus. "Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido tegmine Aureoli Theophrasti Paracelsi," says Stadelius de circumforanea Literatorum vanitate.—He used to fight the devil every night with the broad-sword, to the no small terror of his pupil Oporinus, who has recorded the circumstance. (See *Oporin. Vit. apud Christian. Gryph. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum, etc.*) Paracelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen. "My very beard (says he in his *Paragranum*) has more learning in it than either Galen or Avicenna."

3 The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his *Concordantia discordantium Canonum*, and says that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics. "Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat.—Distinct. 37. But Gratian is notorious for lying—besides, angels have got no tongues, as the illustrious pupil of Pantenus assures us. Ουχ' ως ημιν τουτο, ουτως εκεινοις η γλωττα· ουδ' αν οργανα τις δοι φωνης αγγελοις. —*Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* Now, how an angel could scold without a tongue, I shall leave the angelic Mrs. —— to determine.

4 The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of woman is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded:—

If such is the tie between women and men,
The sinny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And he makes a deplorable ape of himself.
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he—leaves her behind him as much as he can.

1 *Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor.*—Dagon was though[t] by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry. See *Jacques Gaffarel's Curiosités inouies*, Chap. i. He says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."

2 I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius, attributed to Thomas Aquinas, be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions bazarded in it: for instance he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with. "Alcibiades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis," etc.—See *Freytag. Adparat. Litterar.* Art. 86. tom. i.

3 The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language:

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.

Since Val arrived in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns nil so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To ask even "what's o'clock" in Latin!

These lines may be found in the *Auctorum Censio* of Du Verdier (page 29,) an excellent critic, if he could have either felt or understood any one of the works which he criticises.

4 It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachim," says he, "has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand."—"Græca sunt, legi non possunt," is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly—far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy jurisconsult upon the law 6. D. de Bonor. possess. expressly says, "Græcæ literæ possunt intelligi et legi." (Vide *Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fasciculi IV.*)—Scipio Carteromachus seems to think that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek literature: "Via prima salutis Graia pandetur ab urbe." And the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen "per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriæ, per reipublicæ decus et emolumentum," to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian required no further eulogium on his tomb than "Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer."

In logics, he was quite Ho Panu![1]
Knew as much as ever man knew.
He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrite,
At once upon the hip he had you right!
Sometimes indeed his speculations
Were view'd as dangerous innovations.
As thus—the Doctor's house did harbour a
Sweet blooming girl, whose name was Barbara:
Oft, when his heart was in a merry key,
He taught this maid his esoterica,
And sometimes, as a cure for heeties,
Would lecture her in dialectics.
How far their zeal let him and her go
Before they came to sealing Ergo,
Or how they placed the medius terminus,
Our chronicles do not determine us;
But so it was—by some confusion
In this their logical prælusion,
The Doctor wholly spoil'd, they say,
The figure[2] of young Barbara;
And thus, by many a snare sophistic,
And enthymeme paralogistic,
Beguil'd a maid, who could not give,
To save her life, a negative.[3]
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that among the spheres,
(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
He dearly lov'd, 'cause no one heard it,)
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
The ratios of a jig or aria.
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses, and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast[4]
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle!
Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
Like that great little man Albertus,
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries OA!—if girl, OE!
These are, says he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries, "O Adam!"[1]
In point of science astronomical,
It seem'd to him extremely comical,
That, once a year, the frolic sun
Should call at Virgo's house for fun,
And stop a month and blaze around her,
Yet leave her Virgo, as he found her!
But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptricks,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks:
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
That glasses are the best utensils
To catch the eyes bewilder'd pencils;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and pure reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon!
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which those noted picture stealers
Send all they can, and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good breeding;
For instance, when we ogle women,
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in,)
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again![2]
Our doctor thus with "stuff'd sufficiency'
Of all omnigenous omnisciency,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible,
That they were quite incomprehensible,[3]
Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,

1 Ο ΠΑΝΥ. The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as a ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model:

Ου γαρ μοι δημις εστιν in hac regione μενοντι
Αξιον ab nostris επιδευειν esse καμηναις.

Rosnard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His *Chère Entelechie*, in addressing his mistress, is admirable, and can be only matched by Cowley's *Antiperistasis*.

2 The first figure of simple syllogisms, to which Barbara belongs, together with Celarent, Darii, and Ferio.

3 Because the three propositions in the mood of Barbara are universal affirmatives.—The poet borrowed this equivoque upon Barbara from a curious Epigram which Menckenius gives in a note upon his *Essays de Charlataneria Eruditorum*. In the *Nuptiæ Peripatticæ* of Caspar Barlæus, the reader will find some facetious applications of the terms of logic to matrimony. Cramhe's Treatise on Syllogisms, in Martinus Scriblerus, is borrowed chiefly from the *Nuptiæ Peripateticæ* of Barlæus.

4 Or, Glass-Breaker.—Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work published 1682. "De vitreo esypho fracto," etc.

1 This is translated almost literally from a passage in *Albertus de Secretis, etc.*—I have not the book by me, or I would transcribe the words.

2 Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

3 Under this description, I believe, "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, merely for his merit in writing a cabalistical letter, one word of which neither they nor himself could interpret. See the *Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante.*—People of all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Serapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter nos liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." Lib. 2. Epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the learned Arabian, read Aristotle's *Metaphysics* forty times over, for the supremo pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable throughout them.—*Nicolas Massa in Vit Avicen.*

The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure, swoln and antic,
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw the fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy prose was mad!
Epics he wrote, and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books—oh! 't were tedious,
Did I but tell the half, to follow me;
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank Heaven! have miss'd us,)
Ere fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great "porcus literarum!"
* * * * *

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.[1]

TO G. M. ESQ.

FROM FREDERICKSBURGH, VIRGINIA,[2] JUNE 2D.

Dear George! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking
I've had this week, over ruts and ridges,[3]
And bridges,
Made of a few uneasy planks,[4]
In open ranks,
Like old women's teeth, all loosely thrown
Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
Would make the knees of stoutest man knock,
Rappahannock,
Occoquan—the heavens may harbour us!
Who ever heard of names so barbarous?

Worse than M***'s Latin,
Or the smooth codicil
To a witch's will, where she brings her cat in!
I treat my goddess ill,
(My muse I mean) to make her speak 'em;
Like the Verbum Græcum,
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,[1]
Words that ought only be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do.

But, dearest George, though every bone is aching
After this shaking,
And trying to regain the socket,
From which the stage thought fit to rock it,
I fancy I shall sleep the better
For having scrawl'd a kind of letter
To you.
It seems to me like—"George, good-night!"
Though far the spot I date it from;
To which I fancy, while I write,
Your answer back—"Good night t'ye Tom."

But do not think that I shall turn all
Sorts of quiddities,
And insipidities,
Into my journal;
That I shall tell you the different prices
Of eating, drinking, and such other vices,
To "contumace your appetite's acidities!"[2]
No, no; the Muse too delicate bodied is
For such commodities!
Neither suppose, like fellow of college, she
Can talk of conchology,
Or meteorology;
Or, that a nymph, who wild as comet errs,
Can discuss barometers,
Farming tools, statistic histories,
Geography, law, or such like mysteries,
For which she does'nt care thee skips of
Prettiest flea, that e'er the lips of
Catharine Roache look'd smiling upon,
When bards of France all, one by one,
Declar'd that never did hand approach
Such flea as was caught upon Catharine Roache![3]
* * * * * *

Sentiment, George, I'll talk when I've got any,
And botany—
Oh! Linnæus has made such a prig o'me,
Cases I'll find of such polygamy
Under every bush,
As would make the "shy curcuma"[4] blush;

---

1 These fragments form but a small part of a ridiculous medley of prose and doggerel, into which, for my amusement, I threw some of the incidents of my journey. If it were even in a more rational form, there is yet much of it too allusive and too personal for publication.

2 Having remained about a week at New-York, where I saw Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, (the only things that particularly awakened my attention,) I sailed again in the Boston for Norfolk, from whence I proceeded on my tour to the northward, through Williamsburgh, etc. At Richmond there are a few men of considerable talents. Mr. Wickham, one of their celebrated legal characters, is a gentleman whose manners and mode of life would do honour to the most cultivated societies. Judge Marshall, the author of Washington's Life, is another very distinguished ornament of Richmond. These gentlemen, I must observe, are of that respectable, but at present unpopular party, the Federalists.

3 What Mr. Weld says of the continual necessity of balancing or trimming the stage, in passing over some of the wretched roads in America, is by no means exaggerated. "The driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage, to lean out of the carriage, first at one side, then at the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts with which the road abounds! 'Now gentlemen, to the right;' upon which the passengers all stretched their bodies half way out of the carriage, to balance it on that side. 'Now gentlemen, to the left;' and so on."—*Weld's Travels*, Letter iii.

4 Before the stage can pass one of these bridges, the driver is obliged to stop and arrange the loose planks of which it is composed, in the manner that best suits his ideas of safety; and, as the planks are again disturbed by the passing of the coach, the next travellers who arrive have of course a new arrangement to make. Mahomet (as Sale tells us) was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival: a Virginian bridge I think, would have answered his purpose completely.

1 Σπερμαγοραιολεκιθολακανοπωλίδες. From the Lysistrata of Aristophanes, v. 458.

2 This phrase is taken verbatim from an account of an expedition to Drummond's Pond, by one of those many Americans who profess to think that the English language, as it has been hitherto written, is deficient in what they call republican energy. One of the savans of Washington is far advanced in the construction of a new language for the United States, which is supposed to be a mixture of Hebrew and Mikmak.

3 Alluding to a collection of poems, called "La Puce des grands-jours de Poitiers." They were all written upon a flea, which Stephen Pasquier found on the bosom of the famous Catharine des Roaches, one morning during the *grands-jours* of Poitiers. I ask pardon of the learned Catharine's memory, for my vulgar alteration of her most respectable name.

4 "Curcuma, cold and shy."—*Darwin.*

Vice under every name and shape,
From adulterous gardens to fields of rape!
I'll send you some Dionæ Muscipula,
And, into Bartram's book if you'll dip, you'll a
Pretty and florid deseription find of
This "ludierous, lobed, earniverous kind of—"[1]
The Lord deliver us!
Think of a vegetable being "earniverous!"
And, George, be sure
I'll treat you too, like Liancourt,[2]
(Nor thou be risible)
With all the views so striking and romantie,
Which one *might* have of the Atlantie,
If it were visible.
* * * * * *

And now, to tell you the gay variety
Of my stage society,
There was a quaker who room for twenty took,
Pious and big as a Polyglot Pentateuch!
There was his niece too, sitting so fair by,
Like a neat Testament, kept to swear by.
What pity, blooming girl!
That lips, so ready for a lover,
Should not beneath their ruby easket cover
One tooth of pearl![3]
But, like a rose beside the church-yard-stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone!
There was * * * *
There was a student of the college, too,
Who said
Much more about the riches of his head
Than, if there were an ineome-tax on brains,
His head could venture to acknowledge to.
I ask'd the Scholar,
If his—what d'ye eall her?
Alma Mater and her Bishop
Properly follow'd the Marquis's wish up,[4]
And were much advaneing
In daneing?
* * * * * *

The evening now grew dark and still;
The whip-poor-will
Sung pensively on every tree;
And straight I fell into a reverie
Upon that man of gallantry and pith,
Captain Smith.[1]
And very strange it seem'd to me,
That, after having kiss'd so grand a
Dame as Lady Trabigzanda,
By any chanee he
Could take a fancy
To a nymph, with sueh a copper front as
Pocahuntas!
And now, as through the gloom so dark,
The fire-flies seatter'd many a fiery spark,
To one that glitter'd on the quaker's bonnet,
I wrote a sonnet.[2]
* * * * * *

And——
two lines more had just completed it;
But, at the moment I repeated it,
Our stage,
(Whieh good Brissot with brains so eritical
And sage,
Calleth the true "maehine politieal,")[3]
With all its load of uncles, scholars, nieees,
Together jumbled,
Tumbled
Into a rut and fell to pieces!
* * * * * *

Good night!—my bed must be,
By this time, warm enough for me,
Beeause I find old Ephraim Steady,
And Miss his nieee are there already!
Some eavillers
Objeet to sleep with fellow-travellers;
But * * * *
Saints protect the pretty quaker,
Heaven forbid that I should wake her!

---

1 "Observed likewise in these savannas abundance of the ludicrous Dionæa Muscipula."—*Bartram's Travels in North America.* For his description of this "carniverous vegetable," see Introduction, p. 13.

2 This philosophical Duke, describing the view from Mr. Jefferson's house, says, "the Atlantic might be seen, were it not for the greatness of the distance, which renders that prospect impossible." See his Travels.

3 Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who showed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

4 The Marquis de Chastellux, in his wise letter to Mr. Madison, Professor of Philosophy in the College of William and Mary at Williamsburgh, dwells with much earnestness on the attention which should be paid to dancing. See his Travels. This college, the only one in the state of Virginia, and the first which I saw in America, gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegancies of education, which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia: the young men, who look for advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians; and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé Raynal, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, "When the youth of a country are seen depraved, the nation is on the decline." I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh! But when he wrote, his countrymen had not yet introduced the "doctrinam deos spernentem" into America.

1 John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most enterprising of the first settlers in Virginia. How much he was indebted to the intresting young Pocahuntas, daughter of King Powhatan, may be seen in all the histories of this colony. In the dedication of his own work to the Dutchess of Richmond, he thus enumerates his *bonnes fortunes:* "Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and vertuous ladies, and comparable hut among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beautcous lady Trabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable lady Callamata supplyed my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pocahuntas, the great King's daughter of Virginia oft saved my life."

Davis, in his whimsical Travels through America, has manufactured into a kind of romance the loves of Mr. Rolfe with this "opaci maxima mundi," Pocahuntas.

2 For the Sonnet, see page 121.

3 "The American stages are the true political carriages."—*Brissot's Travels,* Letter 6th.—There is nothing more amusing than the philosophical *singeries* of these French travellers. In one of the letters of Clavière, prefixed to those of Brissot, upon their plan for establishing a republic of philosophers in some part of the western world, he intreats Brissot to be particular in choosing a place "where there are no musquitoes:" forsooth, ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet!

TO A FRIEND.

When next you see the black-ey'd *Caty*,
The loving languid girl of Hayti,[1]
Whose finger so expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's silken maze,
Just like Aurora, when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies!

Say, that I hope, when winter 's o'er,
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then shall search the ribbon store
For some of *Caty's* softest *love*.

I should not like the gloss were past,
Yet want it not entirely new;
But bright and strong enough to last
About—suppose a week or two.

However frail, however light,
Twill do, at least, to wear at night;
And so you'll tell our black-ey'd *Caty*—
The loving, languid girl of Hayti!

"Errare malo cum Platone, quam cum aliis recte sentire."
Cicero.

I would rather think wrongly with Plato, than rightly with any one else.

1802.

Fanny, my love, we ne'er were sages,
But, trust me, all that Tully's zeal
Express'd for Plato's glowing pages,
All that, and more, for thee I feel!

Whate'er the heartless world decree,
Howe'er unfeeling prudes condemn,
Fanny! I'd rather sin with thee,
Than live and die a saint with them!

SONG.

I ne'er on that lip for a minute have gaz'd,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you rais'd,
How delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me!

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that—you could not but let me!

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh think how bewitching it met me!
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seem'd to say—you would let me!

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For, in truth, if I go you'll regret me;
Or, oh!—let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—will you let me?

1 Among the West-Indian French at Norfolk, there are some very interesting Saint Domingo girls, who, in the day, sell millinery, etc. and at night assemble in little cotillion parties, where they dance away the remembrance of their unfortunate country, and forget the miseries which "les mis des noirs" have brought upon them.

FROM THE GREEK.[1]

I've prest her bosom oft and oft;
In spite of many a pouting cheek,
Have touch'd her lip in dalliance soft,
And play'd around her silvery neck.

But, as for more, the maid 's so coy,
That saints or angels might have seen us;
She's now for prudence, now for joy,
Minerva half, and half a Venus.

When Venus makes her bless me near,
Why then, Minerva makes her loth;
And—oh the sweet tormenting dear!
She makes me mad between them both!

ON A BEAUTIFUL EAST-INDIAN

If all the daughters of the sun
Have loving looks and eyes of flame,
Go, tell me not that *she* is one—
'Twas from the wintry moon she came!

And yet, sweet eye! thou ne'er wert given
To kindle what thou dost not feel;
And yet, thou flushing lip—by heaven!
Thou ne'er wert made for Dian's seal!

Oh! for a sunbeam, rich and warm
From thy own Ganges' fervid haunts,
To light thee up, thou lovely form!
To all my soul adores and wants:

To see thee burn—to faint and sigh
Upon that bosom as it blaz'd,
And be myself the first to die,
Amid the flame myself had rais'd!

TO ——— ———.

I know that none can smile like thee,
But there is one, a gentler one,
Whose heart, though young and wild it be,
Would ne'er have done as thine has done.

When we were left alone to-day,
When every curious eye was fled,
And all that love could look or say,
We might have look'd, we might have said.

Would *she* have felt me trembling press,
Nor trembling press to me again?
Would *she* have had the power to bless,
Yet want the heart to bless me then?

Her tresses, too, as soft as thine—
Would *she* have idly paus'd to twine
Their scatter'd locks, with cold delay,
While oh! such minutes pass'd away,

1 Μαζους χερσιν ἐχω, στοματι στομα, δειρην δειρῃ
Ασχετα λυσσωων βοσκομαι αργυρεην·
Ουπω δ' αφροδισιοισιν ολην ελον· αλλ' ετι καμνων
Παρθενον αμφιεπον λεκτρον ανακινομενην
Ημιυ γαρ Παφιη, το δ' αρ' ημιυ δωκεν Αθηνη
Αυταρ εγω μισσος τηκομαι αμφοτερων.
Paulus Silentiarius.

As heaven has made for those who love?
For those who love, and long to steal
What none but hearts of ice reprove,
What none but hearts of fire can feel!

Go, go—an age of vulgar years
May now be pin'd, be sigh'd away,
Before one blessed hour appears,
Like that which we have lost to-day!

AT NIGHT.[1]

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy too the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchang'd at night!

At night, what dear employ to trace,
In fancy, every glowing grace
That's hid by darkness from the sight;
And guess by every broken sigh,
What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
Is telling to the soul at night!

1 These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

TO ———.

I often wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly sleeping;
Since love is o'er, and passion fled,
And life has nothing worth our keeping!

No—common souls may bear decline
Of all that throbb'd them once so high;
But hearts that beat like thine and mine,
Must still love on—love on or die!

'Tis true, our early joy was such,
That nature could not bear th' excess!
It was too much—for life too much—
Though life be all a blank with less!

To see that eye so cold, so still,
Which once, O God! could melt in bliss
No, no, I *cannot* bear the chill—
Hate, burning hate were heaven to this.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR,

THE TWOPENNY POST BAG.

E lapsæ manibus cecidêre tabellæ.—*Ovid.*

DEDICATION.

TO ST——N W——LR——E, Esq.

My dear W——e:—It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,[1] leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine whether they ever will take he trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——e, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* han my *works*, and, however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and 'ways shall be,

Your sincere and attached friend,

245, *Piccadilly*, *March* 4, 1813. THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman, about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"[2] those venerable suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy, which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—tch—d's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had just then been seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these two-penny post epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first; and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As, in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a book is so very different a thing from a newspaper!—in the for

1 Aristo, canto 35. 2 Herrick.

mer, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pie*,—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ————, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, μονα και μονον[2]) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case, answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware, is decisive of his utter reprobation in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,[2] who held "that God is in Africa, *and not elsewhere*." But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they who say so are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ————, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the Publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend.[1] The rest of the volume remains[2] in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, ETC.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR——NC——SS CH————E OF W——S TO THE LADY B——RB——A A——SHL——Y.[3]

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes, and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe fro their kicks!

Off at once to papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right*—

1 Pindar, Pyth, 2.—My friend certainly cannot add ουτ' εν ανδρασι γεραιτερον.

2 Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

1 The *Trifles* here alluded to, and others, which have since appeared, will be found in this edition.—*Publisher.*

2 A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "Surteas" instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

3 This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic has lately made a present of some beautiful ponies to the P——nc——ss

"Pretty doings are here, sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise,)
'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
Excuse, sir, my tears, they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies*, still worse!"

Quick a council is call'd—the whole cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those of St. Paul's.

The Doctor, and he, the devout man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the Pr-nc-ss *will* keep them (says Lord C-stl-r-gh,)
To make them quite harmless the only true way
Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto*-snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks
(Adds his Lordship, humanely,) or else breaks their necks!"

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, which soon reconciled
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.,
And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
In the *faltering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my mamma, as I'm suffered to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater.

C———E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—ll—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned book,[1]
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can be well understood
In this said book, is vastly good:
And, as to what's incomprehensible
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible;

But, to your work's immortal credit,
The P——e, good sir,—the P——e has read
(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's.)
Last levee-morn he look'd it through
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——e in Christendom!

He thinks, with you, the imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They even must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we are coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say,
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"
Or—"hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"
And 't will be done—ay, faith, and well done

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A plan of radical reform;
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght
Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it, also, speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"

The tailors, too, have got commands
To put directly into hands

[1] See the Edinburgh Review, No. xl

All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and pabouches
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new *moustaches a l'Ottomane,*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *Turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You therefore have no time to waste—
So send your system.—
Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say
There 's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 't were as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;[1]
Where lips till sixty shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who 've reached the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule 's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidely *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y——.[2]

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E——GH,
Who *set-to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-cook, of course!—
While you live—(what's there under that cover? pray, look)—
While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-cook.
'T is a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast)—
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle 's uncommon)—
Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J—e
For his speech to the J—y,—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way,—
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—no—dam'me! nor
Even for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but TOM T—RRH—T
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
TOMMY whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hint)
"I fear 't will be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devised!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf's head surprised!"
The *brains* were near ——; and *once* they'd been fine,
But of late they had lain so long soaking in wine
That, however we still might in courtesy call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 't was benevolent too
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've any time honour'd by kissing their dears;
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ——.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—C has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin.[1]

LAST week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,

1 The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men, played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," etc. etc.—See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

2 This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

1 This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and

When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here,)
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!
Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
With all the dirt even *you* can pick up—
But, as the P——E—(here 's to him—fill—
Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
To humbug them with kind professions,
And as you deal in *strong* expressions—
'*Rogue*'—'*traitor*'—hiccup—and all that—
You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
You must indeed—hiccup—that 's flat."

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore!'—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
To hear even noisy M—TH—w gabble on
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!
Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK[2] his Port-folio send?
Take it—'t is thine—his learn'd Port-folio
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines now believed by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning;)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There 's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble.—See the Appendix.

1 In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again.

2 This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says, upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine pe ousus.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * * *

WE'RE told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.[1]—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum[2]—
I. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em.)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptising,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagan!
This fact 's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—no—the man baptised with spittle
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C— — TO LADY ——.

MY dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment got mine—
The Mail-Coach Edition[3]—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND last night,
Escort to their chair, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear Lady ——! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night, to set London in motion?
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through;
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
That NAPOLEON's old Mother 's to marry the POPE,—
What a comical pair!)—But, to stick to my Rout,
'T will be hard if some novelty can't be struck out
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arrived?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wived?

1 ——— lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat. *Pers.* Sat. 2.

2 I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

3 See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
And you know how they spoil whatever they touch,)
Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintztschits-topschinzoudhoff
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better:
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t' other day, of a Monster?[1]
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,[2] IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

Whilst thou, Mohassan (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
(They're Christians, and they know no better,)[1]
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our Sunnites,[2] hateful dogs!
Whom every pious Shiite flogs
Or longs to flog[3]—'t is true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places![4]
'Tis true, they worship Ali's name[5]—
Their heaven and *ours* are just the same—
(A Persian's heaven is easily made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.)
Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers![6]
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins,[7]
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what 's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a-day
(According to a form that 's set,)
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

---

1 Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

2 I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the P——e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

1 "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of de Ruyter; "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

2 *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided: and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the difference between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

3 "Les Sunnites, qui étaient comme les catholiques de Musulmanisme."—*D'Herbelot.*

4 "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," etc. etc.—*Foster's Voyage.*

5 "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnaissent," etc. etc.—*Chardin.*

6 "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—*Mariti.*

7 For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past?
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell
To camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die?—
Like those sweet birds that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a book and eye![1]

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ——— ———, ESQ.[2]

Per. Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'t would'nt do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that 's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('t is frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it!
However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.
Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you have nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Alb—n—a.
(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Must n't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,)[2]
Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job 's sure to pay)
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas before Sc—tt approaches—
Indeed if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you in *training*, next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much
Your's et cetera

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ——— ———, ESQ.

Come to our Fete,[3] and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fete, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it,
When B———l's self inquired "who made it?"
When Cits came wondering from the East,
And thought thee Poet Pye, *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 't is thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,
Too precious to be wash'd)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—g—t's self alone!

---

1 This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing, on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

2 From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

1 This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence which is said to have passed lately between Alb—n—a, Countess of B—ck—gh—ms—e, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

2 Paternoster Row.

3 This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February

Who, by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
Something between (t were sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors![1] best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learned Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cocks'-combs, wheresoe'er they go

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.[2]
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc—TT would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time 's soon gone![3]

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——E neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no, ST— G! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'t is not so,"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermilion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;
And still comest off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by Fate—
While *some* chefs-d'œuvre live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fete, in fact, will be
The former Fete's *fac-simile*;[1]
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pie-Nic Palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present;
The same *fauteuils* and girondoles—
The same gold Asses,[2] pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days,)
Some sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fete will be
But half a Fete, if wanting thee!

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV, *Page* 156.

AMONG the papers inclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is a Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal,) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time when they were in Athens—when

"By Ilissus' stream
We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;
Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE![3]

---

1 Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, etc. *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that 's the man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum——————
————non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico.*

2 To those who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

3 Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, but steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) μων μωμεισθαι η μεμεισθαι.

1 "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies," etc. etc.—*Morning Post.*

2 The salt-cellars on the P—— E's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

3 Spanheim attributes the unanimity with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm by which

'That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art
Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart
(And those, alas! at sixes and at sevens,)
Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befal them—that she.

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum
And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
That name should ever have been fix'd upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfal of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

"But oh! more dear, more precious ten times over—
Farewell, my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
I made *thee* Cardinal—thou madest *me*—ah!
Thou madest the Papa[1] of the World—Mamma!"

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject:

Romanus (eheu posteri, negabitis!),
Emancipatus FOEMINÆ
Fert vallum!—

LETTER VII. *Page* 160.

The manuscript, which I found in the bookseller's letter, is a melo-drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK,"[2] of which the theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner:—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber[3] in C—rl—t—n house—Enter the P——E R—G—T solus.—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims:

Away—away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish BOOK!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D's spouse—
V—NS—T—T's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—D—R's face!
While, turning here [*laying his hand on his heart*] I find, ah, wretched elf!
Thy *list* of dire *errata* in myself.
[*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*]
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curacoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *book-worm* in my heart?

Here he is interrupted in his soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words:—"*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*"—"*Wrong Measures*"—"*the Queen*"—"*Mr Lambert*"—"*the* R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my house!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul [*shaking the papers violently,*] what demon brought you hither?
"My wife!"—"the Book," too!—stay—a nearer look—
[*Holding the fragments closer to the candelabras.*]
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, BOOK—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter.—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, etc. etc.—The intermediate time is filled up by another soliloquy, at the conclusion of which, the aforesaid personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LLOR with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office."[1] The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream:—

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!"—[*weeps*] not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair
That curl'd in conscious majesty. [*Pulls out his handkerchief*]—while cries
Of "Whiskers! whiskers!" shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injured pride, a princely dame,
And a young maiden clinging to her side,
As if she feared some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load

her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—"Non vi aliqua, sed concorditer, omnium in se conversa desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hac quanquam!"

1 This is an anachronism; for it was not till the eleventh century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa, or Universal Father.

2 There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the learned of that day. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis.)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "à tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

3 The chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs de lys*

1 "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh.*)—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice Chancellor's Bill.*

Of papers hung—[*wipes his eyes*]—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the throne she throws,
And lights the pile beneath thy princely nose.
[*Weeps.*]
Heavens, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire
[*with animation*] To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—[*weeps again*] I mourn'd to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker!—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, whiskers, wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past one," and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the dream,) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A privy council is held—all the servants, etc. are examined, and it appears that a tailor who had come to measure the R—G—T for a dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *cinquant* in describing,) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon chamber during the day. It is accordingly determined to seize the tailor, and the council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be rigorous.

The commencement of the second Act turns chiefly upon the trial and imprisonment of two brothers; but as this forms the *under* plot of the drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to prison:

Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring, or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as he, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few loved-ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a tailor's work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these artists is discovered upon the shop-board; their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc. that lie about. They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following stanzas, to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother tailors, come, straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers,)
The Shop-board's delight! the Mæcenas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But his short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
Philip's son thought the world was too small for his soul,
While our R—G—T's finds room in a laced button hole!
Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all 's such a friend to the Goose
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P——E about town!
Derry down, etc.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm which he is made to betray is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives, is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket,) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta position:

Honoured Colonel—my WIFE, who 's the QUEEN o all slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new patterns
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully wrong—
They're the same used for poor Mr. LAMBERT, when young;
But, bless you! they would'nt go half round the R—G—T,
So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient

This fully explains the whole mystery; the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the drama terminates as usual to the satisfaction of all parties.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.

CASTIGLIONE.

PREFACE.

In what manner the following epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE's second letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *secret services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry, but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. BOB FUDGE's third letter, concluding the adventures of his Day, with the Dinner, Opera, etc. etc.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' Ο ΜΩΡΟΣ αρας
Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propria persona*, that I am—his, or her,

Very obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER

April 17, 1818.

THE

FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —— OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR Doll, while the tails of our horses are plaiting
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And, *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN's, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The Monk!"
In vain did I think of his charming dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONEY;)
And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the bye, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling *****
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet[1]
(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!—
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand* a *M****que*,)

1 To commemorate the landing of ***** ** ***** from England, the impression of his foot is marked on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

He exclaim'd "Oh mon R**!" and, with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,
Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
"Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's K**g;
And dat *gros pied de cochon*—begar, me vil say,
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."
There 's the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—
What a charming idea!—raised close to the spot;
The mode being now (as you've heard, I suppose)
To build tombs over legs,[1] and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that 's occurr'd sentimental as yet;
Except, indeed, some little flower-nymphs we've met,
Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flowers in your path, and then bawling for *sous!*
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
To recall the good days of the *ancien regime*,
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.
You remember how shepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he 's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and laced,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
And BOB 's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows pat,
A la braise, *petits patets*, and—what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes? oh! *maitre d'hotel*—
I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had ate,
Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,
As dear Pa knows the titles and authors of books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind it's all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—
Why he 's writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t' other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—TL—R—GH,
Who said, "My dear FUDGE——" I forget th' exact words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say, that, as all must allow,
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie—science,
Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy A*****ce,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"

The matter 's soon settled—Pa flies to *the Row*
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go,)
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—
"SCOTT'S Visit," of course—in short, every thing *he* has
An author can want, except words and ideas:—
And, lo! the first thing in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper 's near out, so I'd better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *dejeuner a la Fourchette*,
Which BOBBY would have, and is hard at it yet.—
What 's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young CONNOR:—they say he 's so like BON****TE,
His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,
As the B*****N's, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old NAP'S, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR'S?
Au reste (as we say,) the young lad 's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma,)
And for charity made private tutor to BOB—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how liberal of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus;
But BOB 's *dejeuner's* done, and Papa 's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my *debut* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet
But Paris, dear Paris—oh, *there* will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE ROI![1]

1 Ci-git la jambe de, etc. etc.

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C————H.

Paris

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
"Demoralized" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet;
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!*[2]

1 A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

2 This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original

Where the poor palace changes masters
  Quicker than a snake its skin,
And ***** is rolled out on castors
  While *****'s, borne on shoulders in:
But where, in every change, no doubt,
  One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 't is the *Kings* alone turn out,
  And *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C———GH,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dickey (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
  And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
  Like Major SEMPLE, every where!
And marvelling with what powers of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears,—and when
All sovereigns else were dozed, at last
Speech'd down the Sovereign[1] of Belfast.
Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis,
'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
  There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleased at—
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
  And C———GH's the thing now sneezed at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
  Though even your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
  But time and ink run short, and now
(As *thou* would'st say, my guide and teacher
  In these gay metaphoric fringes,)
I must *embark* into the *feature*
  On which this letter chiefly *hinges*;[2]—
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And *will*, so help me Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the FUDGES!—
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant:
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
  And bayonets, and the Duke commanding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
  Passeth all human understanding:
That F***ce prefers her go-cart ****
  To such a coward scamp as *****;
Though round, with each a leading-string,
  There standeth many a R*y*l crony,
For fear the chubby, tottering thing
  Should fall, if left there *loney-poney*:
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
  Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
  As HELOISA did her lover![1]
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch,
  Upon the side-board snug reposes;
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
  And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
  Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles,
  And Frenchmen—'t would n't make much odds
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
And ***** eats his *salmia*[2] daily;
So time is left to Emperor SANDY
To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;
And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
  For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
  Might come and nine times knock their noddles!—
All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever proved before—
In reasoning with the *Post* I'll vie,
My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
  On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
  Who longs to be a small place-holder,)
Is—though I say 't that should n't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—*only* one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

"*Jul. thirty-first.* Went, after snack,
  To the cathedral of St. Denny;
Sigh'd o'er the kings of ages back,
  And—gave the old concierge a penny!
(*Mem.*—Must see *Rheims*, much famed, 'tis said,
For making kings and gingerbread.)
Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
A little B***bon, buried lately,
Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
Though only twenty-four hours old![3]
Hear this, thought I, ye jacobins;
Ye Burdetts tremble in your skins!

Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—"He put his hand in his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, and," etc. etc.

1 The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother Lord S. proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent!"

2 Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

1 See her Letters.

2 Οψα τε, οια εδουσι διοτρεφεε βασιληες.
Homer, Odyss. 3.

3 So described on the coffin. "très-haute et puissante Princesse, âgée d'un jour."

If R**alty, but aged a day,
Can boast such high and puissant sway,
What impious hand its power would fix,
Full fledged and wigg'd,[1] at fifty-six?"

The argument 's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.—
So now, with duty to the R—g—t,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient,
P. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But Biddy said she thought 't would look
Genteeler thus to date my book,
And Biddy's right—besides, it currics
Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré.[2]

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

O DICK! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your logic and Greek, but there is nothing like feeding;
And *this* is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head quarters of prog.
Talk of England,—her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte[3] at old Véry's;
And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
A jury of tasters,[4] with woodcocks before 'em?
Give Cartwright his parliaments fresh every year—
But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here;
And let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
No digest of law 's like the laws of digestion!

By the bye, Dick, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
'T is the mode—your legitimates always get fat;
There 's the R—G—T, there 's ****'s—and B*n*y tried too;
But, though somewhat imperial in paunch, 'twouldn't do:
He improved, indeed, much in this point when he wed,
But he ne'er grew right r*y*lly fat *in the head.*

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a day,
As we pass it, myself, and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,[5]
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bons-bons*, and claret for rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream*-ice:
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight as can be—
For, a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of* it.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up
The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your cursed tea and toast:
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One's *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the throat
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's crudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidney—imagine, Dick—done with champagne!
Then some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,
Chambertin,[2] which you know 's the pet tipple of Nap,
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but *I'm* not so partic'lar.—
You coffee comes next, by prescription; and then DICK, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix—
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on 't
I'd swallow even W—TK—N'S, for sake of the end on 't)—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet[3] tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!
Till a man 's used to paying there 's something so queer in it)—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in 't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh Dick, the phizzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini One;
A laced hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!—
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our PR—E, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
Inflicts, without even a court-martial, on hundreds.[4]

1 There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—"nonne longe *lateque* Principem ostentant?"

2 See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

3 The bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

4 Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

5 The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pays, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—*Dachat.*

1 The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *pâtés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique*:—On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," etc. p. 206.

2 The favourite wine of Napoleon.

3 *Velours en bouteille.*

4 It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que

Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by;)
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some ones
We've seen about White's—the Mounseers are but rum ones;
Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old B—M—L, from Calais, to dress 'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!
In short, what with mountebanks, Counts and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats.

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour for dinner:
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old Beauvilliers'[1] larder, my boy!
And, once *there*, if the goddess of beauty and joy
Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd not budge—
Not a stir, Dick, as sure as my name is
R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"RETURN!"—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While for the faith my fathers held to God,
Even in the fields where free those fathers trod
I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth that slavery had been there[2]—
On all I love—home, parents, friends,—I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their master's doors,
And hawk their wrongs as beggars do their sores;
Still let your [3] * * * * * *

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—every where the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflexions of the oppressor's face!
Every where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are served up victims to the vile and few;
While E******, every where—the general foe
Of truth and freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

O E******! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs that well might claim the deadliest one
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses, on such barbarous sway,
Echoed where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desperate envy, which, to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of kings,
That royal, ravening flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,—
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fallen and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur[1] gave the infected vest,
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C———GH:—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condensed in him!
* * * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes! oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heaven and Nature meant mankind should be
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones

---

tous les autres Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble."—What would he say now?

1 A celebrated Restaurateur.

2 "They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' etc.) or the words—'The memory of the desolation.'"—*Leo of Modena.*

3 I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

1 Membra et Herculeos toros
Urit hues Nessea.————
Ille, ille victor vincitur.—*Senec. Hercul. Œt*

Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it in truth,
But one of those sweet day-break dreams of youth,
In which the soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all given up?—and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by kings partitioned, truck'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born;
Who * * * * * *
* * * * * *

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be god, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High L*git**ates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder even than he of Sparta's land,
Against whom millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, the Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
Welcome * * * * *
* * * * * *

And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C——gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that * * * *
* * * * * *

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'t were wiser far
To leave still hid and burning where they are!

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

What a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad naughty girl—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le Roi's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair, and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyché* and curls *à la brause*.—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la Francaise*,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there 's nothing transacting,
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark t' other night was a true one;
"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his book 's to make out,)
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about;
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it!
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs,[1] and chose to make use of it!
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear
So bad too, you'd swear that the god of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—*ah parlez moi*, Dolly, *de ca*—
There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I,
It 's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 't would be for your friend Biddy Fudge!

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in,)
They call it the Play-house—I think—of Saint Martin;[2]

1 The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

2 The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera-house in the Palais Royal was burned down, in

Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here Daniel, in pantomime,[1] bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it;—
Here Bégrand,[2] who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner, that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*

But, in short, dear, 't would take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we 're at, day and night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,[3] a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch![4]
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft,)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!
Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von little course"—though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 't was like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming together,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.
And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens[1] we saunter'd about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at each cracker,
And, when t' was all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I *will* say, of a prince, to our *fiacre*.
Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who 's here now incog.[2]—he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!
Pa says he 's come here to look after his money
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney,)
Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief
Should—unless 't would to utter despairing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count Ruppin, to drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 't is he—
For he knows the L*git**ate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising, and managed to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

1781. A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Paris an *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, "couleur feu de l'Opéra!"—*Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

1 A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou la Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "*Scene* 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Eternel."

2 Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders," "L'amour et la Folie," etc. etc.

3 The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement, in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris, etc. etc.

4 According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th received just now—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!

1 In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Dr. Cotterel informs us,) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront, par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22

2 His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently

'Tis truly pleasing to see how
We Fudges stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my ehap,
And he knows *me*, too—*verbum sap.*
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of plaees;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings, or Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not even th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!
Reynolds and I—(you know Tom Reynolds—
Drinks his elaret, keeps his ehaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—D——TH wants a death or two;)
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men like us of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under*-saviours of the nation—[1]
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the ehair,
In praise of our sublime voeation;
And gives us many a bright oration
Traeing it up to great King Midas,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by graee divine
And right of ears, most asinine,
Was yet no more, in faet historieal,
Than an exeeeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his *ears*, but allegorieal,
Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—[2]
Gemmen, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And pieking up eaeh tale and fragment,
For royal Midas's green bag meant.
"And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
Should not the R—G—T too have ears,[3]
To reaeh as far, as long and wide as
Those of his model, good King Midas?"
This speeeh was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank "The R—G—T's Ears,"
With tnree times three illustrious eheers,
That made the room resound like thunder.
"The R—G—T's Ears, and may he ne'er
From foolish shame, like Midas, wear
Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!"[1]
This toueh at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.
In short (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again) we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club inereases daily.
Castles, and Oliver, and sueh,
Who don't as yet full salary toueh,
Nor keep their ehaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
Of eourse don't rank with us, *salvators*,[2]
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days
(For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase,)
When, in our new eostume adorn'd,—
The R—G—T's buff-and-blue eoat's *turn'd*—
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief rats in upper stations;[3]
Your W———YS, V——NS—half-fledged sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful *preaching* Rat;
Not things as mute as Puneh, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought,
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.
No, no,—we nobler vermin are
A *genus* useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of whieh your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
Yet still these Tyros in the eause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us reeeived and treated
With all due honours—only seated
In the inverse seale of their reward,
The merely *promised* next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chancellorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—[4]

1 Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

2 This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffman:—Hac allegoria significatum, Midam, ut pote tyrannum, subausculatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognoscceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice."

3 Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

"Midas, le roi Midas a des orcilles d'ane,"

tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

1 It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.—*Ovid.*

The noble giver of the toast, however, had evidently with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

2 Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa.*

3 This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—"vere dulce sodalitium."

4 His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his

Takes every part with perfect ease,
Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victim to his glees,
And has them both well *executed*.
H——T——D, who, though no Rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the *Corni* parts.
While C—NN—G,[1] who'd be *first* by choice,
Consents to take an *under* voice;
And G———S,[2] who well that signal knows,
Watches the *Volti Subitos*.[3]

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens*,[4] from t'other side;—
Some of those loyal, cunning elves
(We often tell the tale with laughter)
Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parsons that would do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—Hamilton,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That could'nt otherwise be got at—
If *he* 'll but join the Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We Fudges know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There 's Jack, the Doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He 's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget the old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flint, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivel'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So generous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
Your head-ache is a *hemi-cranium*:—
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them—put them in again!
In short there 's nothing now like Jack;—
Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all

So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor TIM! to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
The immortal name of FUDGE than thou
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part.
Till something good and snug should offer,
Like one, who, by the way he acts
The *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM!
Who shall describe thy powers of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that 's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride 's to way-lay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on.—
Thy patent, prime, morality,—
Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel:—
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
To hate all bigots and benighters!
God knows, I love, to even excess,
The sacred Freedom of the Press,
My only aim 's to—crush the writers."
These are the virtues, TIM, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh, TIM—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,
But 't was my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present

Ministerial career, took lessons three times a-week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

1 This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C—— if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
For *your* character 's totally lost,
And *I* have not sufficient for *two*!"

2 The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

3 *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music books.

4 The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—DM—H and of C———GH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good bye—my paper 's out so nearly,
I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few short rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When loosed, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right;
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hoped the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heaven look'd on,
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;—
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?
But no—the hearts that nursed a hope so fair
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
The only *quite* untameable are K**gs!
Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine!—rapine!" was the cry again.
How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
Let Saxony, let injured Genoa tell,—
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was at the Royal slave-mart truck'd away,—
The million souls that, in the face of Heaven,
Were split to fractions,[1] barter'd, sold, or given
To swell some despot power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more!
How safe the faith of K**gs let F***ce decide;—
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried—
Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain—
Her crown disgraced by one, who dared to own
He thank'd not F'**'ce but E*****d for his throne—
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame!—
Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of K**gs;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors *could* not last—
F***ce would herself have risen, in might, to cast
The insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
N**OL**N ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matured, a cause so proudly bright;—
To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;
To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of *one?*
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of F***ce once more have blazed;
For every single sword, reluctant raised
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had the unholy stain
Of B***b'n feet disgraced her shores again!

But Fate decreed not so—the Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;
Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple[1] wing'd its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a royal craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world.

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on G*ll*c earth!
Fierce was the cry and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!
"Faithless!"—and this from *you*—from *you*, forsooth,
Ye pious K**gs, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had served on every side,

1 "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws, but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes which could be levied by the acquiring state," etc.—*Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia.*—The words on the Protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, etc.

1 "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—N**ol**n's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of royal perfidy!
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong—
The frauds, the lies of lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In K**gly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;
Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then?
A Holy League would set all straight again;
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new![1]
Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;
Who, even when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,[2]
And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes are stript of all, then fleeced relations![3]
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to the ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too,—whose history nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidized defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
And thou, oh England!—who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C———GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
The escape from E**a frighten'd into fits;
Such were the saints who doom'd N**OL**N's life,
In virtuous frenzy, to the assassin's knife!
Disgusting crew!—*who* would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them most;
From whose affection men should shrink as loth
As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced by both;
Who, even while plundering, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity[4] to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!

But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—
So, here I pause—farewell—another day
Return we to those Lords of prayer and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash—oh, weightier far than mine.

1 Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte nota virginitatem recuperasse fingitur.

2 At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

3 The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

4 The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God, in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE, TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON's[1] mending my stays,—
Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our dessert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!
Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautical phrase,
"D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *miss'd stays*."[2]
So, of course, as no gentleman 's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's[3]—and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop—
Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun.
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where, in temples antique, you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green-gardens—one hardly knows whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and *groseille*[4] in those arbours,
While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice[5] round them are purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm, as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—
For 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,

1 An English tailor at Paris.

2 A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

3 The dandy term for a tailor.

4 "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work, upon France, book 6.

5 These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

To cram down their throats an old K**g for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic;—
Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,
They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy water!
But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bayonets protected, we Natties
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pates?*
And, truly, I always declared 't would be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
Had *Dad* but his way, he 'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to Old Nick—and the *people*, I own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their cooks!
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage;
But then, DICK, their cooks—what a loss to mankind!
What a void in the world would their art leave behind!
Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—
Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er,
And the *Marmite Perpetuelle*[1] bubbling no more!

Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,
Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—
But leave them, oh leave them their Périgueux pies,
Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny![2]
Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though R**al'y 's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the .and that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?[3]

You see DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dem,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt'ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this way)
From the Boulevards we saunter thro' many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—
Here, a L***'s D*x-h**t—*there*, a Martinmas goose
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)—
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. Tony, who used all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While *there* St. Venecia[4] sits hemming and frilling her
Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;—
St. Austin 's the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner and pint of small wine;
While St. Denis hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,[1]
Takes an interest in Dandies, who 've got—next to none.
Then we stare into shops—read the evening's *affiches*—
Or, if some, who 're Lotharios in fecling, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite DICK,)
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call 't—*des Panoramas*,[2]
We quicken our pace, there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pates*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary of course—*petits pates* do *one* day,
The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais,[3]
That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—TT,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;
Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,
Divine *maresquino*, which—Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regenerate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who 've lapsed into snacks—the perdition of dinners
And here, DICK—in answer to one of your queries,
About which we Gourmands, have had much discussion—
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,
And think, for *digestion*,[4] there's none like the Russian;
So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old L**** D******
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd lampreys,[5]
So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys[6] be foil'd of their prey!

---

1 Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons."—Alman. des Gourmands, Quatrieme Année, p. 152.

2 Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. "La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties le plus recherchées des gourmets."—Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

3 The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

4 Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

1 St. Denis walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known: "Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

2 Off the Boulevards Italiens.

3 In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gauffres.

4 Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon, or French mountains, and calls them "une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda.—The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cotterel may write on the question,
The turn at the Beaujon 's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

5 A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

6 They killed Henry I. of England.—"A food (says Hume

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch———but woa! my lad—here comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider—
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!
But, no matter—'t will all be set right by-and-by—
As we've Massinot's[1] eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

So—not to lose time, Dick—here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy—of the gods I but ask,
That my life, like "the Leap of the German,"[2] may be,
"Du lit a la table, de la table au lit!"

R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST——GH.

My Lord, the Instructions, brought to-day,
"I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—
Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel the inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most flattering;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
Is on the whole, but weak and smattering:
Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare;
(A certain Lord we need not name,)
Who, even in French, would have his trope
And talk of "*batir* un systeme
Sur *l'equilibre* de l'Europe!"
Sweet metaphor!—and then the epistle
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"[3]
Which show'd alike thy French and sense;—
Oh, no, my Lord, there 's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!
But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn, like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fallen monarchs, out of Chambaud's grammar—
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ca—par-la—la-bas—ah! ah!
They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my journal lately,
(Enveloping a few laced caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech—"what pretty things
One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toil of ages

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approved of than my last MS—
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them,
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumpled, for—there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10

WENT to the Mad-house—saw the man[1]
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He like the rest was guillotined:—
But that when, under BONEY's reign
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one.*
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropp'd,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
And, after all, not make much odds!
For instance, there 's V—s—TT—T's head—
("Tam *carum*"[2] it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on BILL SOAMES's[3] shoulders,
The effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zigzag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead
Of his own grave respected head,
Might wear (for ought I see that bars)
Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP's—
So, while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps?"—
The R—G—T's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, *vice versa*, take the pains
To give the P—CE the shopman's brains,

gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

1 A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.

2 An old French saying:—"Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table, et de la table au lit."

3 The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King, as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Buonaparte's vassals."

1 This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own

2 Tam cari capitis.—*Horat.*

3 A celebrated pickpocket

One only change from thence would flow—
Ribbons would not be wasted so!

'T was thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, even at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID—was show
The House of Commons and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion 's just the same[1]
N—POL—N sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers
When L——s seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be!
However,—God preserve the throne,
And *cushion* too—and keep them free
From accidents which *have* been known
To happen even to Royalty![2]

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
'T was thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's *fat* 's a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
He 's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter:[3]
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increased, there 's quite a jubilee![4]

Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, every sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Loses so many pounds a-year,
The P——E, God bless him! *gains* a few

With bales of muslins, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their kings;—
But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier* things:
For instance ——'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie ST—DD—T's daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
Letters, that C—RTW——T's pen indites,
In which, with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
And never comes to a *conclusion*:—
Lord S—M—RS' pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of SIR JOHN C—X H—PP—ELY
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the house of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whispering goes,
That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose!—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M:
(A book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His ——'s a host—we'll bundle *that* in!
And, *still* should all these masses fail
To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in Heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame—
If *that* won't raise him, devil 's in't!

Aug. 31

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS
About those famous spies at Rome,[1]
Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us,[2]
Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe blood-thirsty Roman!
'T is true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'T is true, my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perjury—*ditto* TIB's.

1 The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misere apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil:—but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

2 I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—é, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

3 "The third day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care."—*F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, etc.*

4 "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the king weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of Heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a *multer* head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports.*

1 The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome, (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—"qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—*Tacit. Annal.* 1. 74.

2 They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents:—"*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, *quo pluribus inditiis illigaret.*"

'T is true the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice'—*ditto* SID.
'T is true, the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—*ditto* TIB.[2]
'T is true, the feats the tyrant did
Were in his dotage—*ditto* SID.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt TIB. and SID. goes vastly well;
But there are points in TIB. that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of the India Board—that soul of whim!
Like him, TIBERIUS loved his joke,[3]
On matters too where few can bear one;
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits·
But, let the sufferer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—
Oh dear, that 's something *quite* too funny.
In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:
Now, as to *your* resemblance—mum—
This parallel we need not follow;[4]
Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;
Whips, chains,—but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin 's fated;
All done up, and *spiflicated!*
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL—GH to CASTLES,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

What 's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;
But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads—so, *mem.*—must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings,
For fear some wag should, in his curst head,
Take it to say our force was *worsted.*
Mem too—when SID. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's;*

Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobitic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellington's,*[1]
A *Wellington's* great *soul* within!
Nor must an old Apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so merry)
Physical force and *phial*-ence!
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contrived more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'T is monstrous hard to *take him in.*

Sept. 6

Heard of the fate of our ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
Till all this matter 's fairly settled;
And here 's the mode occurs to *me:*
As none of our nobility
(Though for their *own* most gracious King
They would kiss hands, or—any thing)
Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou;*
And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
GRIMALDI to them on a mission:
As *Leg*ate, JOE could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The "volto sciolto"[2] 's meritorious,
Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *title* for him 's easily made;
And, by the by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
Lord MORLEY in some pantomime;—[3]
As Earl of M—RL—Y, then, gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He 's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of JOE in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—"Duke Ho and Soo,
I'll play what tricks you please for you,
If you'll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see.
If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins
As would astound even Mandarins;

1 "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, *quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat.* Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*"—*Annal.* lib. 4, 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This daring accuser had the *curses* of the *people*, and the *protection* of the *Emperor. Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters.*"

2 Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a *good private* character:—"egregium vitæ famique *quoad privatus.*"

3 "*Ludibria seriis* permiscere solitus."

4 There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned—"*suæ semper et obscuræ verbæ.*"

1 Short boots, so called.

2 The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

3 Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H—rr—is, upon this vulgar profanation of his spic-and-span-new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

And throw such somersets before
The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in 't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you *know* poor BOB,)
Would in the suite be glad to go,
And help his Excellency JOE;—
At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on.[1]

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

WELL, it *is n't* the King, after all, my dear creature!
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in 't—
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, Doll, though, hang him, he is n't.
At first I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause than to vex Miss MALONE,—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who 's here,
Showing off with *such* airs and a real Cashmere,[2]
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply considering the thing,
"I am just as well pleased it should *not* be the King;
As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,
Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,
That a Brandenburg—(what *is* a Brandenburg, DOLLY?)—
Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
If the R—G—T, indeed—" added he, looking sly—
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)
But I stopp'd him—"La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
When the R—G—T loves none but old women you know!"
Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen;
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told
That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Who, though not a king, is a *hero* I'll swear,—
You shall hear all that 's happen'd just briefly run over,
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air!

Let me see—'t was on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like love and marriage,
"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing down-hilly;
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"[1]
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
Set out with Papa, to see L**** D******
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le* ****—
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not even a stitch on them, at you!
The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
"*Live Bullion*," says merciless Bob, "which I think,
Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!"

But *what*, Dolly, what is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes, to her that 's in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
As the lock that, Pa says,[2] is to Mussulmen given,
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"
Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-day,
Thought of the words of T—M M—RE'S Irish melody,
Something about the "green spot of delight,"[3]
(Which you know, Captain Macintosh sung to us one day:)
Ah, Dolly! *my* "spot" was that Saturday night.
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday!

We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say?
If Bob was to know!—a *Restaurateur's*, dear;
Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
Fine Bob (for he 's really grown *super*-fine)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty

1 See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

2 See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

1 The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

2 For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins: a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," etc. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair (on the crown of the head,) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

3 The young lady, whose memory is not very correct must allude, I think, to the following lines:

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

Indeed, Doll, I know not how 't is, but in grief,
I have always found eating a wondrous relief;
And Bob, who 's in love, said he felt the same *quite*—
"My sighs," said he "ceased with the first glass I drank you;
The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
And now that 's all o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!"

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery,—Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well over it—
What with old Lais and Véry, I'm curst
If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"
'T was dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to Tortoni's![1]
We enter'd—and scarcely had Bob, with an air,
For a *grappe a la jardiniere* call'd to the waiters,
When, oh! Doll, I saw him—my hero was there
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters,)
A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,[2]
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are!
In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced currant-water!
He join'd us—imagine, dear creature my ecstasy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
Bob wish'd to treat him with punch *a la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beaute*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to *him*, "on de top of all ponch in de vorld."—
How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And, happier still, when 't was fix'd, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off in French buggies, together,
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.
His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creased—
But 't was Calicot—something—a colonel, at least!
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—"how do you do!"[3]

But, Lord,—there 's Papa for the post—I'm so vex'd—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly dress'd,
And—*so* providential—was looking my best;
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)—
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flowers in my bonnet—but, la, it 's in vain—
So, good bye, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write again.
B. F.

Nota bena—our love to all neighbours about—
Your papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now *do*, Dolly, pray
For I hate to ask Bob, he 's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

Yes—'t was a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A nation's right to speak a nation's voice,
And own no power but of the nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on N*p*l**n's single brow,
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!

Oh 't was not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he who fled before your chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly![1]
Denounced against the land that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's kings, that never yet combined
But (like those upper stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating N*p*l**n much, but freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty!—
No, 't was not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot
When your invader's axe was at the *root!*
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and legitimate—
Yet in that hour, were F***ce my native land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,

---

1 A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.
2 "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."
3 Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

1 See Ælian, lib. 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—διαπετονται σιωπωντες.

N*P*L**ON, NERO—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquered waits—
A conqueror's satrap, throned within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
Had, by a genius form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* kings,
But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
All this I own—but still[1] * * *
* * * * * *

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

At last, DOLLY,—thanks to a potent emetic
Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'ecrevisses*—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.
But love, DOLLY, love is the theme *I* pursue;
With blue devils, thank heaven, I've nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies
Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at *his* do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine *express*—
Had we order'd it dear, of the best poet going,
It searce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like GATTIE's rose-water—and bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!
And the birds seem'd to warble as blest, on the boughs,
As if *each* a plumed CALICOT had for her spouse,
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose;*
And ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback—at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so.*

For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY's—
Served with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies
So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass[1]
Which the poor Duc de B**RI must hate so to pass
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C——GH
And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
'T was for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU!—
"'T was there," said he—not that his *words* I can state—
'T was a gibberish that Cupid alone could translate;—
But "there," said he (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his JULIE he wrote,
Upon paper gilt-edged, without blot or erasure·
Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—
Tied the leaves up together with *nomparielle* blue!"[2]
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here!
Alas, that a man of such exquisite[3] notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said··
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the loved periwinkle)[4]
"'T was here he received from the fair D'EPINAY,
(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*,[5] every day,)
That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm!"[6]

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd,

1 Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe,) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

1 The column in the Place Vendôme.

2 "Employant pour cela la plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nompareille bleue."—*Les Confessions*, Part 2. liv. 3.

3 This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's: and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

"I'd fain praise your poem—but tell me, how is it,
When *I* cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quiz it!*"

4 The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voila de la pervenche!"

5 "*Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle- -et vous, *mon ours* ne viendrezvous pas aussi?"——etc. etc.

6 "Un jour, qu'il gelait trés-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyait, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquait avoir porté, et dont elle voulait que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillé pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois, en pleurant, le billet et le jupon."

The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hastening in pomp to its set,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?
The question confused me—for, DOLL, you must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ[1]
That enchanting *couturiere*, Madame LE ROI,
But am forc'd, dear, to have VICTORINE, who—deuce take her!—
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
I mean *of his party*—and, though much the smartest,
LE ROI is condemned as a rank B*n*pa**t*st.[2]

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd—so well knowing
The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something—nay, even half named
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaimed,
"Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
It was made by that B**rb*n**t b——h, VICTORINE!"
What a word for a hero . but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise when such dear fellows woo us,—
The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us—
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what BOB calls the "Twopenny-Post of the Eyes"—
Ah DOLL, though I *know* you 've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractised these things to explain.
They can only be felt in their fulness divine
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for BOB, my dear DOLLY,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seized with a fancy for church-yard reflexions;
And full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for *there* is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the VERYS![3]
Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
And to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
For the *flesh* of the VERYS—I'll visit their *bones!*"

He insists upon *my* going with him—how teazing!
This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie
Unseal'd in my drawer, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—Good b
B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall di
My brain 's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel 's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother BOB so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so,)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That BOB to a shop kindly order'd the coach
(Ah, little thought I who the shopman would prove,)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—
(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—
There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand
Oh—Papa, all along knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'T was *a shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh, dear!
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—tho wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas! could no longer deceive—
I fell back on BOB—my whole heart seem'd to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said—"Curse the Kiddy
A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
But now I find out he 's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!
What a story 't will be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!
It will spread through the country—and never, oh never
Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!

1 Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi.*"

2 *Le Roi*, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, *Victorine.*

3 It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—"Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles.*"

Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—I'm sure you will hear with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.

NOTES.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is.——*Shakspeare.*

Page 166, line 75.

So FERDINAND embroiders gaily.

IT would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicing of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 167, line 60.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism?* Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—"Atheum interpretabatur hominem ab herba The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraph which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, Σινην, Θειαναν.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists:—

Θεοις, ὁσων τε πατρι
Εν χρυσοις σκυφεσσι
Διδοι το νεκταρ Ηβη.
Σε μοι διακονοιντο
Σκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
Τω καλλει πρεπουσαι
Καλαις χερεσσι κουραι.

Which may be thus translated:—

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heaven her nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold.—
I'll not envy heaven's princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 169, line 39.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late Lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names;—he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, etc. etc. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, etc. etc.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo
Me vituperas! Fur.[1]
Plautus, Aulular. Act 2. Scene 4.

Page 170, line 4.

The Testament, turn'd into melo-drames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théatre de la Gaité every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by Mr. Schwartz."

Page 171, note 3

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says,

Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui l'*attache au rivage*.
Epit. 4.

Page 172, line 5.

Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well *executed*.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 175, line 79.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them.—See the anecdote of

1 *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. 3. chap. 2.

Page 176, line 2.

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as indeed, for all my "scientia popinæ,"[1] I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic* line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "*de re cibaria*" instead; and has left *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Agrippa*, and his little dog *Filiolus*, for *Apicius*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

Page 179, line 64.

"*Live bullion*," says merciless Bob, "which I think
Would, if *coin'd* with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatis*. The pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum," which he calls bad *hog broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious:—"In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit *condimentum*, quo *sapiunt* aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum."—*De Civitat. Dei*, lib. 16. cap. 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun:—

Plus juscella *Coci quam mea* jura *valet.*

See his poems, *Corpus Pœtar. Latin.* tom. 2. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him—"summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said,

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi sola *places.*

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon, in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* lib. 2 cap. 2.

Page 180, line 9.

Upon singing and cookery, BOBBY, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force.

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon* (see his *Natural History*, *Receipts*, *etc.*) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart*.—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which is the object of the painter and of the poet to create."—*Philosophical Essays*.

[1] Seneca

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

Αλλ' ουκ' οιοι ΠΥΚΤΙΚΗΣ ΠΛΕΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΧΕΙΝ τους πλουσιους επιστημη τε και εμπειρια Η ΠΟΛΕΜΙΚΗΣ; Εγω εφη.—*Plato, de Rep.* lib. 4.

"If any man doubt the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of *Canting*, and published in this tongue."—*Ben Jonson*

PREFACE.

The Public have already been informed, through the medium of the daily prints, that, among the distinguished visitors to the Congress lately held at Aix-la-Chapelle, were Mr. Bob Gregson, Mr. George Cooper, and a few more illustrious brethren of The Fancy. It had been resolved at a Grand Meeting of the Pugilistic Fraternity, that, as all the *milling* Powers of Europe were about to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Aix-la-Chapelle, it was but right that The Fancy should have its representatives there as well as the rest, and these gentlemen were accordingly selected for that high and honourable office. A description of this Meeting, of the speeches spoken, the resolutions, etc. etc. has been given in a letter written by one of the most eminent of the profession, which will be found in the Appendix, No. I. Mr. Crib's Memorial, which now, for the first time, meets the public eye, was drawn up for the purpose of being transmitted by these gentlemen to Congress; and, as it could not possibly be in better hands for the enforcement of every point connected with the subject, there is every reason to hope that it has made a suitable impression upon that body.

The favour into which this branch of Gymnastics, called Pugilism (from the Greek πυξ, as the author of Boxiana learnedly observes,) has risen with the Public of late years, and the long season of tranquillity which we are now promised by the new Millennarians of the Holy League, encourage us to look forward with some degree of sanguineness to an order of things, like that which Plato and Tom Crib have described (the former in the motto prefixed to this work, and the latter in the interesting Memorial that follows,) when the *Milling* shall succeed to the *Military* system, and The Fancy will be the sole arbitress of the trifling disputes of mankind. From a wish to throw every possible light on the history of an Art, which is destined ere long to have such influence upon the affairs of the world, I have, for some time past, been employed in a voluminous and elaborate work, entitled "A Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism," which is now in a state of considerable forwardness, and which I hope to have ready for delivery to subscribers on the morning of the approaching fight between Randal and Martin. Had the elegant author of Boxiana extended his inquiries to the *ancient* state of the art, I should not have presumed to interfere with a historian so competent. But, as his researches into antiquity have gone no farther than the *one* valuable specimen of erudition which I have given above, I feel the less hesitation

> ——————novos decerpere flores,
> Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
> Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.[1]
> *Lucret.* lib. 4. v. 3.

The variety of studies necessary for such a task, and the multiplicity of references which it requires, as well to the living as the dead, can only be fully appreciated by him who has had the patience to perform it. Alternately studying in the Museum and the Fives Court—passing from the Academy of Plato to that of Mr. Jackson—now indulging in *Attic flashes* with Aristophanes, and now studying *Flash* in the *Attics* of *Cock-Court*[2]—between so many and such various associations has my mind been divided during the task, that sometimes, in my bewilderment, I have confounded Ancients and Moderns together,—mistaken the *Greek* of St. Giles's for that of Athens, and have even found myself tracing Bill Gibbons and his Bull in the "*taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo*," of Virgil. My Printer, too, has been affected with similar hallucinations. The *Mil. Glorios.* of Plautus he converted, the other day, into a *Glorious Mill*; and more than once, when I have referred to *Tom. prim.* or *Tom. quart.* he has substituted Tom Crib and Tom Oliver in their places. Notwithstanding all this, the work will be found, I trust, tolerably correct; and as an Analysis of its opening Chapters may not only gratify the impatience of the *Fanciful* World, but save my future reviewers some trouble, it is here given as succinctly as possible.

Chap. I. contains some account of the ancient inventors of pugilism, Epeus and Amycus.—The early exploit of the former, in *milling* his twin-brother, *in ventre matris*, and so getting before him into the world, as related by Eustathius on the authority of Lycophron. —Amycus, a Royal Amateur of the Fancy, who challenged to *the scratch* all strangers that landed on

1 To wander through The Fancy's bowers,
To gather new, unheard-of flowers,
And wreathe such garlands for my brow
As Poet never wreathed till now!

2 The residence of the Nonpareil, Jack Randall,—where the day after his last great victory, he held a levee, which was attended, of course, by all the leading characters of St Giles's.

his shore.—The Combat between him and Pollux (who, to use the classic phrase, *served* him *out*,) as described by Theocritus,[1] Apollonius Rhodius,[2] and Valerius Flaccus.[3]—Respective merits of these three descriptions.—Theocritus by far the best; and, altogether, perhaps, the most scientific account of a Boxing-match in all antiquity.—Apollonius ought to have done better, with such a model before him; but, evidently not *up to* the thing (whatever Scaliger may say,) and his similes all *slum*.[4]—Valerius Flaccus, the first Latin Epic Poet after Virgil, has done ample justice to this *Set-to; feints, facers*,[5] and *ribbers*, all described most spiritedly.

Chap. 2. proves that the Pancratium of the ancients, as combining boxing and wrestling, was the branch of their Gymnastics that most resembled our modern Pugilism; *cross-buttocking* (or what the Greeks called *υποσκελιζειν*) being as indispensable an ingredient as *nobbing, flooring*, etc. etc.—Their ideas of a *stand-up fight* were very similar to our own, as appears from the το παιειν αλληλους ΟΡΘΟΣΤΑΔΗΝ of Lucian,—περι Γυμνας.

Chap. 3. examines the ancient terms of THE FANCY, as given by Pollux (*Onomast. ad. fin. lib.* 3.) and others; and compares them with the modern.—For example, *αγχειν*, to *throttle*—*λυγιζειν*, evidently the origin of our word to *lug*—*αγκυριζειν*, to anchor a fellow (see Grose's *Greek* Dictionary, for the word *anchor*)—*δραασσειν* (perf. pass. *δεδραγμαι*,) from which is derived to *drag*; and whence, also, a *flash* etymologist might contrive to derive *δραμα, drama*, Thespis having first performed in a *drag*.[6] This chapter will be found highly curious; and distinguished, I flatter myself, by much of that acuteness which enabled a late illustrious Professor to discover that our English "Son of a Gun" was nothing more than the Παις Γυνης (Dor.) of the Greeks.

Chap. 4. enumerates the many celebrated Boxers of antiquity.—Eryx (grandson of the Amycus already mentioned,) whom Hercules is said to have *finished* in style.—Phrynon, the Athenian General, and Autolycus, of whom, Pausanias tells us, there was a statue in the Prytaneum—The celebrated Pugilist, who, at the very moment he was expiring, had game enough to make his adversary *give in*; which interesting circumstance forms the subject of one of the Pictures of Philostratus, *Icon. lib.* 2. *imag.* 6.—and above all, that renowned Son of the Fancy, Mclancomas, the favourite of the Emperor Titus, in whose praise Dio Chrysostomus has left us two elaborate orations.[1]—The peculiarities of this boxer discussed—his power of standing with his arms extended for two whole days, without any rest (*δυνατος ην*, says Dio, *και δυο ημερας ἑξης μενειν ανατετακως τας χειρας, και ουκ αν ειδεν ουδεις ὑφεντα αυτον η αναπαυσαμενον ὡσπερ ειωθασι. Orat.* 28,) by which means he wore out his adversary's *bottom*, and conquered without either *giving* or *taking*. This bloodless system of *milling*, which trusted for victory to patience alone, has afforded to the orator, Themistius, a happy illustration of the peaceful conquests which he attributes to the Emperor Valens.[2]

Chap. 5. notices some curious points of similarity between the ancient and modern FANCY.—Thus, Theocritus, in his Milling-match, calls Amycus "a *glutton*," which is well known to be the classical phrase at Moulsey-Hurst, for one who, like Amycus, takes a deal of *punishment* before he is *satisfied*.

Πως γαρ δη Διος υἱος ΑΔΗΦΑΓΟΝ ανδρα καθειλεν.

In the same Idyl the poet describes the Bebrycian hero as πληγαις μεθυων, "drunk with blows," which is precisely the language of our Fancy bulletins; for example, "Turner appeared as if drunk, and made a heavy lolloping hit,"[3] etc. etc.—The resemblance in the *manner* of fighting is still more striking and important. Thus we find CRIB'S favourite system of *milling on the retreat*, which he practised so successfully in his combats with Gregson and Molyneux, adopted by Alcidamus, the Spartan, in the battle between him and Capaneus, so minutely and vividly described by Statius, *Thebaid. lib.* 6.

. . . . . sed non, tamen, immemor artis,
Adversus fugit, et *fugiens tamen ictibus obstat*.[4]

And it will be only necessary to compare together two extracts from Boxiana and the Bard of Syracuse to see how similar in their manœuvres have been the *millers* of all ages—"The Man of Colour, to prevent being *fibbed*, grasped tight hold of Carter's hand"[5]—(Account of the Fight between Robinson the Black and Carter,) which, (translating λιλαιομενος, "the Lily-white,"[6]) is almost word for word with the following:

Ητοι ὁγε ῥεξαι τι λιλαιομενος μεγα εργον
Σκαιῃ μεν σκαιην Πολυδευκεος ελλαβε χειρα.
Theocrit.

1 Idyl. 22.
2 Argonaut. lib. 2.
3 Lib. 4.
4 Except one, *δουτυπος οις*, which is good, and which Fawkes, therefore, has omitted. The following couplet from his translation is, however, *fanciful* enough:—

"So from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung;
Their dash'd teeth crackled and their jaw-bones rung."

5 Emicat hic, *dextramque* parat, *dextramque* minatur
Tyndarides; redit huc oculis et pondere Bebryx
Sic ratus: ille autem celeri *rapit ora sinistra*.
Lib. 4. v. 290.

We have here a *feint* and a *facer* together. The manner in which Valerius Flaccus describes the multitude of *blackguards* that usually assemble on such occasions, is highly poetical and picturesque: he supposes them to be Shades from Tartarus:—

Et pater orantes cæsorum Tartarus *umbras*
Nube cava tandem ad meri'se spectacula pugnæ
Emittit; summi *nigrescunt* culmina montis. V. 258.

6 The flash term for a *cart*.

1 The following words, in which Dio so decidedly prefers the art of the Boxer to that of the soldier would perhaps have been a still more significant motto to Mr. Crib's Memorial than that which I have chosen from Plato: Και καθολου δε εγωγε τουτο της εν τοις πολεμοις αρετης προκρινω.

2 Ην τις επι των προγονων των ημετερων πυκτης ανηρ Μελαγκομας ονομα αυτω . . . . . ουτος ουδενα πωποτε τρωσας, ουδε πατἀξας, μονη τη στασει και τη των χειρων αναστασει παντας απεκναισε τους αντιπαλους.—*Themist Orat. περι Ειρηνης.*

3 Kent's Weekly Despatch.

4 Yet, not unmindful of his art, he flies,
But turns his face, and combats as he flies.
Lewis

5 A manœuvre, generally called *Tom Owen's stop*.

6 The *Flash* term for a negro, and also for a chimney sweeper.

Chap. 6. proves, from the *jawing*-match and *Set-to* between Ulysses and the Beggar in the 18th Book of the Odyssey, that the ancients (notwithstanding their δικαια μαχοντων, or Laws of Combatants, which, Artemidorus says in his chap. 33. περι Μονομαχ. extended to pugilism as well as other kinds of combats) did not properly understand *fair play*; as Ulysses is here obliged to require an oath from the standers-by, that they will not *deal* him a *sly knock*, while he is *cleaning out* the *mumper*—

Μη τις επ' Ιρω ηρα φερων εμε χειρι παχειη
Πληξη ατασθαλλων, τουτω δε με ιφι δαμασση.

Chap. 7. describes the Cestus, and shows that the Greeks, for mere exercise of *sparring*, made use of *muffles* or *gloves*, as we do, which they called σφαιραι. This appears particularly from a passage in Plato, *de Leg. lib.* 8, where, speaking of *training*, he says, it is only by frequent use of the gloves that a knowledge of *stopping* and *hitting* can be acquired. The whole passage is curious, as proving that the Divine Plato was not altogether a *novice* in the *Fancy lay*.[1]—Και ὡς εγγυτατα του ὁμοιου, αντι ἱμαντων ΣΦΑΙΡΑΣ αν περιδουμεθα, ὁπως αἱ ΠΑΓΚΑΙ τε και αἱ ΤΩΝ ΠΑΓΓΩΝ ΕΥΔΑΒΕΙΑΙ διεμελετῶντο εις τι δυνατον ἱκανως.—These *muffles* were called by the Romans *sacculi*, as we find from Trebellius Pollio, who, in describing a triumph of Gallienus, mentions the "Pugiles *sacculis* non veritate pugilantes."

Chap. 8. adverts to the pugilistic exhibitions of the Spartan ladies, which Propertius has thus commemorated—

Pulverulentaquo ad extremas stat fœmina metas,
Et patitur duro vulnera pancratio;
Nunc ligat ad cæstum gaudentia brachia loris, etc. etc.
Lib. 3. *el.* 14.

and, to prove that the moderns are not behind-hand with the ancients in this respect, cites the following instance recorded in Boxiana:—"George Madox, in this battle, was seconded by his sister, Grace, who, upon its conclusion, tossed up her hat in defiance, and offered to fight any man present;"—also the memorable challenge, given in the same work, (vol. i. p. 300,) which passed between Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell, and Miss Hannah Hyfield of Newgate-Market—another proof that the English may boast many a "dolce guerriera" as well as the Greeks.

Chap. 9. contains Accounts of all the celebrated *Set-tos* of antiquity, translated from the works of the different authors that have described them,—viz. the famous Argonautic Battle, as detailed by the three poets mentioned in chap. 1.—the Fight between Epeus and Euryalus, in the 23d Book of the Iliad, and between Ulysses and Irus in the 18th Book of the Odyssey—the Combat of Dares and Entellus in the 5th Æneid—of Capaneus and Alcidamus, already referred to, in Statius, and of Achelous and Hercules in the 9th Book of the Metamorphoses; though this last is rather a wrestling-bout than a *mill*, resembling that between Hercules[1] and Antæus in the 4th Book of Lucan. The reader who is anxious to know how I have succeeded in this part of my task, will find, as a specimen, my translation from Virgil in the Appendix to the present work, No. 2.

Chap. 10. considers the various arguments for and against Pugilism, advanced by writers ancient and modern.—A strange instance of either ignorance or wilful falsehood in Lucian, who, in his Anacharsis, has represented Solon as one of the warmest advocates for Pugilism, whereas we know from Diogenes Laertius that that legislator took every possible pains to discourage and suppress it.—Alexander the Great, too, tasteless enough to prohibit THE FANCY (Plutarch *in Vit.*)—Galen in many parts of his works, but particularly in the *Hortat. ad Art.* condemns the practice as enervating and pernicious.[2]—On the other side, the testimonies in its favour, numerous.—The greater number of Pindar's Nemean Odes written in praise of pugilistic champions;—and Isocrates, though he represents Alcibiades as despising the art, yet acknowledges that its professors were held in high estimation through Greece, and that those cities, where victorious pugilists were born, became illustrious from that circumstance;[3] just as Bristol has been rendered immortal by the production of such heroes as Tom Crib, Harry Harmer, Big Ben, Dutch Sam, etc. etc.—Ammianus Marcellinus tells us how much that religious and pugnacious Emperor, Constantius, delighted in the *Set-tos*, "pugilum[4] vicissim se concidentium perfusorumque sanguine."—To these are added still more flattering testimonies; such as that of Isidorus, who calls Pugilism "virtus," as if *par excellence*;[5] and the yet more enthusiastic tribute with which Eustathius reproaches the Pagans of having enrolled their Boxers in the number of the Gods.—In short, the whole chapter is full of erudition and

1 Another philosopher, Seneca, has shown himself equally *flash* on the subject, and, in his 13th Epistle, lays it down as an axiom, that no pugilist can be considered worth any thing, till he has had his *peepers taken measure of* for a *suit of mourning*, or, in common language, has received a pair of black eyes. The whole passage is edifying:—"Non potest athleta magnos spiritus ad certamen afferre, qui nunquam *sugillatus est*. Ille qui videt sanguinem suum, cujus dentes crepuerunt sub pugno, ille qui supplantatus adversarium toto tulit corpore, nec projecit animum projectus, qui quoties cecidit contumacior resurrexit, cum magna spe descendit ad pugnam."

1 Though wrestling was evidently the favourite sport of Hercules, we find him, in the Alcestes, just returned from a *Bruising-match*; and it is a curious proof of the superior consideration in which these arts were held, that for the lighter exercises, he tells us, horses alone were the reward, while to conquerors in the higher games of pugilism and wrestling, whole herds of cattle (with sometimes a young lady into the bargain) were given as prizes.

τοισι δ' αν τα μειζονα
Νικωσι, πυγμην και παλην, βουφορβια
Γυνη δ' επ' αυτοις εισι τ'. *Eurip.*

2 It was remarked by the ancient physicians, that men who were in the habit of boxing and wrestling became remarkably lean and slender from the loins downward, while the upper parts of their frame acquired prodigious size and strength. I could name some pugilists of the present day whose persons seem to warrant the truth of this observation

3 Τους τ' αθλητας ζηλουμενους, και τας πολεις ονομαστας γιγνομενας των νικωντων. ISOCRAT. περι του Ζευγους An oration written by Isocrates for the son of Alcibiades.

4 Notwithstanding that the historian expressly says "pugilum," Lipsius is so anxious to press this circumstance into his Account of the Ancient Gladiators, that he insists such an effusion of *claret* could only have taken place in the gladiatorial combat. But Lipsius never was at Moulsey Hurst —See his Saturnal. Sermon. lib. i. cap. 2.

5 Origin. lib. xviii. c. 18.

νους;—from *Lycophron* (whose very name smacks of pugilism,) down to Boxiana and the Weekly Despatch, not an author on the subject is omitted.

So much for my "Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism." And now with respect to that peculiar language called *Flash*, or *St. Giles's Greek*, in which Mr. Crib's Memorial and the other articles in the present volume are written, I beg to trouble the reader with a few observations. As this expressive language was originally invented, and is still used, like the cipher of the diplomatists, for purposes of secrecy, and as a means of eluding the vigilance of a certain class of persons, called *flashicy*, *Traps*, or, in common language, Bow-street Officers, it is subject of course to continual change, and is perpetually either altering the meaning of old words, or adding new ones, according as the great object, secrecy, renders it prudent to have recourse to such innovations. In this respect, also, it resembles the cryptography of kings and ambassadors, who, by a continual change of cipher, contrive to baffle the inquisitiveness of the *enemy*. But, notwithstanding the Protean nature of the *Flash* or *Cant* language, the greater part of its vocabulary has remained unchanged for centuries, and many of the words used by the Canting Beggars in Beaumont and Fletcher,[1] and the Gipsies in Ben Jonson's Masque,[2] are still to be heard among the *Gnostics* of Dyot-street and Tothill-fields. To *prig* is still to steal;[3] to *fib*, to beat; *lour*, money; *duds*, clothes;[4] *prancers*, horses; *bouzing-ken*, an alehouse; *cove*, a fellow; a *sow's baby*, a pig, etc. etc. There are also several instances of the same term, preserved with a totally different signification. Thus, to *mill*, which was originally "to rob,"[5] is now "to beat or fight;" and the word *rum*, which in Ben Jonson's time, and even so late as Grose, meant *fine* and *good*, is now generally used for the very opposite qualities; as, "he's but a *rum* one," etc. Most of the Cant phrases in Head's English Rogue, which was published, I believe, in 1666, would be intelligible to a *Greek* of the present day; though it must be confessed that the Songs which both he and Dekker have given would puzzle even that "Graiæ gentis decus," Caleb Baldwin himself. For instance, one of the simplest begins,

Bing out, bien Morts, and toure and toure,
Bing out, bien Morts and toure;
For all your duds are bing'd awast;
The bien Cove hath the loure.

To the cultivation, in our times, of the science of Pugilism, the *Flash* language is indebted for a considerable addition to its treasures. Indeed, so impossible is it to describe the operations of THE FANCY without words of proportionate energy to do justice to the subject, that we find Pope and Cowper, in their translation of the *Set-to* in the Iliad, pressing words into the service which had seldom, I think, if ever, been enlisted into the ranks of poetry before. Thus Pope,

Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body *pound*.

Cowper, in the same manner, translates κοψε δε . . . . καρηνον, "*pash'd* him on the cheek;" and, in describing the wrestling-match, makes use of a term, now more properly applied to a peculiar kind of blow,[1] of which Mendoza is supposed to have been the inventor.

Then his wiles
Forgat not he, but on the ham behind
Chopp'd him.

Before I conclude this Preface, which has already, I fear, extended to an unconscionable length, I cannot help expressing my regret at the selection which Mr. Crib has made of *one* of the Combatants introduced into the imaginary *Set-to* that follows. That person has already been exhibited, perhaps, "usque *ad nauseam*," before the Public, and, without entering into the propriety of meddling with such a personage at all, it is certain that, as a mere matter of *taste*, he ought now to be let alone. All that can be alleged for Mr. Crib is—what Rabelais has said in defending the moral notions of another kind of cattle—he "knows no better." But for myself, in my editorial capacity, I take this opportunity of declaring that, as far as *I* am concerned, the person in question shall henceforward be safe and inviolate; and, as the Convent-garden Managers said, when they withdrew their much-hissed elephant, *this is positively the last time of his appearing on the stage.*

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

MOST Holy, and High, and Legitimate *squad*,
First *Swells*[2] of the world, since *Boney's in quod*,[3]
Who have every thing now, as *Bill Gibbons* would say,
"Like the bull in the china-shop, all your own way"—
Whatsoever employs your magnificent *nobs*,[4]
Whether *diddling* your subjects, and *gutting* their *fobs*,[5]

1 In their amusing comedy of "The Beggar's Bush."

2 The Masque of the Gipsies Metamorphosed.—"The Gipsy language, indeed, with the exception of such terms as relate to their own peculiar customs, differs but little from the regular Flash; as may be seen by consulting the Vocabulary subjoined to the life of Bamfylde-Moore Carew.

3 See the third chapter, 1st book, of the History of Jonathan Wild, for an "undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of *Priggism*."

4 An *angler* for *duds* is thus described by Dekker:—"He carries a short staff in his hand, which is called a *filch*, having in the *nab* or head of it, a *ferme* (that is to say a hole,) into which, upon any piece of service, when he goes a *filching*, he putteth a hooke of iron, with which hooke he angles at a window in the dead of night, fur shirts, smockes, or any other linen or woollen."—*English Villanies*.

5 Can they *cant* or *mill*? are they masters of their art?"—*Ben Jonson*. To *mill*, however, sometimes signified "to kill." Thus, to *mill a bleating cheat*, i. e. to kill a sheep.

1 "A *chopper* is a blow, struck on the face with the back of the hand. Mendoza claims the honour of its invention, but unjustly; he certainly revived, and considerably improved it. It was practised long before our time.—Brought ton occasionally used it; and Slack, it also appears, struck the *chopper* in giving the return in many of his battles."—*Boxiana*, vol. ii. p. 20.

2 *Swell*, a great man.

3 In prison. The *dab's* in *quod*: the rogue is in prison.

4 Heads.

5 Taking out the contents. Thus, *gutting* a quart pot (or *taking out the lining* of it,) i. e. drinking it off.

(While you *hum* the poor *spoonies*[1] with speeches, so pretty,
'Bout Freedom, and Order, and—*all my eye, Betty,*)
Whether praying, or dressing, or *dancing* the *hays*,
Or *lapping* your *congo*[2] at Lord C-STL-R—GH's[3]
(While his Lordship, as usual, that very great *dab*[4]
At the flowers of rhet'ric, is *flashing* his *gab*[5])—
Or holding State Dinners, to talk of the weather,
And cut up your mutton and Europe together!
Whatever your *gammon*, whatever your talk,
Oh deign, ye illustrious *Cocks of the Walk*,
To attend for a moment,—and if the Fine Arts
Of *fibbing*[6] and *boring*[6] be dear to your hearts;
If to *level*,[6] to *punish*,[6] to *ruffian*[6] mankind,
And to *darken* their *daylights*,[6] be pleasures refined
(As they *must* be,) for every Legitimate mind,—
Oh, listen to one, who, both able and willing
To spread through creation the mysteries of *milling*,
(And, as to whose politics, search the world round,
Not a sturdier *Pit-tite*[6] e'er lived under ground,)
Has thought of a plan, which—excuse his presumption,
He hereby submits to your royal *rumgumption*.[9]

It being now settled that emperors and kings,
Like kites made of *foolscap*, are *high-flying* things,
To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,
Have been tied in a string, to be whisk'd to and fro,
Just wherever it suits the said *foolscap* to go—
This being all settled, and freedom all *gammon*,[10]
And nought but your honours worth wasting a d—n on;
While snug and secure you may now *run* your *rigs*,[11]
Without fear that old Boney will *bother* your *gigs*—
As your Honours, too, bless you! though all *of a trade*,
Yet agreeing like *new ones*, have lately been made
Special constables o'er us, for keeping the peace,—
Let us hope now that wars and *rumbustions* will cease;
That soldiers and guns, like "the Devil and his works,"
Will henceforward be left to Jews, Negers, and Turks;
Till *Brown Bess*[12] shall soon, like Miss Tabitha Fusty,
For want of a *spark* to *go off with*, grow rusty,
And *lobsters*[13] will lie such a drug upon hand,
That our *do-nothing* Captains must all get *japann'd!*[14]

My eyes, how delightful!—the rabble well *gagg'd*,
The *Swells* in *high feather*, and old Boney *lagg'd!*[1]

But, though we must hope for such good times as these,
Yet as something *may* happen to *kick up a breeze*—
Some quarrel reserved for your own *private picking*—
Some grudge, even now in your great gizzards sticking,
(God knows about what—about money mayhap,
Or the Papists, or Dutch, or that *kid*,[2] Master Nap)—
And, setting in case there should come such a *rumpus*,
As *some* mode of *settling the chat* we must compass,
With which the *tag-rag*[3] will have nothing to do—
What think you, great *Swells*, of a ROYAL SET-TO?[4]
A *Ring* and fair *fist-work* at Aix-la-Chapelle,
Or at old Moulsey-Hurst, if you like it as well—
And that all may be *fair* as to *wind*, *weight*, and *science*,
I'll answer to train the whole HOLY ALLIANCE!
Just think, please your Majesties, how you 'd prefer it
To *mills* such as Waterloo, where all the merit
To vulgar red-coated *rapscallions* must fall,
Who have no Right Divine to have merit at all!
How much more select your own quiet *Set-tos!*—
And how vastly genteeler 't will sound in the news,
(*Kent's Weekly Despatch*, that beats all others hollow
For *Fancy* transactions,) in terms such as follow:—

ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND SET-TO BETWEEN LONG SANDY AND GEORGY THE PORPUS.

LAST Tuesday, at Moulsey, the Balance of Power
Was settled by Twelve *Tightish* Rounds, in an hour—
The *Buffers*,[5] both "Boys of the *Holy Ground*;"—[6]
LONG SANDY, by name of *the Bear* much renown'd,
And GEORGY the *Porpus*, *prime glutton* reckon'd—
Old *thingummee* POTTSO[7] was LONG SANDY'S second,
And GEORGY'S was *Pat* C—STL—R—GH,—he who lives
At the sign of the *King's Arms a-kimbo*, and gives
His *small* beer about, with the air of a *chap*
Who believed himself a prodigious *strong tap*.
This being the first true Legitimate *Match*
Since TOM took to *training* these *Swells* for the *scratch*,
Every *lover of life*, that had *rhino* to spare,
From sly little Moses to B—R—G, was there

1 Simpletons, alias, *Innocents*.
2 Drinking your tea.
3 See the Appendix, No. 3.
4 An Adept.
5 Showing off his talk.—Better expressed, perhaps, by a wag wit, who, upon being asked what was going on in the House of Commons, answered, "Only Lord C. *airing his vocabulary*."
6 All terms of the Fancy, and familiar to those who read the Transactions of the Pugilistic Society.
7 To close up their eyes—alias, to *sew up* their *sees*.
8 TOM received his first education in a coal-pit; from whence he has been honoured with the name of "the Black Diamond."
9 *Gumption*, or *Rumgumption*, comprehension, capacity.
10 Nonsense or humbug.
11 Play your tricks.
12 A soldier's fire-lock.
13 Soldiers, from the colour of their clothes. "*To boil one's lobster* means for a churchman to turn soldier; lobsters, which are of a bluish black, being made red by boiling."—*Grose*. Butler's ingenious simile will occur to the reader:

When, like a lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn.

14 Ordained—i. e. become clergymen.

1 Transported.
2 Child.—Hence our useful word, kidnapper—to *nab a kid* being to steal a child. Indeed, we need but recollect the many excellent and necessary words to which Johnson has affixed the stigma of "cant term," to be aware how considerably the English language has been enriched by the contributions of the Flash fraternity.
3 The common people, the mobility.
4 A boxing-match.
5 Boxers—Irish cant.
6 The hitch in the metre here was rendered necessary by the quotation, which is from the celebrated *Fancy Chant* ending, every verse, thus:—

For we are the boys of the *Holy Ground*,
And we'll dance upon nothing, and turn us round!

It is almost needless to add, that the *Holy Ground*, or *Land*, is a well-known region of St. Giles's.
7 TOM means, I presume, the celebrated diplomatist, Pozzo di Borgo.—The Irish used to claim the dancer Diddoloi as their countryman, insisting that the O had slipped out of its right place, and that his real name was Mr. O'Diddle On the same principle they will, perhaps, assert their right to M. Pozzo.

Never since the renown'd days of BROUGHTON and FIGG[1]
Was the *Franciful World* in such very *prime twig*—[2]
And long before daylight, gigs, *rattlers*,[3] and *prads*,[4]
Were in motion for Moulsey, brimful of *the Lads*.
JACK ELD—N, Old SID. and some more, had come down
On the evening before, and put up at *The Crown*,—
Their old favourite sign, where themselves and their brothers
Get *grub*[5] at cheap rate, though it *fleeces* all others;
Nor matters it how we plebeians condemn,
As *The Crown*'s always sure of its *license* from them.

'T was diverting to see, as one *ogled* around,
How *Corinthians*[6] and *Commoners* mixed on the ground.
Here M—NTR—SE and an Israelite met face to face,
The Duke, a place-hunter—the Jew, from Duke's Place;
While NICKY V—NS—TT—T, not caring to roam,
Got among the *white-bag-men*,[7] and felt quite *at home*.
Here stood in a corner, well screen'd from the weather,
Old SID. and the great Doctor EADY together,
Both famed *on the walls*—with a d—n, in addition,
Prefix'd to the name of the *former* Physician.
Here C—MD—N, who never till now was suspected
Of *Fancy*, or aught that is therewith connected,
Got close to a *dealer in donkies*, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, "just as if he'd have *buy'd him*;"
While poor *Bogy* B—CK—GH—M well might look pale,
As there stood a great *Rat-catcher* close to his tail!

'Mongst the vehicles, too, which were many and various,
From *natty barouche* down to *buggy precarious*,
We *twigg'd* more than one *queerish* sort of *turn-out*;—
C—NN—G came in a *job*, and then canter'd about
On a showy, but hot and unsound, *bit of blood*
(For a *leader* once meant, but cast off, as not good,)
Looking round to secure a *snug place* if he could:—
While ELD—N, long doubting between a *grey* nag
And a *white* one to mount, took his stand in a *drag*.[8]
At a quarter past ten, by Pat C—STL—R—GH's *tattler*,[9]
CRIB came on the ground in a four-in-hand *rattler*;
(For TOM, since he took to these Holy Allies,
Is as *tip-top* a *beau* as all Bond-street supplies;)
AND, OH seeing the CHAMPION, loud cries of "Fight, fight,"
"Ring, ring," "Whip the Gemmen," were heard left and right.
But the *kids*, though impatient, were doom'd to delay,
As the old P. C.[10] ropes (which are *now* mark'd H. A.[11])

Being hack'd in the service, it seems had given way,
And, as rope is an article much *up* in price
Since the bank took to hanging, the lads had to *splice*.
At length the two *Swells* having enter'd the Ring,
To the *tune the Cow died of*, called "God save the King,"
Each threw up his *castor*[1] 'mid general huzzas—
And, if *dressing* would do, never yet, since the days
When HUMPHRIES *stood up to* the Israelite's *thumps*,
In gold-spangled stockings and *touch-me-not* pumps,[2]
Has there any thing equall'd the *fal-lals* and tricks
That bedizen'd old GEORGY's *bang up tog and kicks!*[3]
Having first shaken *daddles*[4] (to show, JACKSON said,
It was "pro bono *Pimlico*"[5] chiefly they bled)
Both *peel'd*[6]—but, on laying his *Dandy belt* by,
Old GEORGY *went floush*, and his *backers* looked *shy*;
For they saw, notwithstanding CRIB's honest endeavour
To *train down* the *crummy*,[7] 't was monstrous as ever!
Not so with LONG SANDY—*prime meat* every inch—
Which, of course, made the *Gnostics*[8] on t' other side flinch;
And BOB W—LS—N from Southwark, the *gamest* chap there,
Was now heard to *sing out* "Ten to one on the Bear!"

FIRST ROUND. Very cautious—the *Kiddies* both *sparr'd*
As if *shy* of the *scratch*—while the Porpus kept guard
O'er his beautiful *mug*[9] as if fearing to hazard
One *damaging* touch in so dandy a *mazzard*.
Which t' other observing *put in* his ONE-TWO[10]
Between GEORGY's left ribs, with a knuckle so true,
That had his heart lain *in the right place*, no doubt
But the Bears *double-knock* would have rummaged it out—
As it *was*, Master GEORGY came *souse* with the whack,
And there sprawl'd, like a turtle turn'd *queer* on its back.

SECOND ROUND. Rather sprightly—the Bear, in *high gig*,
Took a fancy to *flirt* with the Porpus's wig;
And, had it been either a loose tie or *bob*,
He'd have *claw'd* it *clean* off, but 't was glued to his *nob*.
So he *tipp'd* him a *settler* they call "a Spoil-Dandy"
Full plump in the whisker.—*High betting on Sandy*

1 The chief founders of the modern school of pugilism.
2 High spirits or condition. 3 Coaches.
4 Horses. 5 Victuals.
6 Men of rank—vide Boxiana, *passim*.
7 Pick-pockets. 8 A cart or waggon. 9 A watch.
10 The ropes and stakes used at the prize-fights, being the property of the Pugilistic Club, are marked with the initials P C
11 For "Holy Alliance

1 Hat.
2 "The fine manly form of Humphries was seen to great advantage; he had on a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and pumps tied with ribbon."—(Account of the First Battle between Humphries and Mendoza.)—The epistle which Humphries wrote to a friend, communicating the result of this fight, is worthy of a Lacedæmonian.—"Sir, I have *done* the Jew, and am in good health. Rich. Humphries."
3 *Tog* and *kicks*, coat and breeches.—*Tog* is one of the cant words which Dekker cites, as "retaining a certain salt and tasting of some wit and learning," being derived from the Latin *toga*. 4 Hands.
5 Mr. Jackson's residence is in Pimlico.—This gentleman (as he well deserves to be called, from the correctness of his conduct and the peculiar urbanity of his manners) forms that useful link between the amateurs and the professors of pugilism, which, when broken, it will be difficult, if not wholly impossible to replace. 6 Stripped.
7 Fat. 8 Knowing ones. 9 Face.
10 Two blows succeeding each other rapidly. Thus speaking of Randall) "his ONE-TWO are put in with the sharpness of lightning."

THIRD ROUND. Somewhat slack—GEORGY tried to *make play*,
But his own *victualling-office*[1] stood much in the way;
While SANDY's long arms—long enough for a *douse*
All the way from Kamschatka to Johnny Groat's House—
Kept *paddling* about the poor Porpus's *muns*,[2]
'Till they made him as *hot* and as *cross* as *Lent* buns![3]

FOURTH ROUND. GEORGY's *backers* look'd blank at the lad,
When they saw what a *rum knack of shifting*[4] he had—
An old *trick of his youth*—but the Bear, *up* to *slum*,[5]
Follow'd close on my gentleman, kneading his *crum*
As expertly as any *Dead Man*[6] about town,
All the way to the ropes—where, as GEORGY went down,
SANDY *tipp'd* him a *dose* of that kind, that, when *taken*,
It is n't the *stuff*, but the *patient* that 's *shaken*.

FIFTH ROUND. GEORGY tried for his *customer's* head—
(The part of LONG SANDY that's *softest*, 'tis said;
And the chat is that NAP, when he had him in tow,
Found his *knowledge-box*[7] always the first thing to *go*)—
Neat *milling* this Round—what with *clouts* on the *nob*,
Home hits in the *bread-basket*,[8] *clicks* in the *gob*,[9]
And *plumps* in the *daylights*,[10] a prettier treat
Between two *Johnny Raws*[11] 't is not easy to meet.

SIXTH ROUND. GEORGY's friends in high flourish and hopes;
JACK ELD—N, with others, came close to the ropes—
And when GEORGY, one time, *got the head* of the Bear
Into Chancery[12] ELD—N sung out "KEEP him there;"
But the *cull* broke away, as he would from *Lob's pound*,[13]
And, after a *rum* sort of *ruffianing* Round,
Like *cronies* they *hugg'd*, and came *smack* to the ground;
Poor SANDY the undermost, smother'd and spread
Like a German tuck'd under his huge feather-bed![14]

All pitied the *patient*—and loud exclamations,
"*My eyes!*" and "*my wig!*" spoke the general sensations—
'T was thought SANDY's soul was squeezed out of his *corpus*,
So heavy the crush.—*Two to one on the Porpus!*

Nota bene.—'T was curious to see all the pigeons
Sent off by Jews, Flashmen, and *other* religions,
To *office*,[1] with all due despatch, through the air,
To the *Bulls* of the alley the fate of the Bear;
(For in these *Fancy* times, 't is your *hits* in the *muns*,
And your *choppers* and *floorers*, that govern the Funds)—
And Consols, which had been all day *shy* enough,
When 't was known in the Alley that *Old Blue and Buff*
Had been down on the Bear, rose at once—*up to snuff!*[12]

SEVENTH ROUND. Though *hot-press'd*, and as flat as a crumpet,
LONG SANDY show'd *game* again, scorning to *rump* it;
And, fixing his eye on the Porpus's *snout*,[3]
Which he knew that Adonis felt *peery*[4] about,
By a *feint*, truly elegant, tipp'd him a *punch* in
The critical place, where he *cupboards* his luncheon,
Which knock'd all the rich Curacoa into *cruds*,
And *doubled* him *up*, like a bag of old *duds!*[5]
There he lay almost *frummagem'd*[6]—every one said
'T was *all Dicky with* GEORGY, his *mug* hung so dead.
And 't was only by calling "your wife, Sir, your wife!"
(As a man would cry "fire!") they could start him to life.
Up he rose in a *funk*,[7] *lapp'd a toothful* of brandy,
And *to it* again—*Any odds* upon SANDY.

EIGHTH ROUND. SANDY work'd like a first-rate *demolisher*:
Bear as he is, yet his *lick* is no *polisher*;
And, take him at *ruffianing* work (though in common, he
Hums about Peace and *all that*, like a *Domine*[8])
SANDY's the boy, if once to it they fall,
That will *play up old gooseberry* soon with them all.
This round was but short—after humouring awhile,
He proceeded to *serve* an *ejectment*, in style,
Upon GEORGY's front *grinders*,[9] which *damaged* his smile
So completely that bets ran a hundred to ten
The Adonis would ne'er *flash his ivory*[10] again—
And 't was pretty to see him *roll'd* round with the shock,
Like a cask of fresh blubber in old Greenland Dock!

1 The stomach or paunch. 2 Mouth.
3 Hot cross buns.
4 "Some have censured shifting as an unmanly custom."—*Boriana.*
5 Humbug or *gammon.*
6 *Dead Men* are Bakers—so called from the loaves falsely charged to their master's customers. The following is from an Account of the Battle fought by Nosworthy, the Baker, with Martin, the Jew:
"First round. Nosworthy, on the alert, planted a tremendous hit on Martin's mouth, which not only drawed forth a profusion of *claret*, but he went down.—Loud shouting from the *Dead Men!*
"Second Round. Nosworthy began to serve the Jew in style, and his hits told most tremendously. Martin made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. The *Dead Men* now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the *Master of the Rolls!*"
7 The head. 8 The stomach. 9 The mouth.
10 The eyes. 11 Novices.
12 Getting the head under the arm, for the purpose of *fibbing.*
13 A prison.—See Dr. Grey's explanation of this phrase in his notes upon Hudibras.
14 The Germans sleep between two beds: and it is related that an Irish traveller, upon finding a feather bed thus laid over him, took it into his head that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the other, and said to the attendant, "will you be good enough to tell the gentleman or lady that is to lie over me, to make haste, as I want to go asleep!"

1 To signify by letter.
2 This phrase, denoting *elevation* of various kinds, is often rendered more emphatic by such adjuncts as "*Up to snuff and twopenny.*—*Up to snuff, and a pinch above it,*" etc. etc.
3 Nose. 4 Suspicious. 5 Clothes.
6 Choaked. 7 Fright.
8 A Parson.—Thus in that truly classical song the Christening of Little Joey:

When *Domine* had named the *Kid*,
Then home again they *piked* it;
A *flash of lightning* was prepared
For every one that liked it."

9 Teeth. 10 Show his teeth.

Ninth Round. One of Georgy's bright *ogles*[1] was put
On the *bankruptcy list*, with its shop-windows *shut*;
While the *other* soon made quite as *tag-rag* a show,
All *rimm'd* round with *black*, like the *Courier* in *woe!*
Much alarm was now seen 'mong the Israelite *Kids*,
And B—r—g,—the *devil's own boy* for the *quids*,[2]—
Despatch'd off a pigeon (the species, no doubt,
That they call B—r—g's *stock*-dove) with word "to sell out."

From this to the finish 't was all *fiddle faddle*—
Poor Georgy, at last, could scarce hold up his *daddle*—
With *grinders* dislodg'd and with *peepers* both *poach'd*,[3]
T was not till the Tenth Round his *claret*[4] was *broach'd*:
As the *cellarage* lay so deep down in the fat,
Like his old M——a's purse, 't was cursed hard to get *at*.
But a *pelt* in the *mellers*[5] (too pretty to shun,
If the lad even *could*) set it going *like fun*,
And this being the first Royal *Claret* let flow,
Since Tom *took* the Holy Alliance *in tow*,
The *uncorking* produced much sensation about,
As *bets* had been *flush* on the first *painted snout*.
Nota bene.—A note was wing'd off to the *Square*,
Just to hint of this awful phlebotomy there;—
Bob Gleggson, whose wit at such things is exceeding,[6]
Inclosing a large sprig of "*Love lies a bleeding!*"

In short, not to dwell on each *facer* and *fall*,
Poor Georgy was *done up* in *no time at all*,
And his *spunkiest* backers were forced to *sing small*.[7]
In vain did they try to *fig up* the old lad;
'T was like using *persuaders*[8] upon a dead *prad*;[9]
In vain *Bogy*[10] B—ck—gh—m fondly besought him,
To show like himself, if not *game* at least *bottom*;
While M—rl—y, that *very* great Count, stood deploring
He had n't taught Georgy his new modes of *boring*:[11]
All useless—no art can *transmogrify* truth—
It was plain the *conceit* was *mill'd out of* the youth.
In the Twelfth and Last Round Sandy fetch'd him a *downer*,
That left him all 's one as *cold meat* for the *Crowner*;[12]
On which the whole populace *flush'd* the *white grin*
Like a basket of chips, and poor Georgy *gave in*:[13]
While the fiddlers (old Potts having *tipp'd* them a *bandy*)[14]
Play'd "Green grow the *rushes*,"[15] in honour of Sandy!

Now, what say your Majesties?—is n't this *prime?*
Was there ever French Bulletin half so sublime?
Or could old Nap himself, in his glory,[1] have wish'd
To *show up* a fat *Gemman* more handsomely *dish'd?*—
Oh, bless your great hearts, let them say what they will,
Nothing's half so *genteel* as a *regular Mill*;
And, for *settling* of *balances*, all I know is,
'T is the way Caleb Baldwin *prefers* settling *his*.[2]
As for *backers*, you 've lots of *Big-wigs* about Court
That will *back* you—the *raff* being tired of that sport,—
And if *quids* should be wanting to make the match good,
There's B—r—ng, the Prince of *Rag Rhino*, who stood
(T' other day, you know) bail for the *seedy*[3] Right Liners:
Who knows but, if coax'd, he may *shell out* the *shiners?*[4]
The *shiners!* Lord, Lord, what a *bounce* do I say!
As if we could hope to have *rags* done away,
Or see *any* thing *shining*, while Van. has the sway!

As to *training*, a Court 's but a *rum* sort of station
To choose for that sober and chaste operation;[5]
For, as old Ikey Pig[6] said of Courts, "hy de heavens,
Dey 're all, but the *Fives* Court, at *sixes* and *sevens*."
What with *snoozing*,[7] high *grubbing*,[8] and *guzzling* *like Cloe*,
Your Majesties, pardon me, all get so *doughy*,
That take the whole *kit*, down from Sandy the Bear
To him who makes *duds* for the Virgin to wear,
I 'd chuse but Jack Scroggins, and feel disappointed
If Jack did n't *tell out* the whole Lord's Anointed!

But, barring these nat'ral defects (which, I feel,
My remarking on thus may be thought *ungenteel*,)
And allowing for delicate *fams*,[9] which have merely
Been handling the sceptre, and *that*, too, but *queerly*,
I 'm not without hopes, and would *stand* a *tight* bet,
That I 'll make something *game* of your Majesties yet.
So, say but the word—if you 're *up* to the freak,
Let us have a prime *match* of it, *Greek* against *Greek*,
And I 'll put you on *beef-steaks* and *sweating* next week—
While, for teaching you every perfection, that throws a
Renown upon *milling*—the *tact* of Mendoza—

1 Eyes. 2 Money.
3 French cant; Les yeux *poches au beurre noir.*—See the *Dictionnaire Comique.*
4 Blood. 5 The nose.
6 Some specimens of Mr. Gregson's lyrical talents are given in the Appendix, No. 4.
7 To be humbled or abashed. 8 Spurs. 9 Horse.
10 For the meaning of this term, see *Grose.*
11 "The ponderosity of Crib, when in close quarters with his opponent, evidently *bored* in upon him," etc.
12 The Coroner.
13 The *ancient* Greeks had a phrase of similar structure τρέσαμι, *cedo.*
14 A *bandy* or *cripple*, a sixpence: "that piece being commonly much bent and distorted."—*Grose.*
15 The well-known compliment paid to the Emperor of all the *Russias* by some Irish musicians.

1 See Appendix, No. 5.
2 A trifling instance of which is recorded in Boxiana:—"A *fracas* occurred between *Caleb Baldwin* and the keepers of the gate. The latter not immediately recognizing the *veteran of the ring*, refused his vehicle admittance without the usual *tip*; but Caleb, finding *argufying the topic* would not do, instead of paying them in the *new coinage*, dealt out another sort of *currency*, and, although destitute of the W. W. P. it had such an instantaneous effect upon the *Johnny Raws*, that the gate flew open, and *Caleb* rode through in Triumph."
3 Poor. 4 Produce the guineas.
5 The extreme rigour, in these respects, of the ancient system of training, may be inferred from the instances mentioned by Ælian. Not only pugilists, but even players on the harp, were, during the time of their probation, συνουσιας αμπδους και ακτιρου.—*De Animal.* lib. 6. cap. 1.
6 A Jew, so nick-named—one of the *Big ones*. He was beaten by Crib, on Blackheath, in the year 1805.
7 Sleeping. 8 Feeding
9 *Fams* or *fambles*, hands.

The charm, by which HUMPHRIES[1] contrived to infuse
The *three Graces* themselves into all his *One-Twos*—
The *nobbers* of JOHNSON[2]—BIG BEN'S[3] *banging brain-blows*—
The *waving* of SAM,[4] that turn'd faces to rainbows—
Old CORCORAN'S *click*,[5] that laid *customers* flat—
PADDY RYAN *from Dublin's*[6] renown'd "coup de *Pat*;"
And MY own *improved* method of *tickling a rib*,
You may always command—
Your devoted
TOM CRIB.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at BELCHER'S (*Castle Tavern, Holborn,*) TOM CRIB *in the Chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to Congress.—Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by* HARRY HARMER, *the Hammerer,*[6] *to* NED PAINTER.

Αλλ' συδεις το ΚΑΝ
Λειψει, εως αν
Τον ηχωδεα ακουση ΤΩΜ.[7]

* * * * * *

LAST Friday night a *bang-up* set
Of *milling blades* at BELCHER'S met;
All high-bred Heroes of *the Ring*,
Whose very *gammon* would delight one;
Who, nursed beneath *The Fancy's* wing,
Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one.*

Brave TOM, the CHAMPION, with an air
Almost *Corinthian*,[8] took the Chair;
And kept the *Coves*[9] in quiet tune,
By showing such a *fist* of *mutton*
As, on a Point of Order, soon
Would *take the shine* from Speaker SUTTON.

And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,
And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
The well-bred CHAMPION *served him out*

As we'd been summon'd thus to quaff
Our *Deady*[1] o'er some State affairs,
Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,
But had the *Sunday room*, up stairs.
And when we well had *sluiced* our *gobs*,[2]
'Till all were in *prime twig* for *chatter*,
TOM rose, and to our learned *nobs*
Propounded thus the important matter:—

"*Gemmen*," says he—TOM'S words, you know
Come like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
"Seeing as how those *Swells*, that made
Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade
(All prime ones in their own conceit,)
Will shortly at THE CONGRESS meet—
(Some place that 's like THE FINISH,[3] lads,
Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,
That have been *up* and *out* all night,
Running their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,[4]
At morning meet, and—*honour bright*—
Agree to share the *blunt* and *tattlers!*[5])
Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*
Are soon to meet, by special summons,
To chime together like '*hell's bells*,'
And laugh at all mankind as *rum ones*—
I see no reason, when such things
Are going on among these Kings,
Why *We*, who 're of the *Fancy lay*,[6]
As *dead hands* at a *mill* as they,
And quite as ready, *after* it,
To share the spoil and *grab* the *bit*,[7]
Should not be there to *join* the *chat*,
To see, at least, what fun they're at,
And help their Majesties to find
New modes of *punishing* mankind.
What say you, lads? is any spark
Among you ready for a *lark*[8]
To this same Congress?—CALEB, JOE,
BILL, BOB, what say you?—yes or no?"
Thus spoke the CHAMPION, Prime of men,
And loud and long we *cheer'd* his *prattle*
With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*,
And made TOM'S *Sunday tea-things* rattle!

A pause ensued—'till cries of "GREGSON"
Brought BOB, the Poet, on his legs soon—
(*My eyes*, how prettily BOB writes!
Talk of your *Camels*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,[10]

1 *Humphries* was called "The Gentleman Boxer." He was (says the author of Boxiana) remarkably graceful, and his attitudes were of the most elegant and impressive nature.

2 *Tom Johnson*, who, till his fight with Big Ben, was hailed as the Champion of England.

3 *Ben Brain, alias* Big Ben, wore the honours of the Championship till his death.

4 *Dutch Sam*, a hero, of whom all the lovers of the Fancy speak, as the Swedes do of Charles the Twelfth, with tears in their eyes.

5 Celebrated Irish pugilists.

6 So called in his double capacity of *Boxer* and *Coppersmith*.

7 The passage in Pindar, from which the following lines of "Hark, the merry Christ Church Bells," are evidently borrowed:

The devil a man,
Will leave his can,
Till he hears the *Mighty Tom*.

8 *i. e.* With the air, almost, of a man of rank and fashion. Indeed, according to Horace's notions of a *peerage*, *Tom's* claims to it are indisputable;

——— illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.

9 Fellows.

1 Deady's gin, otherwise Deady's *brilliant stark naked*

2 Had drunk heartily.

3 A public-house in Covent-Garden, memorable as one of the places where the Gentlemen Depredators of the night (the Holy League of the Road) meet, early in the morning, for the purpose of sharing the spoil, and arranging other matters connected with their most Christian Alliance.

4 Robbing travellers in chaises, etc.

5 The money and watches.

6 Particular pursuit or enterprize. Thus, "he is on the *kid-lay*," i. e. stopping children with parcels and robbing them—the *ken-crack-lay*, house-breaking, etc. etc.

7 To seize the money.

8 A frolic or party of Pleasure. 9 House.

10 By this curious zoological assemblage (something like Berni's "porci, e poeti, e piddochi,") the writer means, suppose, Messrs. Campbell, Crabbe, and Hogg.

And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
  Bob's worth a hundred of these *dabs:*
For a short *turn up*[1] at a sonnet,
  A *round* of odes, or Pastoral *bout*,
All Lombard-street to nine-pence on it,[2]
  Bobby 's the boy would *clean* them *out!*)
"*Gemmen*," says he—(Bob's eloquence
Lies much in C—nn—g's line, 't is said;
For, when Bob can't afford us *sense*,
  He *tips* us *poetry*, instead)—
"*Gemmen*, before I touch the matter,
On which I'm here *had up for patter*,[3]
A few short words I first must spare,
To him, the Hero, that sits there,
Swigging Blue Ruin,[4] in that chair.
(*Hear—hear*)—His fame I need not tell,
  For *that*, my friends, all England's loud with;
But this I'll say, a civiler *Swell*
  I'd never wish to *blow* a *cloud*[5] with!"

At these brave words, we, every one,
Sung out "hear—hear"—and clapp'd *like fun*.
For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
  The Champion *fibb'd* the Poet's *nob*,[6]
This *buttering-up*,[7] against the grain,
  We thought was *cursed* genteel in Bob.
And here again, we may remark
  Bob's likeness to the Lisbon jobber[8]—
For, though all know that *flashy spark*
  From C—st—r—gh received a *nobber*,
That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
And *laid him up* in *ordinary*,[9]
Yet now, such loving *pals*[10] are they,
  That Georgy, wiser as he 's older,
Instead of *facing* C—st—r—gh,
  Is proud to be his *bottle-holder*

But to return to Bob's harangue,
'Twas deuced fine—no *slum* or *slang*—
But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—
All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite!

The next was Turner—*nobbing* Ned—
Who put his right leg forth,[11] and said,
"Tom, I admire your notion much;
  And *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch*,
  Myself, at this said Congress party.

Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
  If settling Europe be the *sport*,
They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
  As *tipping settlers*[1] is my *forte!*"

Then up rose Ward, the veteran Joe,
  And, 'twixt his whiffs,[2] suggested briefly
That but a *few*, at first, should go,
  And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
As if too many "*Big ones* went,
  They might alarm the Continent!!"

Joe added, then, that as 't was known
The R—g—t, bless his wig! had shown
A taste for Art (like Joey's own[3])
And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,
And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off—on *canvas*, merely;
God forbid the *other* mode!—
He (Joe) would from his own abode
(*The dragon*[4]—famed for *Fancy* works,
Drawings of Heroes, and of—*corks*)
Furnish such *Gemmen* of *the Fist*,[5]
As would complete the R—g—t's list.
"Thus, Champion Tom," said he, "would look
Right well, hung up beside *the Duke*—
Tom's noddle being (if its *frame*
Had but *the gilding*) much the same—
And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,
Bill Gibbons or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of Joey's—
Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
(With all his other learned parts)
Down as a hammer[6] to the Arts!

Old Bill, the Black,[7]—you know him, Neddy—
  (With *mug*,[8] whose hue the ebon shames,

1 A *turn-up* is properly a casual and hasty *set-to*.
2 More usually "Lombard-street to a China orange." There are several of these *fanciful* forms of betting—"Chelsea College to a centry-box," "Pompey's Pillar to a stick of sealing-wax," etc. etc.
3 Talk. 4 Gin.
5 To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, νεφεληγερετης.
6 In the year 1808, when Cribb defeated Gregson.
7 Praising or flattering.
8 These parallels between great men are truly edifying.
9 Sea cant—a good deal of which has been introduced into the regular Flash, by such *classic* heroes as Scroggins, Crockey, etc.
10 Friends.
11 Ned's favourite *Prolegomena* in battle as well as in debate. As this position is said to render him "very hard to be got at," I would recommend poor Mr. V—ns-t—t to try it as a last resource, in his next *set-to* with Mr. T—rn—y.

1 A kind of blow, whose *sedative* nature is sufficiently explained by the name it bears.
2 Joe being particularly fond of "that costly and gentlemanlike smoke," as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes*—"ex *fumo* dare *lucem*"—is very remarkable.
3 Joe's taste for pictures has been thus commemorated by the great Historian of Pugilism—"If Joe Ward cannot boast of a spleudid gallery of pictures formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects as, in many instances, must be considered unique. Portraits of nearly all the pugilists (many of them in whole lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of *Figg* and *Broughton* down to the present period, with likenesses of many distinguished amateurs, among whom are Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland, etc. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects!"—*Boxiana*, vol. i. p. 431.
4 The *Green Dragon*, King-street, near Swallow-street, "where (says the same author) any person may have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted, in viewing *Ward's Cabinet of the Fancy!*"
5 Among the portraits is one of Bill Gibbons, by a pupil of the great Fuseli, which gave occasion to the following impromptu:—

Though you *are* one of Fuseli's scholars,
This question I'll dare to propose,—
How the devil could you use *water*-colours,
In painting Bill Gibbons's nose?

6 To be *down to* any thing is pretty much the same as being *up to* it, and "*down as a hammer* is," of course, the *intensivum* of the phrase.
7 Richmond. 8 Face

Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
Like a large Collier in the Thames)
Though somewhat *cut*,[1] just begg'd to say
He hoped that *Swell*, Lord C—ST—R—GH,
Would show the *Lily-Whites*[2] fair play;
'And not—as *once* he did"—says BILL,
"Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
Leave us, poor Blacks, to fare as ill
As if we were but pigs, or Irish!"

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—
"As, should their Majesties be dull,"
Says BILL, "there 's nothing like a Bull:[1]
"And *blow me tight*,"—(BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like "*dash my wig*," or "*burn my breeches!*")
"*Blow me*—"
—Just then, the Chair,[2] already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,
* * * * * * *

1 *Cut*, tipsy; another remarkable instance of the similarity that exists between the language of the Classics and that of St. Giles's.—In Martial we find "Incaluit quoties *saucia* vena *mero*." Ennius, too, has "*sauciavit* se flore Liberi;" and Justin, "*hesterno mero saucii*."

2 *Lily-Whites* (or *Snow-balls*,) Negroes.

1 Bill Gibbons has, I believe, been lately rivalled in this peculiar Walk of the Fancy, by the superior merits of Tom Oliver's *Game Bull*.

2 From the respect which I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

No. II.

VIRGIL. *Æneid. Lib.* v. 426.

CONSTITIT in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque,
Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventa:
Hic, membris et mole valens;

sed tarda trementi
Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus; erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque immotus eodem,
Corpore tela modo atque oculis vigilantibus exit.

Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis;
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Arte locum, et variis assultibus irritus urget.

No. II.

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Æneid,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

WITH *daddles*[1] high upraised, and *nob* held back,
In awful prescience of the impending *thwack*,
Both *Kiddies*[2] stood—and with prelusive *spar*,
And light manœuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light-weight blade*—
The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering* trade;
But aged,[3] slow, with stiff limbs, tottering much,
And lungs, that lack'd the *bellows-mender's* touch.

Yet, sprightly *to the Scratch* both *Buffers* came,
While *ribbers* rung from each resounding frame,
And divers *digs*, and many a ponderous *pelt*,
Were on their broad *bread-baskets* heard and felt.
With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd,
Round *lugs* and *ogles*[4] flew the frequent fist;
While showers of *facers* told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones cracked as they fell!
But firmly stood ENTELLUS—and still bright,
Though bent by age, with all THE FANCY'S light,
Stopp'd with a skill, and *rallied* with a fire
The Immortal FANCY could alone inspire!
While DARES, *shifting* round, with looks of thought,
An opening to the *Cove's* huge carcase sought
(Like General PRESTON, in that awful hour,
When on *one* leg he hopp'd to—take the Tower!)
And here, and there, explored with active *fin*[5]
And skilful *feint*, some guardless pass to win,
And prove a *boring* guest when once *let in*.

1 Hands.

2 Fellows, usually *young* fellows.

3 Macrobius, in his explanation of the various properties of the number Seven, says, that the fifth Hebdomas of man's life (the age of 35) is the completion of his strength; that therefore pugilists, if not successful, usually give over their profession at that time.—"Inter pugiles denique hæc consuetudo conservatur, ut quos jam coronavere victoriæ, nihil de se amplius in incrementis virium sperent; qui vero expertes hujus gloriæ usque illo manserunt, a professione discedant." In Somn. Scip. Lib. 1.

4 Ears and Eyes. 5 Arm.

Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et alte
Extulit: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultro
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit: ut quondam cava concidit, aut Erymantho,
Aut Ida in magna, radicibus eruta pinus.

Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes:
It clamor cœlo; primusque accurrit Acestes
Æquævumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat ira:
Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscia virtus;
Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto,
Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.

Nec mora, nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

Tum pater Æneas procedere longius iras,
Et sævire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis;
Sed finem imposuit pugnæ, fessumque Dareta
Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur:

Infelix! quæ tanta animum dementia cepit?
Non vires alias, conversaque numina sentis?
Cede Deo.

Dixitque, et prælia voce diremit.
Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves.

And now ENTELLUS,[1] with an eye that plann'd
Punishing deeds, high raised his heavy hand,
But, ere the *sledge* came down, young DARES spied
Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipp'd aside—
So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain *nobber* pass'd
Through empty air; and HE, so high, so vast,
Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to the ground!—
Not B—CK—GH—M himself, with bulkier sound,[1]
Uprooted from the field of Whiggish glories,
Fell *souse*, of late, among the astonish'd Tories![2]
Instant the *Ring* was broke, and shouts and yells
From Trojan *Flashmen* and Sicilian *Swells*
Fill'd the wide heaven—while, touch'd with grief to see
His *pal*,[3] well-known through many a *lark* and *spree*,[4]
Thus *rumly floor'd*, the kind ACESTES ran,
And pitying raised from earth the *game* old man,
Uncow'd, undamaged to the *sport* he came,
His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.
The memory of his *milling* glories past,
The shame that aught but death should see him *grass'd*,
All fired the veteran's *pluck*—with fury flush'd,
Full on his light-limb'd *customer* he rush'd,—
And *hammering* right and left, with ponderous swing,[5]
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the *Ring*—
Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was given,
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heaven
Beats on the house-top, showers of RANDALL'S *shot*[6]
Around the Trojan's *lugs* flew peppering hot!
'Till now ÆNEAS, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words well-bred,
Preserved alike the peace and DARES' head,
Both which the veteran much inclined to *break*—
Then kindly thus the *punish'd* youth bespake:
"Poor *Johnny Raw!* what madness could impel
So *rum* a *Flat* to face so *prime* a *Swell?*
See'st thou not, boy, THE FANCY, heavenly Maid,
Herself descends to this great *Hammerer's* aid,
And, singling *him* from all her *flash* adorers,
Shines in his *hits*, and thunders in his *floorers?*
Then, yield thee, youth—nor such a *spooney* be,
To think mere man can *mill* a Deity!"

Thus spoke the Chief—and now, the *scrimage* o'er,
His faithful *pals* the *done-up* DARES bore
Back to his home, with tottering *gams*, sunk heart,
And *muns* and *noddle pink'd* in every part.[7]

1 As the uprooted trunk in the original is said to be "cava," the epithet here ought, perhaps, to be "*hollower* sound."

2 I trust my conversion of the Erymanthian pine into his L—ds—p will be thought happy and ingenious. It was suggested, indeed, by the recollection that Erymanthus was also famous for another sort of natural production, very common in society at all periods, and which no one but Hercules ever seems to have known how to manage. Though even *he* is described by Valerius Flaccus as—"Erymanthæi *sudantem pondere* monstri."

3 Friend. 4 Party of pleasure and frolic.

5 This phrase is but too applicable to the *round hitting* of the ancients, who, it appears by the engravings in Mercurialis de Art. Gymnast. knew as little of our *straight forward* mode as the uninitiated Irish of the present day. I have, by the by, discovered some errors in Mercurialis, as well as in two other modern authors upon Pugilism (viz. Petrus Faber, in his Agonisticon, and that indefatigable classic antiquary, M. Burette, in his "Mémoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Pugilat des Anciens,") which I shall have the pleasure of pointing out in my forthcoming "Parallel."

6 A favourite blow of THE NONPARIEL'S, so called.

7 There are two or three Epigrams in the Greek Antho

While from his *gob* the guggling *claret* gush'd,
And lots of *grinders*, from their sockets crush'd,
Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments rush'd!

No. III.

As illustrative of the Noble Lord's visit to Congress, I take the liberty of giving the two following pieces of poetry, which appeared some time since in the Morning Chronicle, and which are from the pen, I suspect, of that facetious Historian of the Fudges, Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris[1] et Fratres, et qui rapuere sub illis
Vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.
Ovid. Metam. lib. 13. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The *One*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love and the monarchs that prize thee;
Forget Mrs. ANG—LO T—YL—R awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,
But show the young Misses thou 'rt scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis," a love *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd earn'd in 't,
That sweet Lady FANNY should cry out "my *stars!*"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way concern'd in 't.

For not the great R—G—T himself has endured
(Though I 've seen him with badges and orders all shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insured,)
A much heavier burthen of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
The *stars*[1] are in fault, my Lord ST—W—RT, not they!

Thou, too, t' other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and "glories,"
And "*nullidge*,"[2] and "features," like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguing with Kings, who for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers!
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The One, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the Other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT

Imitated from Horace, Lib. 1. *Ode* 3

So may my Lady's prayers prevail,[3]
And C—NN—G's too, and *lucid* BR—GGE's,
And ELD—N beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags,[4]
To speed thee on thy destined way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—ST—R—GH,[5]
Our gracious R—G—T's better half,[6]
And, *therefore*, quarter of a King—
(As VAN, or any other calf,
May find without much figuring.)
Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
Any where his Lordship pleases,
Though 't were to the D—l himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his,[7]
Who first at Congress show'd his phiz—

---

logy, ridiculing the state of mutilation and disfigurement to which the pugilists were reduced by their combats. The following four lines are from an Epigram by Lucillius, lib. 2.

Κοσκινον η κεφαλη σου, Απολλοφανες, γεγενηται,
Η των σητοκοπων ξυλαριων τα κατω.
Ουτως μυρμηκων τρυπηματα λοξα και ορθα,
Γραμματα των λυρικων Λυδια και Φρυγια.

Literally, as follows:—"Thy head, O Apollophanes, is perforated like a sieve, or like the leaves of an old worm-eaten book; and the numerous scars, both straight and cross-ways, which have been left upon thy pate by the cestus, very much resemble the score of a Lydian or Phrygian piece of music." Peripbrastically, thus:

Your noddle, dear Jack, full of holes like a sieve,
Is so figured, and dotted, and scratch'd, I declare,
By your *customers'* fists, one would almost believe
They had *punch'd* a whole verse of "The Woodpecker" there!

It ought to be mentioned, that the word "*punching*" is used both in boxing and music-engraving.

1 Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "At Paris" these rapacious transactions took place—we should read 'At Vienna."

1 "When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."

2 It is thus the Noble Lord pronounces the word "knowledge"—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin "nullus."

3 Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

4 See a description of the ασκοι, or *Bags* of Eolus in the Odyssey, lib. 10.

5 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

6 ——Animæ dimidium meum.

7 Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui, etc.

To sign away the Rights of Man
To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;
And leave the sinking African[1]
To fall without one saving struggle—
'Mong ministers from North and South,
To show his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the sign of "Bull and Mouth"
For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home[2]
To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,
If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case—
For matchless impudence of face,
There 's nothing like your Tory race![3]
First, PITT,[4] the chosen of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor,[5] for our ease,
With E—D—NS, CH—TH—MS, H—WK—B—S,
And other deadly maladies.
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs:[6]
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrious T—MP—E flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to!*[7]

In short, what *will* not mortal man do![8]
And now, that—strife and bloodshed past—
We've done on earth what harm we can do,
We gravely take to Heaven at last;[9]
And think its favouring smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord!) by—building churches!

No. IV.

BOB GREGSON,

POET LAUREATE OF THE FANCY.

"For *hitting* and *getting away* (says the elegant Author of *Boxiana*) RICHMOND is distinguished; and the brave MOLINEUX keeps a strong hold in the circle of boxers, as a pugilist of the first class; while the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND stands unrivalled for his *punishment*, *game*, and *milling* on the *retreat!*—but, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for BOB GREGSON, alone, from his union of PUGILISM and POETRY, to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the bards of old, sounding the praises of their warlike champions." The same author also adds, that "although not possessing the terseness and originality of Dryden, or the musical cadence and correctness of Pope, yet still BOB has entered into his peculiar subject with a characteristic energy and apposite spirit." Vol. i. p. 357

This high praise of Mr. GREGSON's talents is fully borne out by the specimen which his eulogist has given, *page* 358—a very spirited Chaunt, or Nemean ode, entitled "British Lads and Black *Millers*."

The connexion between poetical and pugnacious propensities seem to have been ingeniously adumbrated by the ancients, in the bow with which they armed Apollo:

Φοιβω γαρ και ΤΟΞΟΝ επιτρεπεται και ΑΟΙΔΗ.
Callimach. Hymn. in Apollin. v. 44.

The same mythological bard informs us that, when Minerva bestowed the gift of inspiration upon Tiresias, she also made him a present of a large cudgel:

Λωσε και ΜΕΓΑ ΒΑΚΤΡΟΝ:

another evident intimation of the congeniality supposed to exist between the exercises of the Imagination and those of THE FANCY. To no one at the present day is the *double wreath* more justly due than to Mr. BOB GREGSON. In addition to his numerous *original* productions, he has condescended to give imitations of some of our living poets—particularly of Lord Byron and Mr. Moore; and the amatory style of the latter gentleman has been caught, with peculiar felicity, in the following lines, which were addressed, some years ago, to Miss GRACE MADDOX, a young Lady of pugilistic celebrity, of whom I have already made honourable mention in the Preface.

LINES

TO MISS GRACE MADDOX, THE FAIR PUGILIST.

Written in imitation of the style of Moore.

BY BOB GREGSON, P. P.

SWEET Maid of *the Fancy!*—whose *ogles*,[1] adorning
That beautiful cheek, ever budding like bowers,
Are bright as the gems that the first Jew[2] of morning
Hawks round Covent-Garden, 'mid cart-loads of flowers!

Oh Grace of the Graces! whose kiss to my lip
Is as sweet as the brandy and tea, rather thinnish,
That *Knights* of the *Rumpad*[3] so rurally sip,
At the first blush of dawn, in the Tap of the Finish![4]

---

1 ——praecipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus.

2 Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impius
Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

3 Audax omnia perpeti
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

4 Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

5 Post ——
——macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.

6 ——tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

7 Expertus *vacuum* Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.

This allusion to the 1200*l.* worth of stationary, which his Lordship ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place, is particularly happy.—ED.

8 Nil mortalibus arduum est.

9 Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.

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1 Eyes.

2 By the trifling alteration of "dew" into "Jew," Mr. Gregson has contrived to collect the three chief ingredients of Moore's poetry, viz. dews, gems, and flowers, into the short compass of these two lines.

3 Highwaymen.

4 See *Note*, page 193. Brandy and tea is the favourite beverage at the Finish.

Ah, never be false to me, fair as thou art,
Nor belie all the many kind things thou hast said;
The falsehood of *other* nymphs touches the *Heart*,
But THY *filking*, my dear, plays the dev'l with the *Head!*

Yet, who would not prize, beyond honours and pelf,
A maid to whom Beauty such treasures has granted,
That, ah! she not only has black eyes herself,
But can furnish a friend with a pair, too, if wanted!

Lord ST—W—RT's a hero (as many suppose,)
And the Lady he woos is a rich and a rare one;
His *heart* is in *Chancery*, every one knows,
And so would his *head* be, if thou wert his fair one.

Sweet Maid of the Fancy! when love first came o'er me,
I felt rather *queerish*, I freely confess;
But now I've thy beauties each moment before me,
The pleasure grows more, and the queerishness less.

Thus a new set of *darbies*,[1] when first they are worn,
Makes the *Jail-bird*[2] uneasy, though splendid their ray;
But the links will lie lighter the longer they're borne,
And the comfort increase, as the *shine* fades away!

I had hoped that it would have been in my power to gratify the reader with several of Mr. GREGSON's lyrical productions, but I have only been able to procure copies of Two Songs, or Chaunts, which were written by him for a Masquerade, or *Fancy* Ball, given lately at one of the most Fashionable Cock-and-Hen clubs in St. Giles's. Though most of the company were without characters, there were a few very lively and interesting maskers; among whom, we particularly noticed BILL RICHMOND, as the *Emperor of Hayti*,[3] attended by SUTTON, as a sort of *black* Mr. V—NS—T—T; and IKEY PIG made an excellent L—S D—XII—T. The beautiful Mrs. CROCKEY,[4] who keeps the Great *Rag Shop* in Bermondsey, went as the *Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*. She was observed to flirt a good deal with the black Mr. V—NS—T—T, but, to do her justice, she guarded her "Hesperidum mala" with all the vigilance of a dragoness. JACK HOLMES,[5] the pugilistic *Coachman*, personated Lord C—ST—R—GH, and sang in admirable style

Ya-hip, my Hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

This Song (which was written for him by Mr. GREGSON, and in which the language and sentiments of *Coachee* are transferred so ingeniously to the Noble person represented) is as follows:—

YA-HIP, MY HEARTIES!

Sung by JACK HOLMES, the Coachman, at a late Masquerade in St. Giles's, in the character of Lo.d C—ST—R—GH

I FIRST was hired to *peg* a *Hack*[1]
They call "The Erin," sometime back,
Where soon I learn'd to *patter flash*,[2]
To curb the *tits*[3] and *tip the lash*—
Which pleased *the Master of* THE CROWN
So much, he had me up to town,
And gave me *lots* of *quids*[4] a year
To *tool*[5] "The Constitution" here,
So, ya-hip, Hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.

Some wonder how the Fly holds out,
So *rotten* 't is, within, without;
So loaded too, through thick and thin,
And with such *heavy creturs* IN.
But Lord, 't will 'last our time—or if
The wheels should, now and then, get stiff,
Oil of *Palm*'s[6] the thing that, flowing,
Sets the *naves* and *felloes*[7] going!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

Some wonder, too, the *tits* that pull
This *rum concern* along, so full,
Should never *back* or *bolt*, or kick
The load and driver to Old Nick.
But, never fear—the breed, though British,
Is now no longer *game* or skittish;
Except sometimes about their *corn*,
Tamer *Houyhnhnms*[8] ne'er were born.
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

And then so sociably we ride!—
While some have *places*, snug, inside,
Some hoping to be there anon,
Through many a dirty road *hang on*.
And when we reach a filthy spot
(Plenty of which there are, God wot,)
You'd laugh to see, with what an air
We *take* the spatter—each his share!
So, ya-hip, Hearties! etc.

---

1 Fetters.

2 Prisoner—This being the only bird in the whole range of Ornithology which the author of Lalla Rookh has not pressed into his service. Mr. Gregson may consider himself very lucky in being able to lay hold of it.

3 His Majesty (in a Song which I regret I cannot give) professed his intentions—

To take to *strong measures* like some of his kin—
To turn away *Count* LEMONADE, and bring in
A more *spirited* ministry under *Duke* GIN!

4 A relative of poor Crockey, who was *lagged* some time since.

5 The same, I suppose, that *served out* Blake (alias *Tom Tough*) some years ago, at Wilsden Green. The *Fancy* Gazette, on that occasion, remarked, that poor Holmes's face was "rendered *perfectly unintelligible*."

1 To drive a hackney coach. *Hack*, however, seems in this place to mean an old broken down stage-coach.

2 To talk slang, parliamentary or otherwise.

3 Horses. 4 Money.

5 A process carried on successfully under the Roman Emperors, as appears from what Tacitus says of the "*Instrumenta* Regni."—To *tool* is a technical phrase among the Knights of the Whip; thus, that illustrious member of the Society, Richard Cypher, Esq. says: "I've dash'd at every thing—*pegg'd* at a *jervy*—*tool'd* a mail-coach."

6 Money.

7 In Mr. Gregson's MS. these words are spelled "*knaves* and *fellows*," but I have printed them according to the proper wheelright orthography."

8 The extent of Mr. Gregson's learning will, no doubt, astonish the reader; and it appears by the following lines, from a Panegyric written upon him, by One of the Fancy, that he is also a considerable adept in the Latin language.

"As to sciences—Bob knows a little of all,
And, in Latin, to show that he 's no ignoramus,
He wrote once an Ode on his friend, *Major Paul*,
And the motto was *Paulo majora canamus*!"

The other song of Mr. Gregson, which I have been lucky enough to lay hold of, was sung by *Old Prosy*, the Jew, who went in the character of Major C—RTW—GHT, and who having been, at one time of his life, apprentice to a mountebank doctor, was able to enumerate, with much volubility, the virtues of a certain infallible nostrum, which he called his ANNUAL PILL. The pronunciation of the Jew added considerably to the effect.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the Character of Major C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!
'T is so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,
And at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If our heads all were found, vere our tailsh ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge avay clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands—
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dullness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister VAN'S.
Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—
Give de Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'T would be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—
But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It vill cure de *Proad Pottom*[1]—a common complaint
Among M. P's. and weavers—from *sitting* too long.[2]
Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce,
(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-vorms, come by degrees!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat 's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

1 Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

2 Whether sedentary habits have any thing to do with this peculiar shape, I cannot determine; but that some have supposed a sort of connexion between them, appears from the following remark, quoted in Kornmann's curious book, *de Virginitatis Jure*—"Ratio perquam lepida est apud Kirchner. in Legato, cum natura illas partes, quæ ad sessionem sunt destinatæ, latiores in fœminis fecerit quam in viris, juniores domi eas manere debere." Cap. 40.

No. V.

The following poem is also from the Morning Chronicle, and has every appearance of being by the same pen as the two others I have quoted. The Examiner, indeed, in extracting it from the Chronicle, says, "we think we can guess whose easy and sparkling hand it is."

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
Utrum ne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.
Ausonius.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*
(By name, and ah! by nature so,)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL

OF A

TRAVELLING MEMBER OF THE POCOCURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

THE Gentleman, from whose Journal the following extracts are taken, was obliged to leave England some years ago (in consequence of an unfortunate attachment, which might have ended in bringing him into Doctors' Commons,) and has but very recently been able to return to England. The greater part of these poems were, as he himself mentions in his Introduction, written or composed in an old *caleche*, for the purpose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling; and as verses made by a gentleman in his sleep have lately been called "a *psychological* curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses made by a gentleman to keep himself awake may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose.—Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, etc.—Writing in Bed.—in the Fields.—Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore.—Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs.—Madame de Stael.—Rhyming on the Road, in an old Caleche.

WHAT various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like BAYES,
Usually stand while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like HENRY STEPHENS, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.[1]

HERODOTUS wrote most in bed;
And RICHERAND, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult MONTAIGNE[2] and PLINY on
The subject, 't is their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.

And truly I suspect they're right—
For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his Haram bowers,
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
'Mid all the glory of his going—
Even *I* have felt beneath those beams,
When wand'ring through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
That, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,
The few, whom genuine Genius warms,
And stamps upon their soul his seal,
Graven with Beauty's countless forms;—
The few upon this earth who seem
Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,
Since in their souls, as in a glass,
Shadows of things divine appear—
Reflections of bright forms that pass
Through fairer worlds beyond our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress;—
For PLATO, too, produced, 't is said
(As one indeed might almost guess,)
His glorious visions all in bed.[1]
'T was in his carriage the sublime
Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme,
And (if the wits don't do him wrong,)
'Twixt death and epics pass'd his time,
Scribbling and killing all day long—
Like Phœbus in his car, at ease,
Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains
And horrors of exenteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you look,
You'll find preserved, with a translation,
By BARTHOLINUS in his book.[2]

1 Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit.—*Paravicin. Singular.*

2 Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis.—*Montaigne.* Animus eorum, qui in aperto aëre ambulant, attollitur.—*Pliny.*

1 The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says:

Lucifer Herodotum vidit vesperque cubantem;
Desedit totos hic Plato sæpe dies.

2 Eadem cura nec minores inter cruciates animam inielicem agenti fuit Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso

In short, 't were endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind
When beaux and belles are round them prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
Their muse and valet both in waiting,
And manage, at the self-same time,
To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble,
Or a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like those of water, were found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
Such was the little feathery wand[1]
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
Those words of lightning on her page.

As for myself—to come at last,
To the odd way in which *I* write—
Having employed these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
You see, of rhyming on the road—
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages—
'Twixt lays and *re*-lays no time lost—
In short, in two words, *writing post.*
My verses, I suspect, not ill
Resembling the crazed vehicle
(An old *calèche*, for which a villain
Charged me some twenty Naps at Milan)
In which I wrote them—patch'd-up things,
On weak, but rather easy, springs,
Jingling along, with little in 'em,
And (where the road is not so rough,
Or deep, or lofty, as to spin 'em,
Down precipices) safe enough.—
Too ready to take fire, I own,
And *then*, too, nearest a break-down;
But, for my comfort, hung so low,
I have n't, in falling, far to go.—
With all this, light, and swift, and airy,
And carrying (which is best of all)
But little for the *Doganieri*[2]
Of the Reviews to overhaul.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.[3]*—Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down.—Obliged to proceed on Foot.—Alps.—Mont Blanc.—Effect of the Scene.*

'T was late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold
'T was distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'T was at this instant—while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling·

I stood entranc'd and mute—as they
Of Israel think th' assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mont Blanc! thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget—
The ecstasy that thrill'd me then!

'T was all that consciousness of power,
And life, beyond this mortal hour,—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heaven—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh, bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'T was all this, at the instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
'T was all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever—man might grow,
Even upon earth, a thing divine,
And be once more the creature made
To walk unstain'd the Elysian shade!

No—never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.

ipsum, intestina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim suavem carmina cecinit, etc.—*Bartholin. de causis contempt. mort.*

1 Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.
2 Custom-house officers. 3 Between Vattay and Gex.

And should my spirit's hope grow weak—
Should I, O God! e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour;
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality!

EXTRACT II.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented.—Former Glory.—Expedition against Constantinople.—Giustinianis.—Republic.—Characteristics of the old Government.—Golden Book.—Brazen Mouths.—Spies.—Dungeons.—Present Desolation.

Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unbless'd,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His powerful sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice—though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her—she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every King and State
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,[1]
And the Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.[2]

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for, vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood!

Desolate Venice! when I track
Thy haughty course through centuries back,—
Thy ruthless power, obeyed but curs'd,—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
Had stronger fear not chill'd even hate;
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi[1] taught,—
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death,—[2]
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Shut against humble Virtue's name,[3]
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame,—[4]
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er every glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each other's eyes,
To read their chance of life or death,—
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legalized the assassin's knife,—[5]
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and leads[6] that burn out life;—
When I review all this, and see
What thou art sunk and crush'd to now;
Each harpy maxim, hatch'd by thee,
Return'd to roost on thy own brow,—
Thy nobles towering once aloft,
Now sunk in chains—in chains, that have
Not even that borrow'd grace, which oft
The master's fame sheds o'er the slave,
But are as mean as e'er were given
To stiff-neck'd Pride, by angry Heaven—
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat—
"Thus perish every King and State,
That treads the steps which Venice trod;
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against man and God!"

EXTRACT III

Venice.

L——d B——'s Memoirs, Written by himself.—Reflections, when about to read them.

Let me, a moment—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—

1 Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

2 "La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expedition; elle fournit cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait."—*Historie de Venise* par *Daru*.

1 The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

2 Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see *Daru*, vol. ii. p. 141.

3 "A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle."—*Daru*.

4 Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

5 By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

6 "Les prisons des plombs; c'est-à-dire ces fournaises

As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON'S birds,[1] speaking their master's name,
In every language syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who 've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like powers, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed—
Would love to trace the unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveller,[2] when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the Star of Bitterness which fell
On earth of old, and touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, even now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all, who 've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb, that, once a sun in Heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that, of its grandeur, lasts
Nought but the wide cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—the adventures, bold and strange:
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold;
If truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who served him young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but, no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.

While they who court the world, like MILTON'S cloud,[1]
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature, hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

EXTRACT IV.

Venice.

The English to be met with every where.—Alps and Threadneedle-street.—The Simplon and the Stocks.—Rage for travelling.—Blue Stockings among the Wahabees.—Parasols and Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

AND is there then no earthly place
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision!

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle-street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—

"The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill!)
Are lowering fast—(what! higher still?)—
And—(zooks, we're mounting up to Heaven!)—
Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet-Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference *which*
Mixes, though even to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
To gape at things in foreign lands
No soul among them understands—
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids—[2]
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot that 's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see

ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais."

1 Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions: whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"

2 Bruce.

1 ——"Did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."
Comus.

2 It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
And toast upon the Wall of China!

EXTRACT V.

Florence.

No—'tis not the region where love's to be found—
They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,
When she warbled her best—but they've nothing like Love.

Nor is it that *sentiment* only they want,
Which Heaven for the pure and the tranquil hath made—
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;

That feeling, which, after long years are gone by,
Remains like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
Where, even though the flush of the colours may fly,
The features still live in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,
Grow wreathed into one—like the column, combined
Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, every where,
By the ARNO, the Po, by all ITALY'S streams—
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.

But it *is* not this, only—born, full of the light
Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,
That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons!

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn'd,
And that Love, though unused, in this region of spring,
To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are* those explosions of heart,
Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame;
Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,
Where Love is a sun-stroke that maddens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul,
Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source
Of some mountainous rivulet, destined to roll
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends
A more head-long descent, without chance of recal;
But which Modesty, even to the last edge attends,
And, at length, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even
In the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,
The heaven of Virtue, from which it has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only be found
Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,
And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the Temple of Love

This perfection of Passion—how *can* it be found,
Where the mysteries Nature hath hung round the tie
By which souls are together attracted and bound,
Are laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye—

Where nought of those innocent doubts can exist,
That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
And curtains them round in their own native light—

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought,
But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones taught—

Oh no—'tis not here, howsoever we're given,
Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,
Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's heaven,
Here *is* not the region to fix or to stray;

For, faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they a husband can mourn as a loss?—
What have they a lover can prize as a gain?

EXTRACT VI.

Rome.

Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347.—*The Meeting of the Conspirators on the night of the* 19*th of May.*—*Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.*—*Rienzi's Speech.*

'T WAS a proud moment—even to hear the words
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breathed,
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed—
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
For his dear ROME, must to a Roman be—
Short as it was—worth ages pass'd away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'T was on a night of May—beneath that moon
Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—
The sound of the church clock,[1] near ADRIAN'S Tomb,
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for ROME,

[1] It is not easy to discover what church is meant by De Cerceau here:—"Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, le nuit du lendemain, dixneuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint Ange au son de la cloche, afin de pourvoir au Bon Etat."

To meet unarm'd, with nought to watch them there
But GOD's own Eye, and pass the night in prayer.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that awful fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band,
And, as the breeze, fresh from the TIBER, fann'd
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven—[1]
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
While many a Shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved,
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.
'Twas then that thou, their Tribune (name which brought
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
Didst, from a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
To call up in her sons again, thus speak:—

"ROMANS! look round you—on this sacred place
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men—
What see you now? what solitary trace
Is left of all that made ROME's glory then?
The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
Even of its name—and nothing now remains
But the deep memory of that glory, left
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,
Treading the very soil our fathers trode,
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
What visitation hath there come from GOD,
To blast our strength and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,
If we, the living, are too weak to crush
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
Till all but ROMANS at ROME's tameness blush!"

"Happy PALMYRA! in thy desert domes,
Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
For the stork's brood, superb PERSEPOLIS!
Thrice happy both that your extinguish'd race
Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
No slaves, to crawl around the once-proud spot,
Till past renown in present shame's forgot;
While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world—
ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain'd, and cursed,
Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,
By living human things—the deadliest, worst,
That earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!

And we!—oh shame!—we, who have ponder'd o'er
The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
Tracking our country's glories all the way—
Even *we* have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground
Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,
The World's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crown'd
And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre![2]
But this is past—too long have lordly priests
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
Withering about us—like devoted beasts,
Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
'T is o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
The Genius of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!"

EXTRACT VII.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen.—Her Story.—Numerous Pictures of her.—Correggio.—Guido.—Raphael, etc.—Canova's two exquisite Statues.—The Somarwa Magdalen—Chantrey's Admiration of Canova's Works.

No wonder, MARY, that thy story
Touches all hearts—for there we see
The soul's corruption and its glory,
Its death and life, combined in thee.
From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit, haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires, which had inshrined
Themselves, like demons, in thy form,
Till when, by touch of Heaven set free,
Thou camest, with those bright locks of gold,
(So oft the gaze of BETHANY,)
And, covering in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years!—
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him
Whose bitter death-cup from above,
Had yet this sweetening round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by him to the last!
Till—bless'd reward for truth like thine!—
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone,
That thou mightst see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,

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1 For a description of these banners, see Notes.

1 The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning "Spirto gentil," is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguené asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by De Cerceau, where he says: "Pour tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramené la justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et toutes les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or."

2 See Note.

And make that bright revealment known
To hearts less trusting than thy own—
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever given,
Even under GOD's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, MARY, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where man before his GOD appears,
Hopeless—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him who pardon'd thee!
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the power
Of keeping thee most lovely still
Throughout thy sorrow's bitterest hour—
That soft CORREGGIO should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That GUIDO's pale unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm:
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth CARLINO—should delight
In picturing her who "loved so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, MARY, 'mong the best essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith hath given thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,
Not one hath equall'd, hath come nigh
CANOVA's fancy; oh, not one
Hath made thee feel, and live, and die
In tears away, as *he* hath done,
In those bright images, more bright
With true expression's breathing light
Than ever yet beneath the stroke
Of chisel into life awoke!
The one,[1] pourtraying what thou wert
In thy first grief, while yet the flower
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow consuming power,
And mingling earth's luxurious grace
With Heaven's subliming thoughts so well,
We gaze, and know not in *which* place
Such beauty most was form'd to dwell!—
The other, as thou look'dst when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thee down—and ne'er did Art
With half such mental power express
The ruin which a breaking heart
Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness!
Those wasted arms, that keep the trace,
Even now, of all their youthful grace—
Those tresses, of thy charms the last
Whose pride forsook thee, wildly cast—
Those features, even in fading worth
The freshest smiles to others given,
And those sunk eyes, that see not earth,
But whose last looks are full of Heaven!

Wonderful artist! praise like mine—
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals—
Is little to the words that came
From him, thy peer in art and fame,
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight,
And, while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,[1]
Give thee, with all the generous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame—a rival's praise!

1 This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

EXTRACT VIII.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warens.—Their Menage.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the Spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, etc.

STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw
O'er all that 's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes,
As dazzle even the steadiest eyes!

About a century since, or near,
A middle-aged Madame lived here,
With character, even worse than most
Such middle-aged Madames can boast.
Her footman was—to gloss it over
With the most gentle term—her lover;
Nor yet so jealous of the truth
And charms of this impartial fair,
As to deny a pauper youth,
Who join'd their snug *ménage*, his share
And there they lived, this precious three,
With just as little sense or notion
Of what the world calls decency,
As hath the sea-calf in the ocean.
And, doubtless, 'mong the grave, and good,
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, low people, low and bad—
Madame, herself, to footmen prone,
And her young pauper, all but mad.
Who could have thought this very spot
Would, one day, be a sort of shrine,
Where—all its grosser taints forgot,
Or gilt by Fancy till they shine—
Pilgrims would meet, from many a shore,
To trace each mouldering chamber o'er;

1 Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice, by the light of a small candle.

Young bards to dream of virtuous fame,
Young maids to lisp De Waren's name,
And mellower spinsters—of an age
Licensed to read Jean Jacques's page—
To picture all those blissful hours
He pass'd in these sequester'd bowers,
With his dear Maman and his flowers!
Spinsters, who—if, from glowing heart
Or erring head, some living maid
Had wander'd even the thousandth part
Of what this worthy Maman stray'd—
Would bridle up their virtuous chins
In horror at her sin of sins,
And—could their chaste eyes kill with flashes—
Frown the fair culprit into ashes!

'T is too absurd—'t is weakness, shame,
This low prostration before Fame—
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er as they please.
No—let triumphant Genius have
All that his loftiest wish can crave.
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first—
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know;
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt—
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not,
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot—
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget—
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rivulet—
The flitting to and fro of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of man disturb'd their orisons!—
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope,
Even through the shade of sadness, catches!—
All this, which—could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play—
This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is—
Of Love, where self hath only part,
As echoing back another's bliss—
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
Purer and fresher in their flow—
Of happy days, that share their beams
'T wixt quiet mirth and wise employ—
Of tranquil nights, that give in dreams
The moonlight of the morning's joy!—
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful memories near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*
If ever given to mortal) showed
What an impostor Genius is—
How with that strong, mimetic art
Which is its life, and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes—
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls along the sullying sod—
What sensibility may fall
From its false lip, what plans to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness—
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through Heaven they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very worsers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor ask a Heaven above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most,
And while, with Freedom on their lips,
Sounding her timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever lord or patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade!

Out on the craft—I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that 's o'er my head,
Than thus, with high-built genius cursed,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that 's brightest—worst—
Sublimest—meanest in creation!

NOTES.

Page 203, line 57.

Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing SARPI taught.

THE spirit in which these maxims of Father Paul are written, may be sufficiently judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says:—"Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerrir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus: "Tendre à dépouiller les villes de leurs privilèges, faire que les habitans s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou plus dévoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit: *enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un pretexte quelconque, mais en evitant de recourir a la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office du bourreau, cela est moins odieux et beaucoup plus profitable.*"

Page 203, note.

By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, etc.

M. Daru has given an abstract of these Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a system of treachery and cruelty should ever have been established by any government, or submitted to, for an instant, by any people. Among various precautions against the intrigues of their own nobles, we find the following:—"Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangereux d'entretenir quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à poignarder quiconque essaierait de tenter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne prêtassent foi difficilement à une délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé audessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, reçut la mission d'assassiner ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce banni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre."—"Remarquons," adds M. Daru, "que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, écrite d'avance; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves, à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts."

The cases in which assassination is ordered by these statutes are as follow:—

"Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle parmi les marins le menstrance, passait-il au service d'une puissance étrangère, il fallait le faire assassiner, surtout si c'était un homme réputé brave et habile dans sa profession."—(*Art. 3, des Statuts.*)

"Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeât pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on devait le faire empoisonner."—(*Art. 14.*)

"Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en v exportant quelque procédé de l'industrie nationale: c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat."—(*Art. 26.*)

The facility with which they got rid of their Duke of Bedfords, Lord Fitzwilliams, etc. was admirable, it was thus:—

"Le patricien qui se permettait la moindre propos contre le gouvernement, était admonété deux fois, et à la troisième *voye comme incorrigible.*—(*Art. 39.*)

Page 205, line 77.

Reflexions on reading, etc.

The "Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi," by the Jesuit de Cerceau, is chiefly taken from the much more authentic work of Fortifiocca on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a laundress.

Page 206, line 9.

Their gilded gonfalons.

"Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé *le bon discur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assize sur deux lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre *une Palme* pour representer la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de *la Liberte.* Le Second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite *une Epee* nue et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice, et la paix."—*Du Cerceau*, liv. 2.

Page 206, line 63.

That Ghost of Her,
The world's Imperial Mistress.

This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect:—"For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"

FABLES FOR THE **** *******.

——————— tu Regibus alas
Eripe. *Virgil. Georg.* lib. iv.

——————— clip the wings
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.
Dryden's Translation.

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A Dream.

I've had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjuror, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood;
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,[1]
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—
Like an aurora borealis.

In this said palace—furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are—
I dream'd there was a splendid ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain, with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen who 've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy, and designed
To hint how thus the human mind
May—like the stream imprison'd there—
Be check'd and chill'd till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.
Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
As Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledged her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled
To see that goodly company
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded;
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seized with an ill-omen'd dripping,
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling,
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
So used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 't was who could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.
And now, to an Italian air,
This precious brace would hand in hand go;
Now—while old ****** from his chair,
Intreated them his toes to spare—
Call'd loudly out for a fandango.

And a fandango, 'faith, they had,
At which they all set to like mad—
Never were Kings (though small the expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies,)
So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah! that dance—that Spanish dance—
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red—as 't were a glance
Shot from an angry southern sun—
A light through all the chambers flamed,
Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,
"A thaw, by Jove!—we're lost, we're lost!
Run, F——! a second *Waterloo*
Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut!*"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
In palaces without foundations?
Instantly all was in a flow:
Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations,
Those royal arms, that look'd so nice,
Cut out in the resplendent ice;
Those eagles, handsomely provided
With double heads for double dealings—
How fast the globes and sceptres glided
Out of their claws on all the ceilings!

1 "It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice, on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect."—*Pinkerton.*

Proud Prussia's double bird of prey,
Tame as a spatch-cock, slunk away;
While—just like France herself, when she
Proclaims how great her naval skill is—
Poor ******' drowning *fleurs-de-lys*
Imagined themselves *water*-lilies.
And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
But—still more fatal execution—
The Great Legitimates themselves
Seem'd in a state of dissolution.
The indignant Czar—when just about
To issue a sublime Ukase—
"Whereas, all light must be kept out"
Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,
Some word like "Constitution," long
Conceal'd in frosty silence there,
Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
While ******, lapsing by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese,
And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew
Himself into a *fondu* too;—
Or, like that goodly King they make
Of sugar, for a twelfth-night cake,
When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute
Ere the bright dome, and all within it—
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors—all were gone!
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchised bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way—
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when in sparkling fetters tied,
And deck'd with all that kingly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream—and, I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.
That Spanish dance—that southern beam—
But I say nothing—there 's my dream—
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

Procm.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections
Raised to the throne, 't is strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have required in royalty.
Some, likeing monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chosen their Sovereigns by the weight;
Some wish'd them tall; some thought your dumpy,
Dutch-built the true Legitimate.[1]

The Easterns, in a Prince, 't is said,
Prefer what 's call'd a jolter-head;[1]
The Egyptians were n't at all partic'lar,
So that their Kings had not red hair—
This fault not even the greatest stickler
For the blood-royal well could bear
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations;
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching the acquired or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There 's one which I shall here recite:—

Fable.

THERE was a land—to *name* the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
Some act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your *common* people gorgons!

Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
Or that the Queen (God save us!) squinted—
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurr'd:
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his royal word,
That they were frights and he was beauteous

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this:—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord! the very thought was treason!

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 't is known
We never half so earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd 's our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing
(As crowds well govern'd always do,)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end; and so, one day,

1 The Goths had a law to choose always a short thick man for their king.—*Munster, Cosmog.* lib. iii. p. 164.

1 "In a Prince, a jolter-head is invaluable."—*Oriental Field Sports.*

Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'T was said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there—
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And, from that hour, historians date
The downfall of the race of beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, established mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards:

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd—and knew themselves

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their own,
And cried, "How *could* such monstrous quizzes,
In Beauty's name, usurp the throne?"

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon cosmetical economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court they levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations:
Besides, what follows is the tale
Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

Proem.

Of all that, to the sage's-survey
This world presents of topsy-turvey,
There 's nought so much disturbs his patience
As little minds in lofty stations.
'T is like that sort of painful wonder
Which slight and pigmy columns under
Enormous arches give beholders;
Or those poor Caryatides,
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders

If, as in some few royal cases,
Small minds are *born* into such places—
If they are there, by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why—Heaven forbid we should repine!—
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Nay, even to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir Robert Filmer says—and he,
Of course, knew all about the matter—
"Both men and beasts love monarchy:"
Which proves how rational—the latter
Sidney, indeed, we know, had quite
A different notion from the knight;
Nay, hints a King may lose his head
By slipping awkwardly his bridle:
But this is Jacobin, ill-bred,
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no—it is n't foolish Kings
(Those fix'd, inevitable things—
Bores paramount, by right of birth)
That move my wrath, but your pretenders
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who, not like t' others, *crown'd* offenders
(Regular *gratia Dei* blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets,)
Nor leaving, on the scale of mind,
These royal Zeros far behind,
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,
And, though too dull to manage shops
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations

This class it is that moves my gall,
And stirs up spleen, and bile, and all
While other senseless things appear
To know the limits of their sphere—
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceit she dances—
While the most jumping Frog we know of,
Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off—
Your ****'s and ****'s dare,
Pigmy as are their minds, to set them
To *any* business, *any* where,
At *any* time that fools will let them.
But leave we here these upstart things—
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story:

Fable.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And, even when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 't was out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings—
Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,
Bats, hieraphants, blue-bottle flies, and such things—
As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)
Stepp'd into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,[1]
Made much of, and worshipp'd as something divine;
While a large handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine

Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—
"If 't is n't impertinent, may I ask why
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offered up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

"No wonder," said t' other, "you stare at the sight,
But *we* as a symbol of monarchy view it:
That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock the people that's sacrificed to it."

FABLE IV.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Proem.

"The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must evidently be perverted by them."—*Soame Jenyns.*

Thus did Soame Jenyns—though a Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations—
Feel how Religion's simple glory
Is stained by State associations.

When Catherine, after murdering Poles
Appeal'd to the benign Divinity,
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls—[2]
All in the name of the bless'd Trinity;
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Puts every fire of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia's praises—
When he, of royal saints the type,
In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge!
When ****** (whom, as King and eater,
Some name ***-****, and some *** *******
Calls down "Saint Louis' God" to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons-
Sages with muskets and laced coats—
To cram instruction, *nolens volens*,
Down the poor struggling Spaniard's throats--
I can't help thinking (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men, bow)
That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things—
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow!

Or—not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer home—
When we see churchmen, who, if ask'd,
"Must Ireland's slaves be tithed and task'd,
And driven, like negroes or croats,
That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss?"
Look from beneath their shovel hats
With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"
But then, if question'd, "Shall the brand
Intolerance flings throughout that land,
Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
Suffering nor peace nor love to grow,
Be ever quench'd?"—from the same shovels
Look grandly forth, and answer "No!"—
Alas, alas! have *these* a claim
To merciful Religion's name?

If more you want, go, see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee
(Chusing your time, when straw 's before
Some apoplectic bishop's door:)
There, if thou canst with life escape
That sweep of lawn, that press of crape,
Just watch their rev'rences and graces,
Should'ring their way on, at all risks,
And say, if those round ample faces
To heaven or earth most turn their disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made,
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade-
This most ill-match'd, unholy *Co.*
From whence the ills we witness flow-
The war of many creeds with one,
The extremes of *too* much faith, and none
The qualms, the fumes of sect and sceptic,
And all that Reason, grown dyspeptic
By swallowing forced or noxious creeds,
From downright indigestion breeds;
Till, 'twixt old bigotry and new,
'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant—the two
Rank ills with which this age is cursed-
We can no more tell *which* is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile—
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlile,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
At once benighting and devouring!

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1 According to Ælian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony—Σφάττειν βοῦν ταῖς μυίαις.—*De Animal.* lib. ii. cap. 6.

2 Ames, demi ames, etc.

This—this it is—and here I pray
Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
Not what we mean, but what they choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils
As caterpillars find those flies[1]
That, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—
To guard against such foul deposits,
Of others' meanings in my rhymes
(A thing more needful here because it 's
A subject ticklish in these times,)
I here to all such wits make known,
Monthly and weekly, Whig and Tory,
'T is *this* Religion—this alone—
I aim at in the following story:

Fable.

When Royalty was young and bold,
Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become—
If 't is not civil to say *old*—
At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme.*

One evening, on some wild pursuit,
Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his *vis-à-vis.*

This said Religion was a friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.

"I say"—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted, too,
By a laced coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scampering like mad about the town;
Broke windows—shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they whose heads were broke,
Learn of the "why" or the "wherefore,"
Except that 't was Religion's cloak
The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd
By the laced coat, grew frisky too—
Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—
And storm'd about as great men do—

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—
Said "Damn you," often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people's purses—
In short, grew either knave or mad.

As work like this was unbefitting,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As courts must wrangle to decide well,)
Religion to Saint Luke's was sent,
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell:

With this proviso—Should they be
Restored in due time to their senses,
They both must give security
In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;
And Royalty to crack his joke—
But *not* to crack poor people's heads, too

FABLE V.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

Proem.

Novella, a young Bolognese,
The daughter of a learn'd law doctor,[1]
Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
Was so exceeding fair, 't is said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,
She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence.[2]
Just so it is with Truth—when *seen*,
Too fair and bright—'t is from behind
A light, thin allegoric screen,
She thus can safest teach mankind.

Fable.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we 're told,
A little Lama, one year old—
Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut—as near as can be reckon'd—
Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second.*
Chronologers and verses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know the important truth—
His Majesty *had* cut a tooth.[3]

And much his subjects were enchanted,
As well all Lamas' subjects may be,

1 "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body—at every dart they deposit an egg."—*Goldsmith.*

1 Andreas.

2 Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyait Novelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en chargé, et afin que la biauté d' elle n' empêchât la pensée des oyants elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle.—*Christ.* de Pise *Cité des Dames*, p. 11. chap. 36.

3 See *Turner's* Embassy to Thibet for an account of his interview with the Lama. "Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum."

And would have given their heads, if wanted,
To make tee-totums for the baby
As he was there by Right Divine
(What lawyers call *Jure Divino*,
Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
And every body's goods and rhino)—
Of course his faithful subjects' purses
Were ready with their aids and succours—
Nothing was seen but pension'd nurses,
And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
Ye gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates!
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!
What calls for papers to expose
The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!
But no—if Thibet *had* M. Ps.,
They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
Dur'ng the Monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm; for, just when he
Had reach'd the alarming age of three,
When royal natures—and, no doubt
Those of *all* noble beasts—break out,
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whosoe'er came nigh—
Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,
And trod on the old General's toes—
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
Rode cock-horse on the City maces,
And shot, from little devilish guns,
Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
And grew so mischievous (God bless him!)
That his chief Nurse—though with the aid
Of an Archbishop—was afraid,
When in these moods, to comb or dress him;
And even the persons most inclined
For Kings, through thick and thin, to stickle,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,
Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length, some patriot lords—a breed
Of animals they have in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
For folks like Pidcock to exhibit—
Some patriot lords, seeing the length
To which things went, combined their strength,
And penn'd a manly, plain and free
Remonstrance to the Nursery;
In which, protesting that they yielded
To none, that ever went before 'em—
In loyalty to him who wielded
The hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em—
That, as for treason, 't was a thing
That made them almost sick to think of—
That they and theirs stood by the King,
Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,
When others, thinking him consumptive,
Had ratted to the heir Presumptive:—
But, still—though much admiring Kings
(And chiefly those in leading-strings)—
They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
There was no longer now the wise
And constitutional control
Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes;
But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
And freaks occurr'd the whole day long,
As all, but men with bishopricks,
Allow'd, even in a King, were wrong—
Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
That Honourable Nursery,
That such reforms be henceforth made,
As all good men desired to see;—
In other words (lest they might seem
Too tedious,) as the gentlest scheme
For putting all such pranks to rest,
And in its bud the mischief nipping—
They ventured humbly to suggest
His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read—no Congreve rocket,
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the Nursery Benches.
The Bishops, who of course had votes,
By right of age and petticoats,
Were first and foremost in the fuss—
"What, whip a Lama!—suffer birch
To touch his sacred —— infamous!
Deistical!—assailing thus
The fundamentals of the Church!
No—no—such patriot plans as these
(So help them Heaven—and their sees!)
They held to be rank blasphemics."

The alarm thus given, by these and other
Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
Spread through the land, till, such a pother
Such party squabbles, far and wide,
Never in history's page had been
Recorded, as were then between
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
Till, things arriving at a state
Which gave some fears of revolution,
The patriot lords' advice, though late,
Was put at last in execution.
The Parliament of Thibet met—
The little Lama, call'd before it,
Did, then and there, his whipping get,
And (as the Nursery Gazette
Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though 'mong Thibet Tories, some
Lament that Royal Martyrdom
(Please to observe, the letter D
In this last word 's pronounced like B,)
Yet to the example of that Prince
So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
'Tis said, her little Lamas since
Have all behaved themselves *much* better

FABLE VI.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

Proem.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Woe to the Monarch who depends
Too *much* on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think—
  Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*,—
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
  (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
  As fond of liberty as Mina;
Else—woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever
  Once turns into a *Scarletina!*
For then—but hold—'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale:—

Fable.

A LORD of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate,
Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
Whose fires, beneath his very nose
In heretic combustion rose.
But lords of Persia can, no doubt,
  Do what they will—so, one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
  First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
  He knock'd their temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
  Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my lord to find,
  That, while all else obey'd his will,
The fire these Ghebers left behind—
  Do what he would—kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;
But no—such fires are headstrong things,
And care not much for lords or kings.
Scarce could his lordship well contrive
  The flashes in *one* place to smother,
Before—hey, presto—all alive,
  They sprung up freshly in another.

At length, when, spite of prayers and damns,
'T was found the sturdy flame defied him,
His stewards came, with low *salams*,
  Offering, by *contract*, to provide him
Some large extinguishers (a plan
Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
Vienna, Petersburgh—in short,
Wherever light 's forbid at court)—
Machines no lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
Fires of all kinds—from staring stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark—
Till all things slept as dull and dark
As, in a great lord's neighbourhood,
'T was right and fitting all things should.
Accordingly, some large supplies
  Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the true, imperial size,)
  And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,
Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah! how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day, when he had left all sure
(At least *believed* so,) dark, secure—
The flame, at all its exits, entries,
  Obstructed to his heart's content,
And black extinguishers, like sentries,
  Placed upon every dangerous vent—
Ye gods! imagine his amaze,
  His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,
He found not only the old blaze,
  Brisk as before, crackling and burning—
Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations—
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
The Extinguishers themselves on fire!!!
They, they—those trusty, blind machines
  His lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
  Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now themselves—alas, too true
The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
  "What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
  To great men is—to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds
  The banish'd Ghebers bless'd return'd:
And, though their fire had broke its bounds,
  And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,
The living glory dwelt inshrined,
And, shedding lustre, strong but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy Heaven

Moral.

The moral hence my Muse infers
  Is—that such lords are simple elves,
In trusting to extinguishers
  That are combustible themselves.

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1 The idea of this fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots* which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the *Letters to Julia*—a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE;

TWO POEMS.

PREFACE.

The practice which has lately been introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; for it supplies us with a mode of turning stupid poetry to account; and as horses too dull for the saddle may serve well enough to draw lumber, so poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos."

In the first of the following poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But, however an Englishman may be reproached with ingratitude, for appreciating the merits and results of a measure which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might be in Alderman Birch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge, to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman *may* venture to criticise the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or the suspicion of being influenced by any popish remains of jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb-ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of prerogative, that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm, it limited the only interference of the Crown which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses are therefore obvious to their senses and capacities: like the myrtle over a certain statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from their sight the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue, and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded, till at length this spirit of influence is become the vital principle of the state, whose agency, subtle and unseen, pervades every part of the constitution, lurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements; and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

> "Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
> Componit furtim subsequiturque."

The cause of liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated by Englishmen, that, probably, in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but nothing can be more unjust than such a suspicion;—the very object which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied, and that, as she then had a Revolution without a Reform, she may now seek a Reform without a Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be assumed by any party whatever: Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have been often much more elegantly urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some men, like the pupil of the eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION,

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' απαντ' αφαιρ εξ αγορας εκπεπρακται ταυτα· αντεστηκεν δε αυτι τουτων, υφ' ων απολωλε και διεφθαρκεν η Ελλας. Ταυτα δ' εστι τι; ζηλος, ει τις ειληφε τι· γελως αν οφλοι γ· συγγνωμη τοις ειληχοσιν, μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα· ταλλα, παντα, οσα εκ του δημοσιου ηρτηται.

Demosth. Philipp. iii.

Boast on, my friend—though, stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride:[1]
That pride which once in genuine glory woke,
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives e'en Wh*tel*cke's sword and H*wksb'ry's tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle,[2]
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate[3]—where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,
We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,
As weeping slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts,
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear
Which loves no politics in rhyme but P—e's,
And hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies;
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching Lords—[1]
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she looked for life, her deadliest wound
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.[2]

1 Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.—*Barclay* (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces.)

2 England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her Government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France."—See his History, vol. i. page 111.

3 "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland, in 1691 (says Burke,) the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure too of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer as for "invaluable blessings," etc. And this is the era which such Governors as his Grace the Duke of R–chm–nd think it politic to commemorate, in the eyes of my insulted countrymen, by an annual procession round the statue of King William!

An unvarying trait of the policy of Great Britain towards Ireland has been her selection of such men to govern us as were least likely to deviate into justice and liberality, and the alarm which she has taken when any conscientious Viceroy has shown symptoms of departure from the old code of prejudice and oppression. Our most favourite Governors have accordingly been our shortest visitors, and the first moments of their popularity have in general been the last of their government. Thus sir Anthony Bellingham, after the death of Henry the Eighth, was recalled, "for not sufficiently consulting the English interests," or, in other words, for not shooting the requisite quantity of wild Irish. The same kind of delinquency led to the recall of Sir John Perrot, in Elizabeth's time, and to that of the Earl of Radnor, in the reign of Charles the Second, of whom Lord Orford says, "We are not told how he disappointed the King's expectations, probably not by too great complaisance, nor why his administration, which Burnet calls *just*, was disliked. If it is true that he was a good governor, the presumption will be that his rule was not disliked by those *to* whom but *from* whom he was sent."—*Royal and Noble Authors.*

We are not without instances of the same illiberal policy in our own times.

1 It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, etc. that all the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. The Revolution, as its greatest admirers acknowledge, was little more than a recognition of ancient privileges, a restoration of that old Gothic structure which was brought from the woods of Germany into England. Edward the First had long before made a similar recognition, and had even more expressly reverted to the first principles of the constitution, by declaring that "the people should have their laws, liberties, and free customs, as largely and wholly as they have used to have the same at any time they had them." But, luckily for the Crown and its interests, the concessions both of Edward and of William have been equally vague and verbal, equally theoretical and insincere. The feudal system was continued, notwithstanding the former, and Lord M——'s honest head is upon his shoulders, in spite of the latter. So that I confess I never meet with a politician who seriously quotes the Declaration of Rights, etc. to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of the Marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions, (*a*) who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, upon the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor Marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but he found no mines after all.

2 The chief, perhaps the only, advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is the tranquil, uninterrupted flow which it has given to the administration of Government. If Kings *must* be paramount in the State (and their Ministers at least seem to think so,) the country is indebted to the Revolution for enabling them to become so quietly, and for removing so skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of preroga tive never failed to produce.

(*a*) Liv. xxi. chap. 11.

While Kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the People, but enrich the Throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With Bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,[1]

Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's light had too much warm'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like Popes had fallen so low
Could pope-like Kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now,)
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which Modern Power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.
'T was then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain!
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How bright, how glorious in that sun-shine hour,
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower[2]
Of British freedom on a rock divine,
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men near to Heaven!
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,[3]
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,[4]

It is the nature of a people in general to attend but to the externals of Government. Having neither leisure nor ability to discuss its measures, they look no deeper than the surface for their utility, and no farther than the present for their consequences. Mrs. Macaulay has said of a certain period, "The people at this time were, as the people of Great Britain always are, half-stupid, half-drunk, and half-asleep;" and however we may dissent from this petulant effusion of a Scotch-woman, it must be owned that the reasoning powers of John Bull are not very easily called into action, and that even where he does condescend to exert them, it is like Dogberry's display of his reading and writing, "where there is no need of such vanity;" as upon that deep question about the dangers of the church, which was submitted for his discussion by Mr. P-rc-v-l at the late elections. It follows, however, from this apathy of the people, that as long as no glaring exertion of power, no open violation of forms is obtruded upon them, it is of very little consequence how matters are managed behind the curtain; and a few quiet men, getting close to the ear of the Throne, may whisper away the salvation of the country so inaudibly, that ruin will be divested of half its alarming preparatives. If, in addition to this slumber of the people, a great majority of those whom they have deputed to watch for them, can be induced, by any irresistible argument, to prefer the safety of the government to the integrity of the constitution, and to think a connivance at the encroachments of power less troublesome than the difficulties which would follow reform, I cannot imagine a more tranquil state of affairs than must necessarily result from such general and well-regulated acquiescence. Instead of vain and agitating efforts to establish that speculative balance of the constitution, which perhaps has never existed but in the pages of Montesquieu(*a*) and de Lolme, a preponderance would be silently yielded to one of the three estates, which would carry the other two almost insensibly, but effectually, along with it; and even though the path might lead eventually to destruction, yet its specious and gilded smoothness would almost atone for the danger—like Milton's bridge over Chaos, it would lead

"Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to ****.

1 Though the Kings of England were most unroyally harassed and fettered in all their pursuits by pecuniary difficulties, before the provident enactments of William's reign had opened to the Crown its present sources of wealth, yet we must not attribute to the Revolutionary Whigs the credit altogether of inventing this art of government. Its advantages had long been understood by ministers and favourites, though the limits of the royal revenue prevented them from exercising it with effect. In the reign of Mary, indeed, the gold of Spain, being added to the usual resources of the Throne, produced such a spirit of ductility in her Parliaments, that the price for which each member had sold himself was publicly ascertained: and if Charles the First could have commanded a similar supply, it is not too much to suppose that the Commonwealth never would have existed. But it was during the reign of the second Charles that the nearest approaches were made to that pecuniary system which our debt, our funds, and our taxes, have since brought to such perfection; and Clifford and Danby would not disgrace even the present times of political venality. Still, however, the experiment was but partial and imperfect, (*b*) and attended with scarcely any other advantage than that of suggesting the uses to which the power of the purse has been since converted, just as the fulminating dust of the chemists may have prepared the way for the invention of gunpowder.

(*a*) Montesquieu seems not a little satisfied with his own ingenuity in finding out the character of the English from the nature of their political institutions; but it appears to me somewhat like that easy sagacity by which Lavater has discovered the genius of Shakspeare in his features.

(*b*) See Preface to a Collection of Debates, etc. in 1694 and 1695, for an account of the public tables kept at Westminster, in Charles the Second's time, "to feed the betrayers of their country." The payment of each day's work was left under their respective plates.

1 The drivelling correspondonce between James I. and his "dog Steenie" (the Duke of Buckingham,) which we find among the Hardwick Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

2 Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, "a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent;" and, in truth, if we reflect on the English history, we shall feel very much inclined to agree with Tacitus. We shall find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendancy of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne which every succeeding year increases. So that the British constitution has never perhaps existed but in theory.

3 "Those two thieves (says Ralph) between whom the nation was crucified."—*Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, page 164.

4 The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that generous spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the Crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of such a moment to enforce, and in framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but they took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and though an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, yet it was not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor indeed with that of his successor Anne, as the purifying clause was not to

The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!
Hence all the ills you suffer, hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,[1]
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,[2]
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.

While Parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of Kings,
Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own!
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals
And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,[1]
That Court and Commons jog one jotless way
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far!

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take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very considerately repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the King were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as faithfully represented as his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those "apostate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its defence the celebrated "Balancing Letter," in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of Parliaments, and, though the declaration of rights acknowledged the necessity of such a reform, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it.(a) But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power which they gave to the Crown of annihilating the freedom of elections, of muddying for ever that stream of representation, which had, even in the most agitated times, reflected some features of the people, but which then, for the first time, became the Pactolus of the Court, and grew so darkened with sands of gold, that it served for the people's mirror no longer. We need but consult the writings of that time, to understand the astonishment then excited by measures, which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet called "The Danger of mercenary Parliaments," 1698; State Tracts, Will. III. vol. ii. p. 635; and see also "Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift." (*State Poems*, vol. iii. p. 327.)

1 The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II. which abolished the tenure of knights' service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit, that Arimanius, which has weakened every effort of the English nation towards liberty, which allowed but half the errors of Popery to be removed at the Reformation, and which planted more abuses than it suffered to be rooted out at the Revolution. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but they would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's "an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time." It formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Mr. Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of dramatic piece, about as likely to be acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

2 —— fore enim tutum iter et patens,
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius,
Ictu fulmineo. *Horat.* lib. iii. od. 16.

Tho Athenians considered seduction so much more dangerous than force, that the penalty for rape was merely a pecuniary fine, while the guilt of seduction was punished with death. And though it must be owned that, during the reign of that ravisher, Prerogative, the poor Constitution was treated like Miss Cunegund among the Bulgarians; yet I agree with the principle of the Athenian law, that her present state of willing self-abandonment is much more hopeless and irreclaimable, and calls for a more signal vengeance upon her seducers.

It would be amusing to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says)(a) to dance to the tune of Allegiance," to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influence. In considering it too since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed, lest Liberty should have a chance of being healed even by the rust of the spear which had wounded her. The power, however, of creating peers, which has generally been exercised *for* the government *against* the constitution, is left in free, unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Court, but which the Whigs rejected with that characteristic delicacy, which has generally prevented them, when in office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends,) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to this generous fit about his prerogative which seized the good king George I., historians have said that the paroxysm originated more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution:(b) but no person acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any *one* of those gracious Monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

1 "They drove so fast (says Welwood of the Ministers of Charles I.,) that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (Memoirs, p. 35.)—But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that suppling oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. If Charles had been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from the Throne the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they are now, and I trust always will be) "dutiful Commons,"—"loyal Commons," etc. etc. and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might take a fancy to.

(a) See a Pamphlet, published in 1693, upon the King's refusing to sign the Triennial Bill, called "A Discourse between a Yeoman of Kent and a Knight of a Shire."—"Hereupon (says the Yeoman) the gentleman grew angry, and said that I talked like a base commonwealth man."

(a) *Historic. and Politic. Discourse*, etc. part ii. p. 114

(b) Coxe says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland

And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,[1]
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!

But soft! my friend—I hear thee proudly say,
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
That dares, with Tory license, to profane
The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
Whom H—wk—sb—y quotes and savoury R—rch admires,
Be slander'd thus? shall honest St—le agree
With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
Of wise State-Poets waste their words in air,
And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain?"[2]

The people!—ah! that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's Spirit long hath pass'd away!
That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features where the soul has fled![3]
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights[4]
Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath!
Even then (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every country but their own,)
Even then the Senate and the Tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to show how Freedom's flood
Had dared to flow, in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd, for ever ebb'd away![5]

1 The period that immediately succeeds a coronation has been called very aptly the Honey-moon of a reign; and it we suppose the Throne to be the wife, and the People the husband,(*a*) I know no better model of a matrimonial transaction, nor one that I would sooner recommend to a woman of spirit, than that which the arrangements of 1688 afford. In the first place, she must not only obtain for her husband, an allowance of pin-money or civil-list establishment, sufficient to render her independent of his caprice, but she must also prevail on him to make her the steward of his estates, and to intrust her with the management of all his pecuniary concerns. I need not tell a woman of sense to what spirited uses she may turn such concessions. He will soon become so tame and docile under her hands, that she may make him play the strangest and most amusing tricks, such as quarrelling with his nearest and dearest relations about a dish of tea,(*b*) a turban,(*c*) or a warfare;(*d*) preparing his house for defence against robbers, by putting fetters and handcuffs on two-thirds of its inmates; employing C—n—g and P—rc—v—l in his sickest moments to read to him alternately Joe Miller and the Catechism, with a thousand other diverting inconsistencies. If her spouse have still enough of sense remaining to grumble at the ridiculous exhibition which she makes of him, let her withhold from him now and then the rights of the Habeas Corpus Act (a mode of proceeding which the women of Athens once adopted,) (*e*) and if the good man loves such privileges, the interruption will soon restore him to submission. If his former wife were a Papist, or had any tendency that way, I would advise my fair Sovereign, whenever he begins to argue with her unpleasantly, to shout out 'No Popery, no Popery!" as loud as she can, into his ears, and it is astonishing what an effect it will have in disconcerting all his arguments. This method was tried lately by an old woman of Northampton, and with much success. Seriously, this convenient bugbear of Popery is by no means the least among the numberless auxiliaries which the Revolution has marshalled on the side of the Throne.—Those unskilful tyrants, Charles and James, instead of profiting wisely by that useful subserviency which has always distinguished the ministers of our religious establishment, were blind enough to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and connected their designs upon the Church so closely with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, "No Popery" was the watchword of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take every possible advantage, and the cry of "No Popery" having, by this means, lost its power of alarming the people against the encroachments of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the claims and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen too, very lately, how the same scarecrow alarm has enabled the Throne to select its ministers from men, whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative *could* arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

(*a*) This is contrary to the symbolical language of prophecy, in which (according to Sir Isaac Newton) the King is the husband, and the people the wife. See Faber, on the Prophecies.—I would beg leave to suggest to Mr. Faber, that his friend Sir R-ch—d M-sgr-ve can, in his own proper person, supply him with an exposition of "the Horns of the Beast."

(*b*) American. (*c*) India. (*d*) Ireland.

(*e*) See the Lysistrata of Aristophanes.—The following is the form of suspension, as he gives it:

Οτος αν ημιν επιτοφθ μαλιστα μου
Κυδιστοθ' εκονσα τ' ανδρι τω' μη πεισομαι

1 Somebody has said "Quand tous les Poëtes seraient noyés, ce ne serait pas grand dommage;" but I am aware that this would be most uncivil language at a time when our birth-day odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P-e and Mr. C-nn-ng. I can assure the latter, too, that I think him (like his water-proof colleague Lord C-stl-r-gh) reserved for a very different fate from that which the author I have just quoted imagines for his poetical fraternity. All I wish is, that he would change places with his brother P-e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

2 "It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley in William' reign) that a Government so sick at heart as ours is, should look so well in the face;" and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid become more loathsome from the remembrance of former endearments."—*Thoughts on the present Discontents*, 1770.

3 . . . . . tutor haberi
Principis, Augusta Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo. *Juvenal.* Sat. x. v. 92

The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.

We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who were particularly useful to the Roman Emperors; they were called "Instrumenta regni," or "Court Tools," from which it appears, that my Lords M-lgr-ve, Ch-th-m, etc etc. are by no means things of modern invention.

4 There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they began "bona libertatis incassum disserere."

Ferguson says, that Cæsar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the Republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power"—*Roman Republic*, book v. chap. 1

Oh! look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts your sleep nor trembles o er your board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could even a prostrate Tribune's power,
Or a mock Senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the rights, the claims of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves?
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die!
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!—
'Heavens, what a picture!"—yes, my friend, *'t is dark*—
"But can *no* light be found, no genuine spark
Of former fire to warm us? Is there none
To act a Marvell's part?"[1]—I fear, not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;[2]
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 't will thrive, but taken *in*, 't will die!

Not bolder truths of sacred freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes,
And loud and upright, till their price be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own—
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb!
And though I feel as if indignant Heaven
Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven,
Who basely hangs the bright, protecting shade
Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,[3]
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe!—

Yet, yet I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue
Nay, when the Constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
To sing old Habeas Corpus by its side,
And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?[1]

See that smooth Lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Seem'd to have destined for those Eastern reigns
When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless things
That men rejected were the choice of Kings.[2]
Even *he*, forsooth (oh, mockery accurst!)
Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—[3]
Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
Thus devils, when *first* rais'd, take pleasing shapes—
But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And withering insult—for the Union thrown
Into thy bitter cup,[4] when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting[5]—if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that demon's bliss;

1 Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last Member of Parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. How very much the Commons have changed their pay-masters!—See the State-Poems for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

2 The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection which we have attained in that system of Government whose bumble beginnings seem to have astonished the worthy Baronet so much. "I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here."—He alludes to that Parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament! a distinction, however, which it has long lost, and which we merely give it from old custom, just as we say *The* Irish Rebellion.

3 "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." 2 Pet. ii.—I suggest, with much deference, to the expounders of Scripture-Prophecy, whether Mr. C-nn-ng is not at present fulfilling the prediction of "the scoffers," who were to come "in the last days."

1 I believe it is in following the corpse to the grave, and not at the wakes (as we call the watching of the dead,) that this elegiac bowl of my countrymen is performed. Spenser says, that our howl "is heathenish, and proceeds from a despair of salvation." If so, I think England may join in chorus with us at present.—The Abbé de Motraye tells us, that the Jews in the East address their dead in a similar manner, and say, "Hu! Hu! Hu! why did you die? Hadn't you a wife? Had'nt you a long pipe?" etc. etc. (See his Travels.) I thought for a long time with Vallancey, that we were a colony of Carthaginians; but from this passage of de Motraye, and from the way in which Mr. P-rc-v-l would have us treated, I begin to suspect we are no better than Jews.

2 According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended eunuchs to the service of Eastern princes, was the ignominious station which they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they found a refuge from the contempt of mankind. Αξιοι ουτις οι ευνουχοι παρα τοις αλλοις ανθρωποις και δια τουτο δεσποτου επικουρου προσδιονται. (*a*)—But I doubt whether even an Eastern Prince would have chosen an entire Administration upon this principle.

3 Does Lord C-stl-r—gh remember the reforming *Resolutions* of his early days?

4 "And in the cup an Union shall be thrown."
Hamlet.

Three Cs were branded in the Sibylline books, as fatal to the peace and liberties of Rome. Τρια καπτα κακιστα (Cornelius Sylla, Cornelius Cinna, and Cornelius Lentulus.) (*b*) And three Cs will be remembered in Ireland as long as C-md-n and cruelty, Cl-re and corruption, C-stl-r—gh and contempt, are alliteratively and appropriately associated.

5 Among the many measures which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the Throne, and to feed up this "Aaron's serpent of the constitution to its present healthy and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Parker said, in a debate upon the former question, that "he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the Court-party in Parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the altera

(*a*) See a pamphlet on the Union, by "a Philosopher."
(*b*) See a Treatise by Pontus De Thiard, "De recta Nominum Impositione," p. 43.

For oh! 't is more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who 've ruin'd thee!
That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield[1]
Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery!
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not* have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends, and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains[2]
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
Turn false to England's bed, and whore with France!—
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artizan of misehief, P-tt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
Sueh are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
Oh England! sinking England![3] boast no more.

tion of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union,) these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the Court; but finding this effart for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have kept to a laudable resolution more firmly.—The effect of Irish representation upon the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and no less permanent.

. . . . . Ουδ' οργ ταυτοτ
Διιπεται ΑΝΤΕΛΛΟΝΤΟΣ. (*a*)

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L-mr-ck, Mr. D-nn-s Br-wne, etc. etc. into the Legislature, must act as a powerful alterative on the Constitution, and clear it by degrees of all the troublesome humours of honesty.

1 The magician's shield in Ariosto:—

E tolto per vertú delln splendore
La libertate a lora. *Cant.* 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man very frequently repeated:

Ειπερ γαρ αδικειν χρη τυραννιδος περι.
Καλλιστον αδικειν· ταλλα δ' ευσεβειν χρεων.

This appears to be also the moral code of Bonaparte.

2 When the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated, Charles the First, as a tribute to his memory, continued all his creatures in the same posts and favours which they had enjoyed under their patron; and much in the same manner do we see the country sacrificed to the manes of a Minister at present.

It is invidious perhaps to look for parallels in the reign of Charles the First, but the expedient of threatening the Commons with dissolution, which has lately been played off with much eclat, appears to have been frequently resorted to at that period. In one instance Hume tells us, that the King sent his Lord Keeper (*not his Jester*) to menace the House, that, unless they despatched a certain Bill for subsidies, they must expect to sit no longer. By similar threats the excise upon beer and ale was carried in Charles the Second's reign. It is edifying to know, that though Mr. C-nn-ng despises Puffendorf, he has no objection to precedents derived from the Court of the Stuarts.

3 The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of states which have grown power-

(*a*) From Aratus (v. 715,) a poet who wrote upon astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject—just as the great Harvey wrote "De Generation," though he had as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C

INTOLERANCE.

PART THE FIRST

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of Religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."—*Addison, Freeholder*, No. 37.

START not, my Friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,[1]

ful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William, in making all Europe take the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice."—*Letters on the French Nation.*

1 The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (see De Pontif. lib. i. cap. 7,) "That Kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;" and in King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron," we find his Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted "that the deposing of a King the consent of the people must be obtained"—"for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the King, and made the judges of the King's deposing." p. 424. —Even in Mariana's celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon Royal power, of the subordination of the Throne to the interests of the people, etc. etc. (De Rege et Regis Institutione. See particularly lib. i. cap. 6. 8, and 9.)—It is rather remarkable, too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession.—(See Doleman's "Conferences," written in support of the title of the Infanta of Spain against that of James I.)—When Englishmen, therefore, say that popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted Constitution is the work and bequest of Popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. "under whom (says Bolingbroke) the constitution of our Parliaments, and the whole form of our Government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the errors of Papery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that Papists, however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution.—But, in truth, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors, and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every other imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantages. If they reject some decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if

When Heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
And Kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *made!*
No, no—let D—gen–n search the Papal chair[1]
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P–rc–v–l snuff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen–n's gather'd sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
From Popes or Lawyers,[2] Pastry-cooks or Kings;
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
As C–nn–ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H–wk–sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my Friend—if, in these headlong days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven has freed from poisonous things in vain
While G–ff–rd's tongue and M–sgr–ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonized by scorn!
When C–stl–r—gh,[3] in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
Shall wait the impeachment of that awful day
Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away!

And oh! my friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by C–md–n[1] there
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot—[2]
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in Nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too,
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,[3]
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,

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they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.

1 The "Sella *Stercoraria*" of the Popes.—The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "Disquisitio Historica de Papa Fœmina," (p. 118;) and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the *Friar*-Council of Ireland.

2 When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that "he had been bred a Lawyer, and had therefore nothing to do with divinity."—It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their element as well as Pope Innocent X.

3 The breach of faith which the managers of the Irish Union have been guilty of, in disappointing those hopes of emancipation which they excited in the bosoms of the Catholics, is no new trait in the annals of English policy. A similar deceit was practised to facilitate the Union with Scotland, and hopes were held out of exemption from the Corporation and Test Acts, in order to divert the Parliament of that country from encumbering the measure with any stipulation to that effect.

1 Not the C–md–n who speaks thus of Ireland:
"Atque uno verbo dicam, sive lernes fœcunditatem, sive maris et portuum opportunitatem, sive incolus respicies qui bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lineamentis conspicui mirifica carnis mollitie et propter musculorum teneritatem agilitate incredibili, a multis dotibus ita fel.x est insula, ut non male dixerit Gyraldus, 'naturam hoc Zephyri regnum benigniori oculo respexisse.'"

2 The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has given, will produce, I fear, no other effect than that of determining the British Government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, "because," as they say, "the devil has white ones." (*a*)

3 One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings and articles breathe the same uncharitable spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek church, and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapsensis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes."(*b*) But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting,—while so much liberty of retraction is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be refused, with such inconvincible obstinacy, to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has flourished independently? When the Catholics say, "The decree of the council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason: it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first Pope, Henry VIII. was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the *acts* of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our Popes. With respect, too to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength

(*a*) See l'Histoire Naturelle et Polit. du Royaume de Siam, etc.
(*b*) Strictures on the Articles, Subscriptions, etc.

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next*
Your R–desd–les, P–rc–v–ls,—oh, gracious Heaven!
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes!—rather plunge me back in Pagan night
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,[1]
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which, binding polity in spiritual chains,
And tainting piety with temporal stains,[2]
Corrupts both State and Church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both—
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here![3]

of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that Decree a calumnious forgery, a forgery, too, so obvious and ill-fabricated, that none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the slightest credit of authenticity."—When the Catholics make these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them;) when they show too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere, and that their faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and Popes, than their science is influenced by the Papal anathema against that Irishman, (*a*) who first found out the Antipodes:—is it not strange that so many still wilfully distrust what every good man is so much interested in believing? That so many should prefer the dark-lantern of the 13th century to the sunshine of intellect which has since spread over the world, and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Meturier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare so oppose the rubbish of Constance and Lateran to the bright triumphant progress of justice, generosity, and truth?

1 There is a singular work "upon the Souls of the Pagans," by one Franciscus Collius, in which he discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher may calculate. He damns without much difficulty Socrates, Plato, etc. and the only one at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed; but, having balanced his claims a little, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (De Animis Paganorum, lib. iv. cap. 20 and 25.)—Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable—"Senza speme vivemo in desio." Cant. iv.—Among the many errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment, and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful—"Misericordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum," etc. (De Civitat. Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 17.)—St. Jerom says, that, according to Origen, "the devil, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel"—"Id ipsum fore Gabrielem quod diabolum." (See his Epistle to Pammachius.) But Halloix, in his Defence of Origen, denies that he had any of this misplaced tenderness for the devil.—I take the liberty of recommending these *notitiæ* upon damnation to the particular attention of the learned Chancellor of the Exchequer.

2 Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1790,) condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a state: "What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Locke, too, says of the connexion between Church and State, "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other."—*First Letter on Toleration.*

The corruption of Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

1 I doubt whether, after all, there has not been as much bigotry among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneyed quotation—

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

The great champion of the Reformation, Melanchthon, whom Jortin calls "a divine of much mildness and *good-nature*," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi (he says to Bullinger) quæ de Serveti blasphemiis respondistis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem recte fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omissurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbent."—I have great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and good-natured" sentiments thu following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius: "Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causa religionis, moribus tamen diversi non simus, qu. eadem literarum studia sectamur."—*Herman. Conring Epistol.* par. secund. p. 56.

Hume tells us that the Commons, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign, "attacked Montague, one of the King's chaplains, on account of a moderate book which he had lately composed, and which, to their great disgust, saved virtuous Catholics, as well as other Christians, from eternal torments."—In the same manner a complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against that excellent writer Hooker, for having, in the Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for *ignorance*.—To these examples of Protestant toleration I shall beg leave to oppose the following extract from a letter of old Roger Ascham (the tutor of Queen Elizabeth,) which is preserved among the Harrington Papers, and was written in 1566, to the Earl of Leicester, complaining of the Archbishop Young, who had taken away his prebend in the church of York: "Master Bourne (*a*) did never grieve me half so much in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Byshopp of York doe, in taking away my right. No byshopp in Q. Mary's time would have so dealt with me; not Mr. Bourne hymself, when Winchester lived, durst have so dealt with me. For suche good estimation in those dayes even the learnedest and wysest men, as Gardener and Cardinal Poole, made of my poore service, that although they knewe perfectly that in religion, both hy open wrytinge and pryvie talke, I was contrarye unto them; yea, when Sir Francis Englefield hy name did note me specially at the council-board, Gardener would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched ellswheare, saiinge suche words of me in a lettre, as, though lettres cannot, I blushe to write them to your Lordshipp. Winchester's good-will stoode not in speaking faire and wishing well, but he did in deede that for me, (*b*) whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone." (See Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 98, 99.)—If men who acted thus were bigots, what shall we call Mr P–rc–v–l?

In Sutcliff's "Survey of Popery," there is the following assertion: "Papists, that positively hold the heretical and false doctrines of the modern church of Rome, cannot possibly be saved.'—As a contrast to this and other specimens of Protestant liberality, which it would be much more easy than pleasant to collect, I refer my reader to the Declaration of Le Père Courayer, and, while he reads the sentiments of this pious man upon toleration, I doubt not he will feel inclined to exclaim with Belsham, "Blush, ye Protestant bigots! and be confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous

(*a*) Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, who maintained, in the 8th century, the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was anathematized accordingly by the Pope. John Scotus Erigena, another Irishman, was the first that ever wrote against transubstantiation.

(*a*) Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

(*b*) By Gardener's favour Ascham long held his fellowship, though not resident.

But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love!
He weeps to see his soul's Religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony![1]
Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;
While blandly spreading, like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind!
Last of the great, farewell!—yet *not* the last—
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

The following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs, to which he had adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining it here.

* * * *

"Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character, and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

——— Errando in quelli boschi
Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non se'n ha notizia le più volte.[1]

"Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a long lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her here but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events must be content to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us; and the only traits of heroism which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or, perhaps, with honour to the country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,[2] and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said indeed that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality, that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

"The language of sorrow however is, in general, best suited to our music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it '*lacrymis altaria sudant.*'[3]

"There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under of reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here.—The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign affords, I believe, the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.[4] Whether his inter-

and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this Popish priest."—*Essays*, xxvii. p. 86.

1 "La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d' or et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différents tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l' uniformité d' une seule voix." Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, etc. part. ii. chap. vi.—Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a manner more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

1 Ariosto, canto iv.
2 See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.
3 Statius, Thebaid, lib. xii.
4 "A sort of civil excommunication (says Gibbon,) which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fa

ference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them, but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants totally resigned to despondence, wandering through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentations.[1] At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow, which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen, to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers!

natic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

1 Μιλη τινα ολοφυρμου πληρη και συμπαθειας συνθε μινοι, τοις μελωδιοις επηδον.—Nicephor. lib. xii. cap. 43. This story is also in Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. 23; but unfortunately Chrysostom says nothing whatever about it, and he not only had the best opportunities of information, but was too fond of music, as appears by his praises of psalmody (Exposit. in Psal. xli.) to omit such a flattering illustration of its powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the interference of the Antiochian solitaries, while Zozimus attributes it to the remonstrances of the sophist Libanius — Gibbon, I think, does not even allude to the story of the musicians.

THE SCEPTIC;

A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

ΝΟΜΟΝ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.
PINDAR. *ap. Herodot.* lib. 3.

PREFACE.

THE sceptical philosophy of the ancients has been as much misrepresented as the Epicurean. Pyrrho, perhaps, may have carried it to an irrational excess (though we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher,) but it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as stated by Sextus Empiricus,[1] are much more suited to the frailty of human reason, and more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics held a middle path between the Dogmatics and Academicians, the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed: the Sceptics, however, without asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; as St. Augustin expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manicheans, "nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam quæramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur."[2] From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which they imposed upon themselves of studying, not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science which pretended to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics, in this respect, resembled that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. "Labore, ingenio, memoria supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse.—Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?" etc. etc. Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic. Diss. 4.

The difference between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's Metaphysics,[2] while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume.[3] Indeed the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so much upon his belief, that it is natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it steal by degrees into the region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, I think, more consistent with the humble spirit of Christianity, than the scepticism of him who professes not to extend his distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A philosopher of this kind is among the readiest to admit the claims of Heaven upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays his assent; it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the sceptics of antiquity refrained from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a

1 Pyrr. Hypoth. The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in La Vérité des Sciences, by Mersenne, liv. i. chap. ii. etc.

2 Lib. contra Epist. Manichæi quam vocant Fundamenti. Op. Paris, tom. vi.

1 See Martin. Shoockius de Scepticismo, who endeavours, I think weakly, to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

2 Εστι δε τοις ευπορησαι βουλομενοις προυργου το διαπορησαι καλως.—
Metaphys. lib. iii. cap. 1.

3 Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amiably intended, appears to me a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and a continued *petitio principii* throughou

superintending Providence: Τῳ μεν βιῳ κατακολουθουντες ἀδοξαςως φαμεν ειναι θεους και σεβομεν θεους και προνοειν αυτους φαμεν. Lib. iii. cap. 1. In short, it appears to me that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the schools that can be selected as a handmaid for piety: he who distrusts the light of reason will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for there is no parallax at the zenith—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint that decks the vernal rose,[1]
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco 's honest and that Susan 's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke, at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There 's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem![2]

Ask, who is wise?—you 'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan,
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells:
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
Where C*stl*r**gh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing M*lgr*ve scarce be deem'd an ass!

"List not to reason," Epicurus cries,
"But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies:"—[1]
Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright:
Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
Will sigh for train-oil while he sips champagne;
And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
Would make even Sh*r*d*n think water sweet!

Just as the mind the erring sense[2] believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives,

1 "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether any one perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds, let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease."—*Locke*, book ii. chap. 8.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. How shall we apply the bishop's theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the Messias was there actually present."—See *Whiston, of the Mosaic Creation.*

2 Boetius employs this argument of the Sceptics, among his consolatory reflections upon the emptiness of fame. "Quid quod diversarum gentium mores inter se etque instituta discordant, ut quod apud alios laude, apud alios supplicio dignum judicetur?" Lib. ii. prosa. 7.—Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that interesting sceptic Le Mothe le Vayer.—See his Opuscule Sceptique, his treatise "de la Secte Sceptique," and, above all, those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horatius Tubero.—The chief objection to these writings of Le Vayer (and it is a blemish which, I think, may be felt in the Esprit des Loix,) is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from which he frequently draws his instances, and the indiscriminate use which he makes of the lowest populace of the library, those lying travellers and wonder mongers, of whom Shaftesbury complains, in his Advice to an Author, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very vicious sort of scepticism. Vul. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of Le Vayer, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind; and Villemandy, the author of Scepticismus Debellatus, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he has confined his incredulity.

1 This was also the creed of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des Barreaux in the arts of poetry and voluptuousness, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

"Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.
. . . . . .
Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
Ou nous abaise au sens des simples animaux."

Which sentiments I have thus ventured to paraphrase:

Had man been made, at Nature's birth,
Of only flame, or only earth,
Had he been form'd a perfect whole
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.
Oh happy! had his light been strong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which burns enough to show he 's wrong,
Yet not enough to lead him right!

2 See those verses upon the fallaciousness of the senses, beginning "Fallunt nos oculi," etc. among the fragments of Petronius. The most sceptical of the ancient poets was Euripides, and I defy the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a more ingenious doubt than the following:

Τις δ' οιδεν ει ζην τουδ' ο κεκληται θανειν,
Το ζην δε θνησκειν εστι.—See Laert. in Pyrrh.

Socrates and Plato were the grand sources of ancient scepticism. Cicero tells us (de Orator. lib. iii.) that they supplied Arcesilas with the doctrines of the Middle Academy; and how much these resembled the tenets of the Sceptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus, (lib. i. cap. 33.) who, with all his distinctions, can scarcely prove any difference. One is sorry to find that Epicurus was a dogmatist; and I rather think his natural temper would have led him to the repose of scepticism, if the Stoics, by their violent opposition, had not forced him to be as obstinate as themselves Indeed Plutarch, in reporting some of his opinions, represents him as delivering them with considerable hesitation Επικουρος ουδεν ακαταληπτως τουτων, ισχυριος του ενδοιαζομενου. De Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 22d chapters. But that the leading characteristics of the sect were self-sufficiency and dogmatism, appears from what Cicero says of Velleius, De Natur. Deor.—"Tum Vellcius, fidentur sane, ut solent isti, nihil tam verens quam ne dubitare aliqua de re videretur"

And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
Where passion fancies all that 's smooth and fair.
* * * *, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes!

Self is the medium least refined of all
Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.
Th' Ephesian smith a holier charm espied
In Dian's toe, than all his heaven beside;[1]
And true religion shines not half so true
On *one* good living as it shines on *two*.
Had W—lc—t first been pension'd by the Throne,
Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone;
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sly, at all Rights of Man!

But 'tis not only individual minds
That habit tinctures, or that interest blinds;
Whole nations, fool'd by falsehood, fear, or pride,
Their ostrich-heads in self-illusion hide:
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;
Thus, selfish still, the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid!
Oh! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest cause,
Or gild the worst;—and then, for nations' laws!
Go, good civilian, shut thy useless book;
In force alone for laws of nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t's[2] pirate code alone appears
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers!
Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
Who burns on neither shrine the balm of praise!
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m's rhyme,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes!

Yet who, that looks to time's accusing leaf,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
On either side in lofty shame are seen,[1]
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—
Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from *both* to honesty and thee?

If, giddy with the world's bewildering maze,[2]
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,
How many a doubt pursues![3] how oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that histories lie!
That all are grave romances, at the best,
And M—sgr—ve's[4] but more clumsy than the rest!
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild;[5]
And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
Monmouth a hero, "for the good old cause!"[6]
Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
As French or English pride the tale repeats;
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore!

1 See Acts, chap. xix.; where every line reminds one of those reverend craftsmen who are so ready to cry out—"The church is in danger!"

"For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen:

"Whom he called together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth:

. . . . . .

"So that not only this our craft is likely to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised," etc. etc.

2 With most of this writer's latter politics I confess I feel a most hearty concurrence, and perhaps, if I were an Englishman, my pride might lead me to acquiesce in that system of lawless, unlimited sovereignty, which he claims so boldly for his country at sea; but, viewing the question somewhat more disinterestedly, and as a friend to the common rights of mankind, I cannot help thinking that the doctrines which he maintained upon the Copenhagen expedition, and the differences with America, would establish a species of maritime tyranny, as discreditable to the character of England, as it would be galling and unjust to the other nations of the world.

1 This I have borrowed from *Ralph—Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, p. 164.

2 The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.

In the mean time, our modest Sceptic, in the absence of truth, contents himself with probabilities, resembling in this respect those suitors of Penelope, who, when they found that they could not possess the mistress herself, very wisely resolved to put up with her maids; τη Πηνελοπη πλεκτιζειν μη δυναμενοι, ταις ταυτης εμιγνυτο θεραπαιναις.—Plutarch Περι Παιδων Αγωγης.

3 See a curious work, entitled, "Reflections upon Learning," written on the plan of Agrippa's "De Vanitate Scientiarum," but much more honestly and skilfully executed.

4 This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's Collection of Ormond's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nelson's account of him, in the Introduction to the second volume of his Historic. Collect.

5 He defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent and even laudable." In the same spirit, speaking of the arbitrary sentences of the Star Chamber, he says—"The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Laud's passionate disposition, was perhaps, in itself, somewhat blameable."—See *Towers upon Hume*.

6 That flexibility of temper and opinion, which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Monmouth to which I allude; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn for himself. "One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all, who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than conceit and self-sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the general concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases, even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom."—The Sceptic's readiness of concession, however, arises more from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. "It may be so," was the courteous and sceptical formula, with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. —See *Lloyd's State Worthies, art. Sir Thomas Wiat.*

To the historical fragment of Mr. Fox, we may apply what Pliny says of the last unfinished works of celebrated artists—"In lenocinio commendationis dolor est manus, cum id ageret, extinctæ."—Lib. xxxv. cap. 2.

Nay, future pens, to flatter futuro courts,
May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,
To prove that England triumph'd on the morn
Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn!

In science too—how many a system, raised
Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide.
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes's[1] pen,
Which *now*, assail'd by Locke's, expire again:
And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,
We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
And turns at once our alkalis to metals!

Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
Through fair-built theories of former days,
Some Dr—mm—d[2] from the north, more ably skill'd,
Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own!

Oh Learning! Learning! whatsoe'er thy boast,
Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd us most:
The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied,
And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagyrites!

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays!
How many various heavens hath Fancy's wing
Explored or touch'd from Papias[1] down to King![2]
And hell itself, in India nought but smoke,[3]
In Spain 's a furnace, and in France—a joke

Hail, modest ignorance! thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the humbly wise!
Hail, sceptic ease! when error's waves are past,
How sweet to reach thy tranquil port[4] at last,
And, gently rock'd in undulating doubt,
Smile at the sturdy winds which war without!
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes!
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a purer world;
While Patience lingers o'er the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Turns to young Hope, who still directs his eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

These are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, and trusts in nought but Heaven.

1 Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri, de quo non in utramque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit incertum et dubium." Gassendi is another of our modern sceptics, and Wedderkopff, in his Dissertation "De Scepticismo profano et sacro" (Argentorat. 1666,) has denounced Erasmus as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of Bayle, Mallebranche, Dryden, Locke, etc. etc. I think there is no one who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

2 See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

1 Papias lived about the time of the Apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliastæ, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet Hera's elysium. See Eusebius Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33, and Hieronym. de Scriptor. Ecclesiast.—though, from all that I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged.

2 King, in his Morsels of Criticism, vol. i. supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

3 The Indians call hell "The House of Smoke." See Picart upon the Religion of the Banians. The reader who is curious about infernal matters may be edified by consulting Rusca de Inferno, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

4 "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut à un esprit qui aime le repos!"—*La Mothe le Vayer.*

ODES OF ANACREON.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,—In allowing me to dedicate this work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,
With every sentiment of respect,
Your Royal Highness's
Very grateful and devoted Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ δοξινοις ταπησι,
Τηΐος ποτ' ὁ μελιγης
'Ιλαρος γελων εκειτο.
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων
Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' ερωτες
'Απαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ο βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οἰζους·
Ο δε λευκα πορφυροισι
Κρινα συν ῥοδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει ζεφων γεροντα·
Η δε Θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπου
Εσορωσ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορωσα τους ερωτας,
Υπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα
Τον σοφωτατον ἁπαντων,
Καλεουσιν οἱ σοφιζαι,
Τι, γερων, τεον βιον μεν
Τοις ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ,
Κ' ουκ εμοι κρατειν εὡκας;
Τι φιλημα της Κυθηρης,
Τι κυτελλα του Λυαιου,
Αιει γ' ετρυφησας ᾳδων,
Ουκ εμους νομους διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων αωτον;
'Ο δε Τηΐος μελιγης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
'Οτι, θεα, σου γ' ανευ μεν,
'Ο σοφωτατος ἁπαντων
Ιλαρα των σοφων καλουμαι·
Φιλεω, πιω, λυριζω,
Μετα των καλων γυναικων
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ως λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπνει μονους ερωτας·
'Ωδε βιοτου γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιζα παντων,
Ου σοφος μελῳδος ειμι;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εζι.

REMARKS ON ANACREON

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes,[1] who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance,[1] and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.[2]

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where every thing respired voluptuousness.[3] The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ,[4] and he flourished at that remarkable period when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious, but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.[5]

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence toward his subjects.[6]

The amours of the poet and the rivalship of the tyrant' I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the

1 He is quoted by Athenæus εν τω περι του Ανακρεοντος.

1 The History of Anacreon, by Monsieur Gacon (le poëte sans fard) is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

2 The learned Monsieur Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. See *Dictionnaire Historique*, etc. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

3 The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecere poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus," etc.—*Solinus.*

4 I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car, pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

5 This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

6 Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ημεμωσε.—Maxim. Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Montonnet, as unauthenticated?

7 In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth

power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were wafted with him to Athens.[1]

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone;[2] and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

[3] Then, hallow'd sage, those lips which pour'd along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath;
Thy god himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of an intercourse between Anacreon and Sappho. I could wish to believe that they were contemporary: any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it; but the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamælcon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.[4]

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.[1] We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those vices in our estimate which ethnic religion not only connived at but consecrated, we shall say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and Virtue with her zone loosened may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon.[2]

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that perhaps it were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing to the lyre.[3]

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1 There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacreon Citoyen."

2 Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvæ passæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in συνεκοπης; alii enim hoc mortis genere perisse tradunt Sophoclem." Fabricii. Bibliothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his Anacreon.

3 At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara misit;
Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos, cingite lauri:
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ causam diræ protulit, nva, necis,
Creditur ipso minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Cælius Calcaginnus has translated or imitated the epigrams εις την Μυρωνος βουν, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

4 Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho; but very gratuitously. In citing his authorities, it is strange that he neglected the line which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as of Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:

Ειμι λεζων εισαρας Σαπφω παρθενον αδυφωνον.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as also Olaus Borrichius, etc. etc

1 An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote.

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis

To Love and Bacchus, ever young,
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never reach'd his heart.

2 Anacreon's character has been variously coloured Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration, but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes even profane. Monsieur Baillet, who is in the opposite extreme, exaggerates too much the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité."—Jugement des Savans, M.C.V.

Barnes could not have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus, the note in question is manifest irony, in allusion to some reprehension which Le Fevre had suffered for his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius de Utilitate Poëtices, who vindicates our poet's reputation.

3 Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions a head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet In the Iconnographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters ΤΕΙΟΣ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,[1] we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.[2] They are all beauty, all enchantment.[3] He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesscs. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of Love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty: they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.[1] The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.[2]

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity.[3] Sappho and Alcæus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive;[4] and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit ætas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth, more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the

in his right hand, and a dolphin in the left, with the word TIANΩN, inscribed, "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of de Wilde, one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word THIΩN, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?"—De Wilde.

1 Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, etc. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17. The scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep, by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

2 See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, etc. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 44.—"From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, etc." Dissertationes Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2.—Scaliger again praises him in a oun; speaking of the μελος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc μελη, sed etiam in ipsis mella."—See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos, sublimes animæ, vos, Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in tota Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97.—Among the Ritratti del Cavalier Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning Cingetemi la fronte, etc. etc.

3 "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

1 In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by citizens Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

2 The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9.)—The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

3 See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Aleyonius de Exilio: it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

4 We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> Αγε μοι, λυγειη φορμιγξ,
> Μετα Τηιαν αοιδαν,
> Μετα Λεσβιαν τε μολπαν.

Marginius and Damascenus were likewise authors of profane Anacreontics

"Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,[1] who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubmannus, Barthius,[2] and others, have evinced that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.[3] The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus,[4] have preserved, more happily than any, the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.[5] If we may judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagedorn[6] is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have professed too to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence, with little of the grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Chiras[7] we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.[1] In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,[2] accompanied with Annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has, at length, been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781. published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.[3]

Monsier Gail, has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important:—

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is, by Colomesius, attributed to John Dorat.[4]

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a noto of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet.[5]

The edition of Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.[6]

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1 This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Ἀνακρέων Χριστιανός, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

2 I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

3 Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumillilis
Anacreunticillis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. There is a very beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius. See lib. i. Furraginis.

4 From Angerianus, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

5 See Cresimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

6 L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacreon. Dorat, Idee de la Poësie Allemande.

7 See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by De Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

1 Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be triflings of some insipid Græcist.

2 Ronsard commemorates this event:

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
Qui des enfers nousa rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Teienne. *Ode* xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

3 This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams; and in the 676th page of it are found the κμιαμβια συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

4 "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avait possédé un Anacréon, où Scaliger avait marqué de sa main, qu'Henri Etienne n'était pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Durat." Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius: almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

5 "La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée qu'il a depuis traduite, συ μεν σιλλ χειλιδων."

6 The author of Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lett. praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacréon," by Monsieur Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier,[1] Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.[2]

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.[3]

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, seventh year, 1799, with a prose translation.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.[4]

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wandering sight:
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dic,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him and blush'd with wine
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel as through the dance's round
Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!

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1 The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition: they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, bestowed some research on the subject, by a passage in the Menagiana—"C' est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le temps que je travaillais sur Anacréon"—Menagiana, seconde partie.

2 I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, an Italian translation mentioned, by Caponne in Venice, 1670.

3 This is the most complete of the English translations.

4 This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius have been misled by the words Του αυτου βασιλικως in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was συλευσες?" There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: Οφθαλμοι καυζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν αυτοις, εις αφροδι- και ευπαθειαν απτονται· ουτε δι αδικοι, ουτε κακουργοι, ουτε φυσικως φαυλης, ουτε ακμυστοι.—Adamantius "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on the subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful.—Vide *Physiognom. Johan. Baptist. Portæ.*

I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him, etc.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his Ερωτικα, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. Ει δε βουλει τι φιλω χαριζεσθαι, τω λειψανα αντιπεμψον, μηκιτι ανθινα ροδων μονον αλλα και σου. "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's:—

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when, it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now!] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνιστακουσα Χαριλλα
Λαβρη τους ιδιους αμφιξαλς στεφανους,
Πυρ ολοον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'T was then thy fingers slily stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul!

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider κυπελλα δισμων as an inversion of δισμους κυπελλων.

Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.[1]

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first pourtray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this pourtray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.[2]

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wane,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

1 Monsieur La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

2 This is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was performed by minstrels at an entertainment where he was present.

While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, etc.] I have given this according to the Vatican manuscript, in which the ode concludes with the following lines, not inserted accurately in any of the editions:

Ποιησον ημιν λους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
Και μαιναδας τρυγωσας;
Ποιησι δε λαθε οινου,
Λαμβανεις κατουσας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας;
Και χρυσους τους ερωτας;
Και Κυθερην γελωσαν,
Ομου καλα Λυκαιν,
Εροντα τ' Αφροδιτην.

ODE V.[1]

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes
When shepherds hail that hour of roses
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grapes in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys, disporting round,
In circles trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!

ODE VI.[2]

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,

1 Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calcagninus in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, etc. etc.

Let Love be there, without his arms, etc.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting round in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris;

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatus est amor.

Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them:

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Gincinto fiaccò il collo.

2 The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent:

et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.[1]

THE women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

ODE VIII.[1]

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius:

Florentes dum forte vagans meo Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Eece rosas inter latitantem invenit amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincle puer,
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nota movere Deos.
Impositosque comæ embrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;
"I (dixit) mea, quære novum tibi mater amorem,
Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping love she fonnd,
And in the twisted wreaths the beby bound.
Awhile be struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught the ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus" (said the raptured child
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguiled,)
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
Hyello's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce, in a poem beginning

Montre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, etc. etc.

1 Alberti has imitated this ode, in a poem beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care.] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expressiun in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας; μεν
Ειτ' εισιν, ειτ' απηλθον
Ουκ' οιδα.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic, but perhaps the line which he bes selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very elegant; at the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever eppeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he hed not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into vulgar licentiousness.

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age.

Quid rides, Matrone? senem quid temnis amantem?
Quisquis amat nulle est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady, dear! believe this truth
That he who loves cannot be old.

1 "The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24."—Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures thet this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Policrates, accord ing to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, etc.] "There is a fragment of Archi lochus in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here: it begins,

Ου μοι τα Γυγεω του πολυχρυσου μελει.—*Barnes.*

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought.

Ψυχην εμην ερωτω,
Τι σοι θελεις γενεσθαι;
Θελεις Γυγεω, τα και τα;

Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.] In the original, μυρισω καταβρεχειν υπηνην. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beerd with unguents. But he should have known that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller,) que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe, (a) célèbré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours."—Lettre 12. Savery likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent; he has introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo dilapidare mero.
Hæc mihi cura, comes et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care to twine the rosy wreath,
And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl,
To let my beard the Assyrian unguent breathe,
And give a loose to levity of soul!

(a) "*Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron.—Psaume* 133."

And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ODE IX.[1]

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain head;
And why?—a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd;
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
The son of Jove, in days of yore
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold,
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.[2]

TELL me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.[1]

"TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way.
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray believe it was not I;
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," I said, with joy,
Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;[2]

1 The poet here is in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, "amabilis insania."

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.

This is, as Scaliger expresses it,

——Insanire dulce,
Et sapidum furere furorem.

2 This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz. Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335; and some others.—See Gail de Editionibus.

We are referred by Degen to that stupid book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Eraston of being wakened, by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow! prating thing, etc.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:

Ει το συνεχως και πολλα και ταχεως λαλειν
Ην του φρονειν παρασημον, αι χελιδονες
Ελεγουτ' αν ημων σωφρονεστερai πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did of old, etc.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

1 It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very vapid, if not indicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet ολεθρεται; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!] Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

2 *They tell how Atys, wild with love,*
Roams the mount and haunted grove.] There are many

Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream.
But frensied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim;
While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will; the conflict 's past,
And I 'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure.
But slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too:—
Assumed the corslet, shield, and spear
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you Powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terror fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield.
Thy lord at length was forced to yield.
Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there

ODE XIV.[1]

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;

contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or her jealousy, is a point which authors are not agreed upon.

Cybele's name he howls around, etc.] I have adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele:

In montibus Cybelen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring, etc.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus œstro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

While waves of perfume, etc.] Spaletti has mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress: "Mea fatigatus amica." He interprets it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry.

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too.] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Ωπλισμαι θρος ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδι με νικησει, μονος εων θρος ερωτ.
Θνατος δ' αθανατω συνελυσομαι· ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχη, τι μονος θρος δυ' εγω δυναμαι.

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I 'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend 'io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l' istesso Dio,
C' hor con l' humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s' io lo bevessi un giorno
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river
Where, as I drank on yester-eve
(Shepherd-youth! the tale believe,)
'T was not a cooling crystal draught,
'T was liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily wanton minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion
This was a day of fatal star,
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this fluttering, young desire?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove
Much more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines:

——— I'm all o'er Love;
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

1 The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole, to tell us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Monsieur Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here:

Περος Βιωνα.

Ει καλεσιν τα φυλλα,
Λειμωνιους τε ποιης,
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα,
Παρακτιους τε ψαμμους,
Αλος τε κυματων,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν,
Και τους εμους ερωτας
Δυνει, Βιων, αριθμειν.
Κορην, Γυναικα, Χηραν,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μιγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,
Ορειαδας, Ναιαδας,
Νηρειδας τε πασας
Ο σος φιλος φ λεγει.
Παντων χορος μεν ιστιν.
Αυτην νεων Ερωτων,

Count me on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have numbered these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids,
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score;
Nay, I 'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains by which my heart is bound;
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine;

Διςμυριαν Αφροδιτην,
Χρυσην, καλην, γλυκειαν,
Ερασμιον, ποθεινην,
Αει μονην φιλησαι
Εγωγι μη δυναμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I 've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naids, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I swear I 've loved them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I 'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practised all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever!

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, etc.] This figure is called, by the rhetoricians, ἀδυνατον, and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way:

—quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa basiare,
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est:
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua. Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who, fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie!
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I 'll number;
So many vermil, honey'd kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses.
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine;
No lips shall fascinate but thine?

In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove, etc.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans. We may perceive from the application of the verb κορινθιαζειν, in Aristophanes, that the wantonness of the Corinthians became proverbial.

There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece."—*Degen.* Monsieur de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks that, by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty, and accounts upon this supposition for a very singular depravation of instinct among them.

Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair,
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I 'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Decks the shrine of love in Crete;
Where the god, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

'TELL me why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through air, in showers,
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove?

Gades' warm desiring train.] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessin, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons, et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes.—*Raynal.*

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat.
Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

1 The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden:

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us that, at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged See *Fuller's Holy War*, cap. 24, book i.

Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove
('T was, in sooth, a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he 'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.[1]

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid that 's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,

Ah! that eye has madden'd many, etc.] For τυραννον, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τυραννου, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates.—See *Degen.*

Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove, etc.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!"—*Longepierre.*

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a license for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

1 This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book, "De Picturn Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano, Goselini, etc. etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret Amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attuned his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace!

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlæus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse.] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. ροδης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that 's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress:

Βεβληκως χρυσειην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See *Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.*

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyalbion of Drayton, song the second; where, observing that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love,) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (καλλιπλοκαμος,) thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, etc.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και τον ενδροσον των ροδων, και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.] Marchetti explains thus the υγρον of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Cipigna l' alma Dea d' Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam
That trembles in the azure stream

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the paintor to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet:

Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus, too, Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιληματα, 'Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity,) describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting: "Os parvum deconsque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." *Epist.* 114. lib. i.

Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within, etc.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By the finger of Cupid impress;
There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal, etc.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m'intendi" should be always left to fancy.

A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'t is she! 't is all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.[1]

And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front as fair as mountain snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the sealy snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances
Power that awes, and love that trances;

1 The reader who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light; etc.] He here describes the sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See *Stanisl. Kobiensyck de Luxu Romanorum.*

Let not the braid, with artful twine, etc.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his *Letters to West.*

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

Front as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn, etc.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in the thirty-third ode of the first book of Horace, is of opinion that "tenui" bears the meaning of ἀπαλον here; but he is certainly incorrect.

Mingle in his jetty glances
Power that awes, and love that trances! etc.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l' ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Voronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti et belli
Come esser puo eh' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil' altieri
Vi mostrate in un punto, ondi di speme
Et di timor de empiete, etc. etc.

Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we, by turns, may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek!
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;—
Blushes of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia s arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but, hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus!—sure there 's none
So like Bathyllus but the Sun!
Oh, let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire?
Now with angry scorn you darkle,
Now with tender anguish sparkle,
And we, who view the various mirror,
Feel at once both hope and terror.

Monsieur Chevrenu, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan Falconis Anacreontici Lusus."

Persuasion sleeping upon roses.] It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Ουδ' αργυρεη κοτ' ελαμψε Πειθω.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!] In the original λαλων σιωπη, The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, etc.] In Shakspeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description;

——— this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his martial thigh
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire, etc.] I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted, that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice, "claramque facem præferre pudendis

ODE XVIII.[1]

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;

———But, hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there.] This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

1 "An elegant translation of this ode may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenslese, lib. v. p. 403."—*Degen.*

Bring me wine in brimming urns, etc.] Orig. πιειν αμυστι. "The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, "Threicia vincat amystide." Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, etc. etc.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but I cannot find where.

Give me all those humid flowers, etc.] By the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine"—Date flosculos Lyæi, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. Ανθος would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles:

Εσβεσθης, γεραιε Σοφοκλεες, ανθος αοιδων.

And flos, in the Latin, is frequently applied in this manner thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos illibatus populi, suadæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion," in those verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit εκεινων, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, and we need not have recourse to refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there
But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flow'ret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

[1]Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this imbowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;

Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

[1]One day the Muses, twined the nands
Of baby Love, with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here:

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At cum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then if, upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan, "Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve.

But for you my burning mind! etc.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

1 The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ερχεο, και κατ' εμην ιζευ πιτυν, α το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακους ηχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρους.
Ηνιδε και χρουνισμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ηδυν ερημιαις υπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

Here recline you, gentle maid, etc.] The Vatican MS. reads Βαβυλλου, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of Βαβυλλον, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy Αστηρ. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word:

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν εως
Νυν δε θανων, λαμπεις εσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning-star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicæ, under the head of "allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

1 By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love:

Α Κυπρις Μουσαισι, κορασια των Αφροδιταν
Τιματ' η τον Ερωτα υμιν εφοπλισομαι.
Αι Μοισαι ποτι Κυπριν. Αρει τα στωμυλα ταυτα
Ημιν ου πιτναται τουτο το παιδαριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
"Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Si, che per forza ancor convein che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin; per farsi eterno onore

Onde offre infin dal ciel dagna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in cb' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea:
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si ricde

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confined;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twined.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love 's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.[1]

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence, with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.[1]

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy, etc.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyl of Moschius:

Ο μανυτας γερας εξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος, ην δ' αγαγης νιν,
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ' ω ξενε, και πλειον εξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the quidquid post oscula dulce of Secundus.

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ηδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ηδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκερασας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δοκει
Και Διονυσος εισελθων
Και Παφιη παρακροος
Και αυτος Ερως χαιρησιν.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber.

1 The commentators who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Monsieur Gail very wisely thinks that the poet uses the epithet μελαινη, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard.

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus,
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assidue tonices et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea;
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing these remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

TIMON, ACT IV.

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth 's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrements.

1 Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius:

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε στεοι χουσα παρ' αυγας,
Στειβεα γυμνωσαις, και με φυσοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ροδον γενομην υποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αρμενη, κομισαις στηθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενεμην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αρμενη, μαλλον σης χροτης κορεσης.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
And place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower!

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
There I should wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Αστερες ουρανιοι, αστηρ εμος, ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ως πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam," etc. etc.

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee, were sweet!

ODE XXIII.[1]

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to Love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of Love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!] This ταινια was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial:

Fascia crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought: ω κδιτοι ποδες, ω καλλος ελευθερος. ω τρισευδαιμων εγω και μακαιριος εαν πατησητε με. "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove:

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

He, spying her, bounced in, where as he stood,
"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrago of "all such reading as was never read," there is a very old translation of this ode, before 1632. "Englished by Mr. B. Holiday, in his Technog. act I, scene 7."

1 This ode is first in the series of all the editions, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest; it however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it.

——cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Præcepit Lyriei Teia Musa senis. *Ovid.*

The twenty-sixth Ode, συ μεν λιγειης τα Θηκης, might, with as much propriety, be the harbinger of his songs.

Bion has expressed the sentiments of the ode before us with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. I have given it rather paraphrastically; it has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid tritenes and repetition.

ODE XXIV.[1]

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates λυρη into a lute, which I believe is rather inaccurate. "D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says Monsieur Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." Bibliothèque Française.

But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of Love alone is sweet!"] The word αντιφωνει, in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes: "οταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω, και οταν αυτη αποκρινηται." Περι Ιδεων. Τομ. δευτ.

1 Henri Stephens has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems:

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua fœmineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulaque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est forma fœmina pulchra sua.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Così noi la bellezza
Che 'è vertu nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l' ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heaven assign'd!

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm en den Anmerkk. Veber einige Oden des Anakr."

To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV [1]

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here,
When nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven—a thinking mind!] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

——— the hooks, the academics,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!] Thus Achilles Tatius: καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βελους, και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ οδος ερωτικο τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious: "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

1 This is another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io piango al tuo canto
Rondinella importuna, etc.

Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia:

Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν ουασιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα ποδοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' η νυξ, ου σιγγος εκπεμπεται, αλλ' υπο φιλτρων
Ηδε που καρδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω στανοι, μη και ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουδ' οσον ισχυετε.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI. [1]

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn
'T was not the crested warrior's dart
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed
No—from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII. [2]

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

1 "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew.] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Ου με λιαθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

2 This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese lib. iv p. 313

And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.[1]

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honied dews;
And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of Battles came;
'T was from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
That though they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and, oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,
"It is not light—I die with pain!
Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love, more painful still;

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies.] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi e ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheek's confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes.
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

1 This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. Journée Quatrième.

And Love (alas! the victim heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart.] Thus Claudian—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the close connexion which subsists between sweets and bitterness. "Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius) quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

——— ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruenta."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas. Eleg. 1.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still, etc.] Monsieur Menage, in the following Anacreontic, enforces the necessity of loving:

Περι του δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Υεττον.

Μεγα θαυμα των σοφων
Χαριτων θαλος Υεττε,
Φιλεωμεν, ω εταιρε.
Φιλησαν οι σοφιστα.
Φιλησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον του Σωφρονισκου,
Σοφιης πατηρ απασης.
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
Ακονη μεν εστι ψυχης. (a)
Πτερυγισσιν εις Ολυμπον
Κατακειμενους ανειρει.
Βραδειας τετηγμενοισι
Βελεεσσι εξαγγειρει,
Πυρι λαμπαδος φαεινω
Ριπαρωτερους καθειρει.
Φιλεωμεν ουν, Υεττε,
Φιλεωμεν, ω εταιρε.
Αδικως δε λοιδορουνται
Αγεους ερωτας ημων
Κακον ευξομαι το μουνον
Ινα μη δυνειτ' εκεινος
Φιλειν τε και φιλεισθαι.

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nursed;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by Love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love 's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;

(a) This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene.

——ψυχης εστιν Ερως ακονη.

Menage, I think, says somewhere, that he was the first who produced this epigram to the world

But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From Beauty's cheek one favouring smile
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!—
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.[1]

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by Love till now!

ODE XXXI.[2]

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chill with drops of dew
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.[1]

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;

This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

1 Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. I do not perceive any thing in the ode which seems to allude to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I must confess that I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

2 The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it,) which has some similitude to this ode:

Lecta compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
Excitat, et lucerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via media.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forced me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way.
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems inter'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard;
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

My brow was chill with drops of dew.] I have followed those who read τειρεν ιδρως for πειρεν υδρος; the former is partly authorized by the MS. which reads πειρεν ιδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying, etc.] In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Την ψυχην, Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον
Ηλθε γαρ η τλημων ως διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find many of those mignardises of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom.] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion."—*La Fosse.*

1 We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making Ερως the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment. Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν αβροις συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οινοχοουσα τουτοισι τοις εταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus! queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses'

And, while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 't will leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb!
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.[1]

'T was noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and oped the gate.
'T was Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!

ODE XXXIV.[1]

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!

This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!
Venus! hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 296. Amor als Diener."

1 Monsieur Bernarde, the author of l'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. Œuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii. "Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kleist die Heilung. La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"*And who art thou*," *I waking cry*,
"*That bid'st my blissful visions fly?*] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'*Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, etc.*] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

1 Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, has preserved some of the thoughts of our author.

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Cœli caducis ebria fletibus, etc

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal band has spread,
Reclinest soft, and tunest thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou liest on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, etc.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93 and 185

And chirp thy song with such a glee, etc.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier,) that it is only male

Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the eireling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'T was he who gave that voice to thee,
'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st a little deity!

ODE XXXV.[1]

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that 's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,

grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says εἰσ' ἐισιν οἱ τεττιγες ουκ ευδαιμονες, ων ταις γυναιξιν ουδ' οτι σιγης ἐνι; 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?'" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone, etc.] Phile, de Animal. Proprietnt. calls this insect Μουσαις φιλος, the darling of the Muses; and Μουσων ορνιν, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:

Των παντων δ' ηγειτο γλαυτυστατος, αλλ' αγορητης
Ηδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οι δ' ἐκαδημου
Δενδρεα ἐφιζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ἐεισι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, λ. where there occurs the very same simile.

Melodious insect! child of earth!] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρκει τεττιγας μιζυσαι δροσος, αλλα θεοντες
Ασιδιην κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

I Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point, and naïveté of expression. Spenser in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus:

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, etc.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek Anacreontic of Monsieur Menage, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint trnces of this natural simplicity which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερως ποτ' ἐν χορειαις
Των παρθενων καλων
Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν
Ως ειδεν, ως προς αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλω
Δισσυμας τε χειρας απτων
Φιλει με, μητερ, εἰπε.
Καλουμενη Κοριννα
Μητηρ, ερυθριαζει,
Ως παρθενος μεν ουσα.
Κ' αυτος δε δυσχερωναν,
Ως ομμασι πλανηδεις,
Ερως ερυθριαζει.
Εγω δε οι παραστας,
Μη δυσχεραινε, φημι.
Κυπριν τε και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι ουκ ἐχουσι
Και οι βλεποντες οξυ.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
Tho flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna, lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid,
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
The little infant blush'd with shame.
"Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Cappriciosi Pensieri, has translated this ode of Anacreon.

1 Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.[1]

'T was night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled—
Smiled indeed with wanton glee;
But ah! 't was plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.[1]

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove,
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem Gestern Brüder, etc.' Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod,' and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl. Gotting. 1783, p. 7."—*Degen.*

That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion, etc.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lana caprina," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase ιν' αν θανειν επελθη. The reading of ιν' αν Θανατος επελθη, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amœnitates Litterariæ, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Υγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι θνητω. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυην γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν αδολως. Και το τεταρτον, συνηβαν μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding, guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

1 "Compare with this ode the beautiful poem, 'der Traum of Uz.'"—*Degen.*

Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fateor (says he, in a note upon Longinus,) cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si neseis Lector,) noli sperare," etc. etc. He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone!] Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ' εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν.

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid! *Longepierre.*

"*Sleep! again my joys restore,*
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I tried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

1 "Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. das Gesellschaftliche; and of Bürger, p. 51," etc. etc.—*Degen.*

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytheræa, the name of Venus, παρα το κευθειν τους ερωτας, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'T is wine alone can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping with the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'T is wine alone can strike a spark!] The brevity of life, allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Λουσαμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατο
Ελκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.
Ραιος ο χαιροντων εστε βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly, my beloved, to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam!
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassé nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour.
Peut-être en serez vous émue:
Il est jeune, et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vue.

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love 's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

ODE XL.

I know that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er
Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather joy's luxurious flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

ODE XLI.

When Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

No, no, the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase; it is by no means anacreontic, but has an interesting simplicity which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις, και συ, τυχη, μεγα χαιρετε. το λιμεν' ευρον
Ουδεν εμοι χ' υμιν. παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguiled is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destined shore!
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian where he makes him give the precepts of good-fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' ασισα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, etc.] Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

And dues there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breathed the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

ODE XLII.[1]

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that Envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound the unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along:
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth, the while, with loosen'd hair
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?
Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

ODE XLIV.[1]

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;

1 The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ος κρητηρι παρα πλειω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' οστις Μουσεων τε, και αγλαα δωρ Αφροδιτης
Ευμμισγων, ιρατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,
Then banish from my board the unpolish'd guest
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower:
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings, etc.] On the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors (*a*) extant upon the subject are, I imagine, little understood; but certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called το ευρημα του Ανακρεοντος. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot. in Horat on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:

Κουρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποδισπειρα χειλεσιν υγροις.
Νεκταρ ειην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επνει
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following may give some idea:

The kiss that she left on my lip
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh!

The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!] Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed) gives a very beautiful description of this god.

1 This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this forty-fourth ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz. die Rose."

(*a*) Collected by Meibomius.

Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When, with the blushing naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume sweeten'd by her sighs,
I 'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For Death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

ODE XLVI.[1]

See, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'T is true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!

When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon."—*Degen.*

With some celestial, glowing maid, etc.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns from Pleasure's way, etc.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in que ta vita?

[1] The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator; and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly graphical; full of elegant expressions and luxurious imagery. The abruptness of ιδε πως εαρος φανεντος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte ——

The imperative ιδε is infinitely more impressive, as in Shakspeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature, and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. vita. § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

Monsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring. I cannot find it. See Chevreau, Œuvres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, der Frühling, and book fifth, der Mai."

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!] De Pauw reads, Χαριτας ροδα βρυουσιν, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has objected very frivolously.

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep, etc.] It has been justly remarked that the liquid flow of the line απαλυνεται γαληνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultured field, and winding stream, etc.] By βροτων εργα, "the works of men," (says Baxter,) he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

But brandishing a rosy flask, etc.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This

Let those who pant for glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honied wave!
For, though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I 'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow 's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight—
Let me, oh, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.[1]

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
'T is surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!
Sing, sing of love, let Music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die!
Then, waking from our languid trance,
Again we 'll sport, again we 'll dance.

ODE L.[1]

When I drink, I feel, I feel
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow 's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And, while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

---

proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, etc.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Muntfaucon,) because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine. Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, etc. etc.

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight.] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

1 This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and ra dicles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul.] Λυαιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Λευι (one of the bacchanal cries,) and accurdingly supposed they worshipped Bacchus.

1 Faber thinks this spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of this ode, in the original, is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Οτ' εγω τιθ τον οινον,

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. der Wein, where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When I drink, I feel, I feel
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ιππος αοιδη,
Υδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τιχοις επος."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You 'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And, while we dance through breathing bowers, etc.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to πολυανθεσιν μυρσαις, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following:

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m'emporte dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines,—
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bow
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine,—
There 's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till Death o'ershadows all my joy!

ODE LI.[1]

Fly not thus, my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.[1]

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They 'd make me learn, they 'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I 've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I 'll quaff, my boy, and calmy sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You 'll deck your master's grassy grave,
And there 's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I 'm young again!

Or this:

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro
Baccho in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the Θιασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon, in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail, through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

1 Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis o nostra pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mixta rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
And think are all the summer's roscate charms?

See the rich garland, cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
And I will be the lily, thou the rose!

See in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair:

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και α γραπτα υακινθος
Αλλ' ιμας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λιγουται."
Longepierre, Barnes etc.

1 This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived, rhetoricians were not known."—Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for, though the dawnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγατε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles

Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here, I understand some beautiful girl; in the same manner that Ανακτος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m' insegni con più rare
Forme accorte d' involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there 's an end—for ah! you know,
They drink but little wine below!] Thus the witty Mainard:

Memory wakes her tragic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

ODE LIV.[1]

Methinks, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein
Undaunted thus defy the main?

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d' une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bons repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language are borrowed.

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows, etc.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus." "It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor inoptiarum" of commentators.

He still can kiss the goblet's brim, etc.] Wine is prescribed by Galen as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat," etc.; but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εστ' αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω φατερ,
Ηκιστ' χορευειν ου θελοντας

1 "This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa."—Madame Dacier.

It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 21. "Sidonii nummismata cum femina auri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante, cuderunt in sius honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

Moschus has written a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove.] Thus Moschus

Κρυψε θεον και τριψε δεμας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven for love,
And a bull's form belied the almighty Jove.

ODE LV.[1]

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we 'll sing;
Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When Pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

1 This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ροδα μ' εφηκας "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ροδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo.
Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose:

Carmine dignn rosa est; vellem canceratur ut illam
Teius arguta ecciuit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing.] I have passed over the line συν αστραρει αυξει μιλαιναν; it is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards. φερε δη φυσιν λιγωμεν.

The rose is warm Dione's bliss, etc.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here αφροδισιων τ' ανυρμα, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Vénus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung, etc.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. Ει τοις ανθισιν ηδιλιν ο Ζευς επιδειναι βασιλεα, το ροδον αν των ανθεων εβασιλευε, γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαισμα, οσφρησμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αστρατον. Ερωτος ανθι, Αφροδιτην φρεξεσι, ευιεδεσι φυλλοις κομα, ευκινητοις πτερυξι τρυφα. το πταλον το Ζεφυρω γελα

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cythera's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty nursed by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray!

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseat dyes, etc.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα των σοφων. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages; even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam.

Preserves the cold inurned clay, etc.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks,) to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Iliad. ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

——— hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriaque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet, in another ode, calls εαρος μελημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs; and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenera ponerat ossa rosa. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17,) or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ροδα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.[1]

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death.] Thus Caspar Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium lato rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye!

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, etc.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

——— rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore—

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes!

1 "Comparo with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib i. die Weinlese."—*Degen.*

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the εκλογιοι υμνοι, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

And taste, uncloy d by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged cirelets through the dance!
Baechus, the god, again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth;
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.[1]

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul,
Sublime as Heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form,
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?
Oh! he has given the raptured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of Love,
Where only hallowed eyes may rove,
Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.[1]

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever,)
Do I pursue him? never, never!

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original ποτον αστονον κομιξων. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See de Meré, quoted by Bayle, art. Helène.

1 This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which presented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, etc. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offendar maculis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of αρα τις τορευσε ποντον, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow d eyes may rove, etc.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the humid rose, etc.] "Ροδινον (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, etc.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

——— *young Desire, etc.*] In the original Ιμερος, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And, for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, etc.

1 I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS. but it appeared to me the more natural order.

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless, minion, etc.] In the original Ο δραπετας ο χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own: some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever,) etc.] Αει δ', αει μ' φευγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken

No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
Thy wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again;
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And, with thy gay fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, etc.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.] Original:

Φιλημάτων δε κεδνων,
Ποθων κυπελλα κιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine,"

as in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ινα και πινης αμα και φιλης" "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

ODE LIX.[1]

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths, and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot 's a wing;
And, as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And, oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

1 The title Επιληνιος υμνος, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56,) but this is a description of the vintage; and the title εις οινον, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare," but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed, etc.] The original here has been variously interpreted. Some, in their zeal for our author's purity, have supposed that the youth only persuades her to a premature marriage. Others understand from the words προδοτιν γαμων γενεσθαι, that he seduces her to a violation of the nuptial vow. The turn which I have given it is somewhat like the sentiment of Heloïsa, "amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferre." (See her original Letters.) The Italian translations have almost all wantoned upon this description: but that of Marchetti is indeed "nimium lubricus aspici."

ODE LX.[1]

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour,
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, in sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursued, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But oh, my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

1 This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade, etc.] Original:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσεως δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa," etc. etc. (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings may place the stop after φυσεως thus:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσεως, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

ODE LXI.[1]

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre.] The original is Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarce be supported.

Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines,

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound the unwary heart,

how many are there in the world to whom we would wish to say, Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου!

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS. whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes had quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω, he says, "Vatican MS. συσκιαζων, etiam Presciano invito," though the MS. reads συγκαλυψω, with συσκιασω interlined. Degen, too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS has τενιη with αι interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of τενδη. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη, while the latter has αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

1 The intrusion of this melancholy ode among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments See book ii. ode 11; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXII.[1]

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

Dreary is the thought of dying, etc.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Farre.

Plus j' approche du terme et moins je le redoute, etc.

I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here: it is impossible to be very anacreontic on such a subject.

And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per iter," etc. remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called ανεξοδος, by Theocritus, and δυσικδρομος by Nicander.

1 This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow, etc.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Grecks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavere Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.
Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo,

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph:
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

ODE LXIII.[1]

To Love, the soft and blooming child
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.[2]

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXV.[3]

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!

1 "This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc."—*Barnes.*

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

2 This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led to some doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes.) Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation, "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander; near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

3 This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through out it, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates: there is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us, that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport'st amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.[1]

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Who rulest the world with darts of fire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh[1] Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

ODE LXVII.[1]

Gentle youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of gray,
Believe me oft with converse gay;
I've chain'd the years of tender age,
And boys have loved the prattling sage!
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
Nature has never formed to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by Nature given!

ODE LXVIII.[2]

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXIX.[3]

Now Neptune's sullen mouth appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume.

---

1 This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums:

Ολβιε γαμβρε. σοι μεν δη γαμος ως αραο,
Εκτετελιστ', εχεις δε παρθενον αν αραο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalaminm.

And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!] Original Κυπαριττος δε πεφυκοι σιυ ενι κηπω. Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the nuptial song of Catullus, after explaining "flos," in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to ροδον, says, "Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcis κηπον εστι το εφηβαιον γυναικων.

May I remark, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus has neglected a most striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses, "Ut flos in septis," etc. which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; he has translated γελωσας ιμεροεν, but takes no notice of αδυ φωνουσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

1 I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled tho fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning φερ' υδωρ, φερ' οινον, ω παι, which he has subjoined to the epigrams.

The fragments combined in this ode, are the sixty-seventh, ninoty-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth of Barnes's edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

And boys have loved the prattling sage!] Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherché par les jeunes gens,
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
Je tolére leur imprudence
En faveur de leurs agrémens.

2 This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own.] Ho here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, a hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See *Barnes*.

3 This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius

And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We 'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX[1].

They wove the lotus band, to deck
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI.[2]

A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown,
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXII.[3]

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin! wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.
The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXIII.[1]

Fare thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here

ODE LXXIV.[2]

I bloom'd, awhile, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd, one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV.[3]

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew,
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise;
That thou wilt whisper, to the breast
Of her I love, thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou 'lt own I 've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXVI.[4]

Spirit of Love! whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine,

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1 Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread.] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the tensons of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See l'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

2 This poem is compiled by Baroes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

3 This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, etc.] In the original:

Ος εν υλη κεροεσσης
Απολειφθεις υπο μητρος.

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet: Madame Dacier, however, observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, etc. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

1 This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

2 This is to be found in Hephæston, and in the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I must here apologise for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Ξανθη δ' Ευρυπυλη μελει, etc. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

3 This fragment is preserved by Dion.—Chrysostom, Orat. ii. de Regno. See Baroes, 93.

4 This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Baroes, 101,) is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says) Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingts ans avan Anacréon." Nouvelles de la Rép. des lett. tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μουσ', ενισπες
Υμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηιος χωρας ον αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sang for me

Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVII.[1]

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVIII.[2]

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair
Which in the Dionysian choir
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXIX.[3]

When Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And, flitting on, he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou 'st had thy day!"
[4] Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way—
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!

---

[1] Let me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To sooth my misery!

---

[2] I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most

---

[3] I fear that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there 's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

---

[4] From dread Leucadia's frowning steep
I 'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there I 'll float, to waves resign'd,
For love intoxicates my mind!

---

[5] Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine;
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try,
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety: a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four Epigrams which

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1 This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetica. De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

2 This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

3 See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules

4 Barnes 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

1 This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes, (69th,) who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

2 Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

3 This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th. Catullus expresses somethiug of this contrariety of feeling:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

4 This also is in Hephæston, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is in the 123d of Barnes.

5 This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus, and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form, Το δ' ωζ' Ανακρεοντος

I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but, designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρου Σιδωνιου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
άβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ήδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
ωφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
υ το φιλον ζερζας, φιγε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

'AROUND the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὐδει, χη παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλῳ
'Ιμερα· και κισσου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.

Ουδ' Αϊδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν· εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ων, ὁλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερῃ.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here, mute in death, the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!
And yet, oh bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath,
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through the Elysian grove.
And dreams are thine that bless the elect alone,
And Venus calls thee, even in death, her own!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρειοντος αμειβων
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον ερη σποδιῃ, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινω
Οστεα γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
'Ως ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουασε κωμος
'Ως ὁ φιλακρητου συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχου διχα τουτον ὑποισω
Τον γενεῃ μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

'OH stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell

---

1 Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are those I have selected, upon Anacreon. Those remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet (a) of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate Ανθολογιας, lib. 4. tit. εις Ορχηστριδας. At cum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos, ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione," etc.

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

(a) Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur. Brunck. Lectiones et Emendat.

——the Teian swan is laid.] Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ιμεροισι συντροφον
Λυκιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηιον κυηνν,
Εσφηλας υγρη νεκταρος μεληδοτι.
Ευγενους, Ανθολογ

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd,
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!
The Teian, nursed with all those honied boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath.] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Μολπης δ' ου λησῃ μελιτιρατος, αλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευπαστον εην παθη.
Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled 'divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poëtes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator, here appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id nequicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

1 The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

——If Anacreon's shell

Has ever taught thy heart to swell, etc.] We may guess from the words εκ βιβλων εμων, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these, M. Le Fevre, with all his pre

With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear,
In exquisite libation here!
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When Fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτου.

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας,
εὐδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
εὐδει και Συεοδις, -ο Ποθων εαρ, ῳ συ μελισδων
βαρβιτ', ανεκρουου νεκταρ εναρμονιον.
ηὐθευ γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μουνον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἐκηβολιας.]

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;

---

fessed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poëtes Grecs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium:

Εις Ανακρεοντος ανδριαντα.

Θασσαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον, ω ξενε,
σπουσα, και λεγ', ἑκων ες οικον ελθης
Ανακρεοντος εικον' εἰδον εν Τεῳ.
των πρωτ' ἐπ τι περισσον ωδοποιων.
φροσθεις δε χωτι τοις νεοισιν ἀδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ολον τον ανδρα.

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage:
And you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, etc.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ης ο γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων σπενεν εκ στοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreathed,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breathed,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, etc.] The original here is corrupted; the line ως ο Διονυσου, is unintelligible. Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ως ο Διωνυσοιο λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet Græc. vol. ii.

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, etc.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She, too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

ως ο φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρης φιλοκωμος
πανυχιος κρουοι (a) την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.
Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he loved on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild aërial shell!

She, the young spring of thy desires, etc.] The original το Ποθων εαρ, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress, Eurypyle, would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

υγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ουλον αειδοις,
αἰθυσσων λιπαρες ανδος υπερθε κομης,
ης προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses,
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, ανθος κομης, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: Απεκειρας δ' απαλης ακμαιον ανθος.

The purest nectar of its numbers, etc.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but "nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, etc.] ἐφυς σκοπος, "scopus eras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, etc.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
Ηδυν Ανακρεοντα, (b) Τεως εις Ελλαδ' ανηγεν,
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving!
Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

(a) Brunck has κρουων; but κρουοι, the common reading better suits a detached quotation.

(b) Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard: Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

LUSISSE PUDET.—*Hor.*

Ταῦ' ἐστ' ὀνείρων ὑστέρων φαντασματα, οἶον λῆρος.
Metroc. ap. Diog. Laert. lib. vi. cap. 6.

PREFACE
BY THE EDITOR.

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing were never intended by the Author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented Mr. LITTLE from submitting these trifles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate criticism; and, if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one-and-twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period, that their errors may claim some indulgence from the critic: their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; he wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurea legge, s' ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment and variety of fancy which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was, even in his own times, pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics have preferred him to the pathetic Tibullus; but I believe the defects which a common reader condemns have been looked upon rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators, who find a field for their ingenuity and research in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"[1] etc. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses: but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos, he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home, from which they have long been absent, will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines:

> O quid solutis est beatius curis?
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
>
> CARM. XXXII.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I admire[2] so warmly.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered the rest to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there

1 Lib. i. eleg. 3.

2 In the following Poems, there is a translation of one of his finest Carmina: but I fancy it is only a school-boy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, I must confess, in the midst of these beauties,

——Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.[1]

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Watton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such a refinement; but he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which are very unlike the sentimental levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

From what I have had an opportunity of observing, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity (ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas) was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment;[2] and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends. T. M.

TO J. ATK—NS—N, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend LITTLE'S Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

Non possunt nostros multæ, Faustine, lituræ
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that though not quite a *casuiste relache*, you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,
T. M.

April 19, 1802.

1 Lucretius.

2 It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

POEMS, ETC.

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—
No critic law, no chill controul,
Should ever freeze, by timid art,
The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes! soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,

May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye, that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him,—or, oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to Love!"

TO MRS. ——.

If, in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind,

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;
For he who wakes to sorrow
At least may dream of bliss!

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er required:
Oh! if I feel, in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desired;

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ——.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

—Ego pars——*Virg.*

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remain'd in the wheel?*

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows! were sufficient for *me*
For what could I do with the *whole?*

TO JULIA.

Well, Julia, if to love, and live
'Mid all the pleasures love can give,
Be crimes that bring damnation;
You—you and I have given such scope
To loves and joys, we scarce can hope
In heaven the least salvation!

And yet, I think, did Heaven design
That blisses dear, like yours and mine,
Should be our own undoing;
It had not made my soul so warm,
Nor given you such a witching form,
To bid me doat on ruin!

Then wipe away that timid tear;
Sweet truant! you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at heaven's gate awhile,
And you *so like an angel* smile,
They can't but *let you in.*

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there 's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?

Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety 's paid;
But, oh! while he 's blest, let him die on the minute—
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.[1]

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, etc.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,

---

1 Few poets knew better than Catullus, what a French writer calls

——— la délicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment;

but his passions too often obscured his imagination — F

When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lovedst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again!
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers indeed was nothing loth.
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine!
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she loved so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he who loved before
Can never, never love thee more!

EPIGRAM.[1]

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There 's *something not correct* between us,
And you're in fault as much as I:
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 't would not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie!

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not, sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
Nor that, nor all the world beside
Could keep your faithful boy from loving

You 'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that 's worth possessing
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

SONG.

Sweet seducer! blandly smiling;
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing—
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin 's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting;
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile without admiring!

NATURE'S LABELS

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses.
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagyrite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt.)
I think 't were well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay.
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind!

[1] I believe this epigram is originally French.—E

Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you 're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They 're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!

* * * * * * *

TO MRS. M——.

Sweet lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recal—
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destined to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray:
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SONG.

Why, the world are all thinking about it;
And, as for myself, I can swear,
If I fancied that heaven were without it,
I 'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints,
I 'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!
I 'd worship the eyes of his saints.

But why should I think of a trip
To the Prophet's seraglio above,
When Phillida gives me her lip,
As my own little heaven of love?

Oh, Phillis! that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given;
But your lip, love! is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your heaven!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I 've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And must I say, my hopes were all deceived?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 't is pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

IMPROMPTU.

Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou 'lt see thyself reflected there;
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me:
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's ey !

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY

TO JULIA.

—sine me sit nulla Venus. *Sulpicia*

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be,
The genuine twins of Sympathy:
They live with one sensation:

In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptured read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together?*'

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twined;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

TO MRS. ——

—— amore
In canuti pensier si disconvene. *Guarini.*

Yes, I think I once heard of an amorous youth
Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;
But I own I had ne'er such a licuorish tooth
As to wish to be there in his stead.

'T is for you, my dear madam, such conquests to make:
Antiquarians may value you high:
But I swear I can't love for antiquity's sake,
Such a poor virtuoso am I.

I have seen many ruins all gilded with care,
But the cracks were still plain to the eye:
And I ne'er felt a passion to venture in there,
But turn'd up my nose, and pass'd by!

I perhaps might have sigh'd in your magical chain
When your lip had more freshness to deck it:
But I 'd hate even Dian herself *in the wane,*—
She might then *go to hell for a Hecate!*

No, no! when my heart 's in these amorous faints,
Which is seldom, thank Heaven! the case;—
For, by reading the *Fathers*, and *Lives of the Saints*,
I keep up a stock of good grace:
But then 't is the creature luxuriant and fresh
That my passion with ecstacy owns:
For indeed, my dear madam, though fond *of the flesh*
I never was partial to *bones!*

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery,
Then, then, my breaking heart I 'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

TO JULIA.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet!—
At midnight, love, I 'll think of thee!
At midnight, love! oh think of me!
Think that thou givest thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss:
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine;
And, if I weep, the tear be thine!

TO ——.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in rapture twine?
No, no! the lip that all may press
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recall
Which once could make me die for thee!
No, no! the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be prized by me!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

SONG.

Away with this pouting and sadness!
Sweet girl! will you never give o'er?
I love you, by Heaven! to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?
Believe not the old woman's fable,
That oaths are as short as a kiss;
I'll love you as long as I'm able,
And swear for no longer than this.

Then waste not the time with professions;
For *not* to be blest when we can
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt woman and man.—
Pretty moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heaven knows that I never loved *sinning*—
Except little sinnings in love!

If swearing, however, will do it,
Come, bring me the calendar, pray—
I vow by that lip I'll go through it,
And not miss a saint on my way.
The angels shall help me to wheedle;
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danced on the point of a needle,[1]
Or rode on a beam of the sun!

Oh! why should Platonic control, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think, by this coolness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh! *be a woman to-night!*

TO ROSA.

Like him who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee:
For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be toss'd;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO ROSA.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past, and the sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—and is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh, Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night!" my Rosa say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We 'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you 'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love! my soul! "Good night!"

AN ARGUMENT

TO ANY PHILLIS OR CHLOE.

I've oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content,
Come then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment!

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket 's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love 's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay—
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely when the touch of death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh, Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men!
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time!

---

1 I believe Mr. Little alluded here to a famous question among the early schoolmen: "how many thousand angels could dance upon the point of a very fine needle, without jostling one another?" If he *could* have been thinking of the schools while he was writing this song, we cannot say "canit *indoctum*."

Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And oh! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil!
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame.

No!—when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity.

ANACREONTIQUE.

—— in *lacrymas* verterat omne merum.
Tib. lib. i. eleg. 5.

Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'T will chase that pensive tear;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 't is more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'T will steal away thy mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flowers were cull'd at noon;—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But ah! not half so soon!
For, though the flower 's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

Oh, woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'T is mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be swept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "Go, and sin no more!"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
Secundus, eleg. vii.

Still the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry,
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refined;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this, ten times over,
All that Heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best:
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

THE KISS.

Illa nisi in lecto nusquam potuere docer.
Ovid. lib. ii. eleg. 5.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move,—
Ah, no!—again—that kiss was wrong,—
How can you be so dull, my love?

"Cease, cease!" the blushing girl replied—
And in her milky arms she caught me—
"How can you thus your pupil chide;
You know *'t was in the dark* you taught me!"

TO MISS ——.

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where 's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does Slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassioned care?—
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 't is *love!*

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green:—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you 've seen!

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gather'd in heaven!

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new!
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.[1]

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past!
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

1 This poem, and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose, were the result of tho *few* melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed.—E.

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d' amanti.—*Patt. Fid.*

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all and loving none?
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one.*

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

LOVE IN A STORM

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu. *Tibullus.*

Loud sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of time o'er our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to Love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.

Damp was the chill of the wintry air,
But it made us cling closer, and warmly unite
Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown:
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear,
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down!

SONG.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by Slumber's wing,
Never felt what Love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing.

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now!*

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

Wake, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twined around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love! and let desire
Kindle those opening orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or *seem to sleep.*

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle!*

SONG.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess
Oh! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half-expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

THE BALLAD.[1]

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 't was fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little flow'ret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree,
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee!

TO MRS. ——.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur ma lèvre était lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce deux plaisir l'amorce l'arrêtoit! *Voit.*

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breath his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO A LADY.

ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above!

When, tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that 's weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die—who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I thought this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

---

[1] This ballad was probably suggested by the following Epigram in Martial:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas.
Epig. xc. lib. 11.—E.

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES

This tribute 's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee emblem of himself!
The book of life, which I have traced,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely
Have said they loved such follies dearly!
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands;
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shone,
White as the snowings of that Heaven
By which those hours of peace were given
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch!
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is every page with care;
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God! for ever!

WRITTEN IN THE SAME.

TO THE PRETTY LITTLE MRS. ———.

IMPROMPTU.

Magis venustatem an brevitatem mireris incertum est. *Macrob. Sat.* lib. ii. cap. 2.

This journal of folly 's an emblem of me;
But what book shall we find emblematic of thee?
Oh! shall we not say thou art *Love's duodecimo?*
None can be prettier, few can be less, you know.
Such a volume in *sheets* were a volume of charms;
Or, if *bound*, it should only be *bound in our arms!*

SONG.

Dear! in pity do not speak;
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall.
Yes, yes, my soul! I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
And, oh! I live again!
Still, my love! with looking kill,
And, oh! revive with kisses still!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

TO ———.

In bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit?—*Ovid*

So! Rosa turns her back on me,
Thou walking monument! for thee;
Whose visage, like a grave-stone scribbled,
With vanity bedaub'd, befribbled,
Tells only to the *reading* eye,
That underneath corrupting lie,
Within thy heart's contagious tomb
(As in a cemetery's gloom,)
Suspicion, rankling to infection,
And all the worms of black reflection!

And thou art Rosa's dear elect,
And thou hast won the lovely trifle;
And I must bear repulse, neglect,
And I must all my anguish stifle:
While thou for ever linger'st nigh,
Scowling, muttering, gloating, mumming
Like some sharp, busy, fretful fly,
About a twinkling taper humming

TO JULIA

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill,
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye

Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but *one* proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD.[1]

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'T was *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'T was the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO MRS. ———.

Yes, Heaven can witness how I strove
To love thee with a spirit's love;
To make thy purer wish my own,
And mingle with thy mind alone.
Oh! I appeal to those pure dreams
In which my soul has hung on thee,
And I've forgot thy witching form,
And I've forgot the liquid beams
That eye effuses, thrilling warm—
Yes, yes, forgot each sensual charm,
Each madd'ning spell of luxury,
That could seduce my soul's desires,
And bid it throb with guiltier fires.—
Such *was* my love, and many a time,
When sleep has given thee to my breast,
And thou hast seem'd to share the crime
Which made thy lover wildly blest;
E'en then, in all that rich delusion,
When, by voluptuous visions fired,
My soul, in rapture's warm confusion,
Has on a phantom's lip expired!
E'en *then* some purer thoughts would
Amid my senses' warm excess;
And at the moment—oh! e'en *then*
I've started from thy melting press,
And blush'd for all I've dared to feel,
Yet sigh'd to feel it all again!—
Such *was* my love, and still, O still
I might have calm'd the unholy thrill:
My heart might be a taintless shrine,
And thou its votive saint should be:
There, there I'd make thee all divine,
Myself divine in honouring thee.
But, oh! that night! that fatal night!
When both bewilder'd, both betray'd,
We sank beneath the flow of soul,
Which for a moment mock'd control;
And on the dangerous kiss delay'd,
And almost yielded to delight!
God! how I wish'd, in that wild hour,
That lips alone, thus stamp'd with heat
Had for a moment all the power
To make our souls effusing meet!
That we might mingle by the breath
In all of love's delicious death;
And in a kiss at once be blest,
As, oh! we trembled at the rest!
Pity me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay,
My soul had drawn the placid balm
Which charm'd its little griefs away;
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye,
While my brain maddens, where, O where
Is that serene consoling prayer,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Has seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And e'en the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee![1]

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1 This poem is perfectly in the taste of the present day—"his nam plebecula gaudet."—E.

1 This irregular recurrence of the rhymes is adopted from the light poetry of the French, and is, I think, particularly suited to express the varieties of feeling. In gentler emotions, the verses may flow periodic and regular; and in the transition to violent passion, can assume all the animated abruptness of blank verse. Besides, by dispensing with the

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I 've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quickening smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceived, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here,
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but, ah! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. *Horace.*

Sweet Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
To the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
Seem'd to know they were born for the use of another;
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
Were eternally biting and kissing each other.

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly,—
Half open, half shutting,—such tremulous light:
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
More comical things than I ever shall write.

And oft, as we mingled our legs and our feet,
I felt a pulsation, and cannot tell whether
In yours or in mine—but I know it was sweet,
And I think we both felt it and trembled together.

At length when arrived, at our supper we sat,
I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that.
And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you Fanny,
Oh, no! for I felt it could never be true;
I but said—what I 've said very often to many—
There 's few I would rather be kissing than you.

Then first did I learn that you once had believed
Some lover, the dearest and falsest of men;
And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceived,
That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me that passion a moment amused,
Was follow'd too oft by an age of repenting;
And check'd me so softly that, while you refused,
Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 't was consenting!

And still I entreated, and still you denied,
Till I almost was made to believe you sincere;
Though I found that, in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
And when you repulsed me, 't was done with a tear.

In vain did I whisper, "There 's nobody nigh;"
In vain with the tremors of passion implore;
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
I acknowledged them both, and I ask'd for no more.

Was I right?—oh! I cannot believe I was wrong.
Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again;
And may Providence guide her uninjured along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain!

By Heaven! I would rather for ever forswear
The Elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the *peace* that is there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud with envious veil,
Obscures your bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

limits of distich and stanza, it allows an interesting suspension of the sentiment.—E.

'T is thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'T is there I wish to lay my head,
'T is there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of Heaven!

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou 'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever'd breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink,
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ——.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We 've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'T is not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she 's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* path-way rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'T will be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remember'd charms

"This cheek," I 'll say, "is not so bright
As one that used to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
As one that used to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You 'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

AN INVITATION TO SUPPER

TO MRS. ——.

Myself, dear Julia! and the Sun,
Have now two years of rambling run;
And he before his wheels has driven
The grand menagerie of heaven,
While I have met on earth, I swear,
As many brutes as he has there.
The only difference I can see
Betwixt the flaming god and me,
Is, that his ways are periodic,
And mine, I fear, are simply *oddic*.
But, dearest girl! 't is now a lapse
Of two short years, or less, perhaps,
Since you to me, and I to you,
Vow'd to be ever fondly true!—
Ah, Julia! those were pleasant times!
You loved me for my amorous rhymes
And I loved you, because I thought
'T was so delicious to be taught

By such a charming guide as you,
With eyes of fire and lips of dew,
All I had often fancied o'er,
But never, never felt before:
The day flew by, and night was short
For half our blisses, half our sport!

I know not how we chang'd, or why,
Or if the first was you or I:
Yet so 't is now, we meet each other,
And I 'm no more than Julia's brother;
While she 's so like my prudent sister,
There 's few would think how close I 've kiss'd her.

But, Julia, let those matters pass!
If you will brim a sparkling glass
To vanish'd hours of true delight,
Come to me after dusk to-night.
I 'll have no other guest to meet you,
But here alone I 'll *tete-a-tete* you,
Over a little attic feast,
As full of cordial soul at least,
As those where Delia met Tibullus,
Or Lesbia wanton'd with Catullus.[1]

I 'll sing you many a roguish sonnet
About it, at it, and upon it:
And songs address'd, as if I loved,
To all the girls with whom I 've roved.
Come, pr'ythee come, you 'll find me here,
Like Horace, waiting for his dear.[2]
There shall not be to-night, on earth,
Two souls more elegant in mirth;
And though our hey-day passion 's fled,
The *spirit* of the love that 's dead
Shall hover wanton o'er our head;
Like souls that round the grave will fly,
In which their late possessors lie:
And who, my pretty Julia, knows,
But when our warm remembrance glows,
The *ghost of Love* may act anew,
What Love *when living* used to do.

AN ODE UPON MORNING.

Turn to me, love! the morning rays
Are glowing o'er thy languid charms;
Take one luxurious parting gaze,
While yet I linger in thine arms.

'T was long before the noon of night
I stole into thy bosom, dear!
And now the glance of dawning light
Has found me still in dalliance here.

Turn to me, love! the trembling gleams
Of morn along thy white neck stray;
Away, away, you envious beams,
I 'll chase you with my lips away!

Oh! is it not divine to think,—
While all around were lull'd in night
While even the planets seem'd to wink,—
We kept our vigils of delight!

The heart, that little world of ours,
Unlike the drowsy world of care,
Then, then awaked its sweetest powers,
And all was animation there!

Kiss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
There, close that languid trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as Night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!

Our joys shall take their stolen flight,
Secret as those celestial spheres
Which make sweet music all the night,
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

SONG.[1]

Oh! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store
With this, and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!
Come, then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for you,
Fill them up brimmers, and drink as I call;
I'm going to toast every nymph of my soul for you,
Ay, on my soul, I 'm in love with them all!

Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
They 're all that is sweet and seducing to man!
Looking, sighing about and about them,
We dote on them, die for them, all that we can.

Here 's Phillis!—whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.—
Here 's to the gay little Jessy!—who simpers
So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done;
She 'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you—all out of fun!
Dear creatures, etc.

A bumper to Fanny!—I know you will scorn her,
Because she 's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You 'd say she 's the best little girl in the world!—
Another to Lyddy!—still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, "whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty
Say, "Only for *something* I certainly would."
Dear creatures, etc

Fill for Chloe!—bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure!

1 Cœnam, non sine candida puella.
Cat. Carm. xiii.

2 ——— puellam
Ad mediam noctem expecto.
Hor. lib. i. sat. 5.

1 There are many spurious copies of this song in circulation; and it is universally attributed to a gentleman who has no more right than the Editor of these Poems to any share whatever in the composition.—E.

Here 's pious Susan!—the saint, who alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright:
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I 'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!
Dear creatures, etc.

COME tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where 's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh;
A pilgrimage of years I 'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And, if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I 'll gaze upon her, morn and night,
'Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I 'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 't is the utmost Heaven can do!

SONG.[1]

SWEETEST love! I 'll not forget thee;
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!—
Farewell, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we 'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last:
Oh! sure 't will then be sweet, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.—
Farewell, Bessy!

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
May n't be always sought in vain;
And the moment of possessing—
Will 't not, love, repay our pain?—
Farewell, Bessy!

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!—
Farewell, Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!

SONG.

IF I swear by that eye, you 'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there!
And I 'd make a new vow every hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up that heaven of your brow
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

JULIA'S KISS.

WHEN infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept;
And, while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "With this, with this
I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay, more; he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on memory's themes,
Still floated in voluptuous dreams;
And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung,
He stole the dew that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "With this, with this
I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

TO ——

REMEMBER him thou leavest behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to share
'T was passion when I thought I loved,
'T was fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my Muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd;
'T was young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,

1 All these songs were adapted to airs which Mr. Little composed, and sometimes sung, for his friends: this may account for the peculiarity of metre observable in many of them.—E

If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But, ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leavest behind
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And, though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care,
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that 's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine,
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love!

SONG

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that 's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?—
No, rather 't was Heaven that did it!
So innocent, love! is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent! fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'T is only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love!
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

SONG.

Think on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 't is not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won!

SONG.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When Death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhale together!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing and kiss'd
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caress'd."—
Oh, Rosa! 't was only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!

So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven!
"Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
"What 's devotion to thee or to me?
devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven 's in *thee!*"

* * *

A FRAGMENT.

TO ———.

'T is night, the spectred hour is nigh!
Pensive I hear the moaning blast
Passing, with sad sepulchral sigh,
My lyre that hangs neglected by,
And seems to mourn for pleasures past!
That lyre was once attuned for thee
To many a lay of fond delight,
When all thy days were given to me,
And mine was every blissful night.
How oft I've languish'd by thy side,
And while my heart's luxuriant tide
Ran in wild riot through my veins,
I've waked such sweetly-maddening strains,
As if by inspiration's fire
My soul was blended with my lyre!
Oh! while in every fainting note
We heard the soul of passion float
While in thy blue dissolving glance,
I've raptured read thy bosom's trance,
I've sung and trembled, kiss'd and sung;
Till, as we mingle breath with breath,
Thy burning kisses parch my tongue,
My hands drop listless on the lyre,
And, murmuring like a swan in death,
Upon thy bosom I expire!
Yes, I indeed remember well
Those hours of pleasure past and o er;
Why have I lived their sweets to tell?
To tell, but never feel them more!
I should have died, have sweetly died,
In one of those impassion'd dreams,
When languid, silent on thy breast,
Drinking thine eyes' delicious beams,
My soul has flutter'd from its nest,
And on thy lip just parting sigh'd!
Oh! dying thus a death of love,
To heaven how dearly should I go!
He well might hope for joys above,
Who had begun them here below!

* * * * *

SONG.

Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!
Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale?—
No; t' was the wind, and all is still:
Oh, maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'T is past the promised hour:
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And, as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom:
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom.
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.

This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But, trust me, all this young devotion,
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay!
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day:

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning which flash'd on the neighbouring stream
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"—
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose!
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank.
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love on the wide river's bank

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 't was his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark!—'t was the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 't was her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'T was Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And flitted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.[1]

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—*Ovid. Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15

THE happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amused,
And some the dulcet song.

1 I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, FROMMAN *upon Fascination*, book iii. part. vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting.—E.

Tho younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind,—
As well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcase found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'T was like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill-fated Rupert! wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(Oh God! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I've the ring
Thou gavest to-day to me;
And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

"Husband! husband! I've the ring,
The ring thou gavest to me;
And thou 'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
No shape of horror see;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wondrous maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.

Thou 'lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that 's high above the rest,
Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They 'll soon be understood;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
I've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eye-balls flashing death;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd
Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost
She from her finger took;

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said in that tremendous voice
Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
The ring thou gavest to me;
And thou 'rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MRS. ———.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, so dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever!
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night,
Which could disturb our souls' communion!
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We 'll e'en for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they 'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly:
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever Fate may cast your rover;
He 'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that 's over!

Then, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let 's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'T will tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. *Juv.*

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze?
Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twined with heavenly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes. *Livy.*

* * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call, sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 't is our country's voice, whose claims should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SONG.[1]

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
Fare thee well!

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'T is to be like thy eyes of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blush's hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that 's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 't is thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that 's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

1 I believe these words were adapted by Mr. Little to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."—E.

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

Though long at school and college, dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd to *doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'T is like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow

"Reason alone must claim direction.
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie;
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 't is true,
But all the *flowers* were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue[2]
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more!
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying!"

1 The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed, is the author of some esteemed works, and was Mr. Little's most particular friend. I have heard Mr. Little very frequently speak of him as one in whom "the elements were so mixed," that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency.—E.

2 Aristippus.

Is this morality?—Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects, we see,
Have watch-words of morality:
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 't is religion, there 't is love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream and doctors ponder,
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
This plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I 've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream,
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue:
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heaven and Nature claim the heart;
And dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles of refraction!*

While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening his world with looks of love!

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO ———, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon,
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay—
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I 'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
That 's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sunshine, peace, and love

The wing of Time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
That flashes from my Nona's eye!

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a drama; and as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the Scripture, I think it right to remark that, in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX, of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the fable rests.[1] The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'TWAS when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;

When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere Sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and Heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.
Alas, that passion should profane,
Even then, that morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From woman's love, most sad of all!

One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Day-light furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word!

Of heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence,
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first fond erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, even in heaven, was not of those
Nearest the throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In the great centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths the unheavenliest one—
A creature to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,

1 See Note.

And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, sent,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they went.

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY

'T was in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not Night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And midway choosing where to light,
I saw from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings, to hide the burning
Of glances which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One side-long look, the maid was gone—
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The moon into his dusky arms

'T is not in words to tell the power,
The despotism, that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me—day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot,
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and Heaven, and all forgot—
All but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But wanting *that*, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven more worshipp'd than my own
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'T was blessed, while she breathed it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where Lea *was*—the other, all
The dull wide waste, where she was *not!*

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings that hung
Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
Unnamed in heaven their fragments flung;—
'T was hopeless all—pure and unmoved
She stood, as lilies in the light
Of the hot noon but look more white;—
And though she loved me, deeply loved,
'T was not as man, as mortal—no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow—
She loved me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams—that heaven,
To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gazed at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
To that free glorious element!

Well I remember by her side,
Sitting at rosy eventide,
When, turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute blushing hour,—she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
Dwelling up there in purity,
Alone, as all such bright things are;—
My sole employ to pray and shine,
To light my censer at the sun,
And fling its fire towards the shrine
Of Him in Heaven, the Eternal One!"

So innocent the maid—so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 't was my crime—my destiny—
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the avowal burst;
Not angry—no—the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there—to think
That angel natures—even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of such pure glory into sin—
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,—
The sin, of all, that the soul's light
Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!
That, though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there,
Should meet her, in my fall from light,
From heaven and peace, and turn her flight
Downward again, with me to drink
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

That very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers[1] near the throne
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 't was their herald's wing returning:—
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounced, when back to heaven
It is their hour or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play—
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinished died away,
And my cheek'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me,
Beyond home—glory—every thing?
How fly, while yet there was a chance,
A hope—ay, even of perishing
Utterly by that fatal glance?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, moved, breathed about—
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven's proudest joys without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came, crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds, the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness—
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Brightening not only earth, the while,
But grasping heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever—like wild fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
I sought her in the accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent moonlight hour.
I found her—oh, so beautiful!
Why, why have hapless angels eyes?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
As fair as woman, in yon skies?
Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her loved star, which seem'd to burn
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not been
Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
As though I stood on God's own ground.
Even as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
To the pale shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,

1 See Note.

Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'T is soothing but to *think* she saw –
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When—with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power—I said,
"Then be it so—if back to heaven
I must unloved, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial given
To sooth me in that lonely sky—
One look like those the young and fond
Give when they're parting—which would be,
Even in remembrance, far beyond
All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine
Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet but once the thrilling touch
Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
Or, if that boon be all too much,
Even thus to bring their fragrance near me!
Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south wind's breath;
But when I named—alas, too well
I now recal, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out,
With that triumphant look Faith wears
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings magnificent as those
That sparkle round the eternal throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away—[1]
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night,—
Oh even for Heaven too much delight!—
Again to bring us eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul in Paradise?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more,
There seem'd around me some dark chain,
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Baffled, alas! each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills the offended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up the illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!

Once—or did I but fancy so?—
Even in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point as small
As are those specks that yonder burn—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heaven and love both pass'd away;

1 See Note.

And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now!

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame that of itself would tell—
Were there not even those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.
Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit?—he
With the proud front and piercing glance—
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into the Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie?—
His wings the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew—
A breathing forth of beams at will,
Of living beams, which, though no more
They kept their early lustre, still
Were such, when glittering out all o'er,
As mortal eyelids wink'd before.

T was Rubi—once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge,[1] who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light—
Was, even to theirs, as day to night—
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of infinity!
'T was Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes in some silent place,
When first awaked for many a year:
And when he smiled—if o'er his face
Smile ever shone—'t was like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Even o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relum'd his cheek,
And not those sky-tuned lips alone,
But his eyes, brows, and tresses, roll'd
Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told:

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noon-tide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,

1 The Cherubim.—See Note.

The thought of what might yet befall
That splendid creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All waked my soul's intensest care:
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!

It was my doom—even from the first,
When summon'd with my cherub peers,
To witness the young vernal burst
Of nature through those blooming spheres,
Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
The first touch of the Eternal's breath—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time,
Held all my soul enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
Which even by quenching, is awaked,
And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,
As is the fount whereat 't is slaked—
Still urged me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That waked each new idolatry—
Their cause, aim, source from whence they sprung,
Their inmost powers, as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still lived blest with such,
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe!

Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Unwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere this still newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born,
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately ranged
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
Even in that luminous range confined,
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head 's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, even yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,—
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
The insatiate curiosity
To know what shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to those bright eyes—
Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
To make the soul as bright as they!
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
The intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,

Which God made solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
For 't is my own) that wish to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from Heaven all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
As his soul is with strength and sense—
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away!
Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driven from Paradise for her
(And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss,)
Had I not heard him, ere he cross'd
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven—
Had I not heard him, as he press'd
The frail fond trembler, to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his Life! his Life![1]
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Even in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,
Enchanted round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper—
And, wheresoe'er they smiled, the same
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world, with all its destinies,
Devotedly by Heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it as they please!

Oh, 't is not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possess'd,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unbless'd
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer,—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and you will know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'T was not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
That drop from it in summer's hour.
'T was not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make all others fair—
But 't was the Mind, sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul, brought out

1 Chavah, the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression, means "Life."—See Note.

To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun,
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'T was this, all this, in one combined,
The unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind
Taken in their first fusion, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of divinity!
'T was this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to Heaven as I,
My bright twin sister of the sky—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mixed delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fixed dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping—
'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright vague future given,
And fancies, free and grand, whose play
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair,
Since that first fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden bless'd,
Save only *one*, rather than leave
That one unknown, lost all the rest

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When Reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds—
'T was then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her view—
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas with a void seen through—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream still in her sight,
The enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said "Behold yon world of light,"
Then sudden dropp'd a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me,
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—t' was in a holy spot,
Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light, the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face—
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claim'd her sighs
Every warm thought that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes,
Thus, by the tender light, which lay
Dissolving round, as if its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say:—

"Oh, idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly—still too fair,
Too heavenly to be ever mine!

"Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
Slumber so lovely that it seems
No longer life to live awake,
Since heaven itself descends in dreams.

"Why do I ever lose thee?—why—
When on thy realms and thee I gaze—
Still drops that veil, which I could die,
Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

"Long ere such miracles as thou
And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst

For light was in this soul, which now
Thy looks have into passion nursed.

"There 's nothing bright above, below,
In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know,
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

"Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home,
Whether thou wouldst as God be shrined,
Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come!

"Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
That I may waking know and see—
Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee!

"Demon or God, who hold'st the book
Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
Give me, with thee, but one bright look
Into its leaves, and let me die!

"By those ethereal wings, whose way
Lies through an element, so fraught
With floating Mind, that, as they play,
Their every movement is a thought!

"By that most precious hair, between
Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late hath been,
And left its fragrant soul behind!

"By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
Their light into the inmost heart,
Like sunset in the waters, felt
As molten fire through every part,—

"I do implore thee, oh most bright
And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
My waking wondering eyes this night,
This one bless'd night—I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised,
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep,
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheathed, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star—
And nothing left but what beseem'd
The accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon her's, as passionate:
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more
Of Heaven's light than even the power
Of Heaven itself could now restore!

And yet the hour!——

The Spirit here
Stopped in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong.—
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!
But soon 't was o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days,
That relic of the flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relumed,
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus resumed:—

Days, months elapsed, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'T was bitterest anguish—made more keen
Even by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see
My young, proud, blooming LILIS bless'd
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first!—
To see *her* happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade.
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, bright creature!—proud,
Beyond what even most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven;
Not only what God loves to show,
But all that He hath seal'd below
In darkness for man *not* to know—
Even this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,

As ne'er till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
"Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
Then first were diamonds caught—like eyes
Shining in darkness—by surprise,
And made to light the conquering way
Of proud young Beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell,
Unsightly in the sunless sea
(As 't were a spirit forced to dwell
In form unlovely,) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid—whate'er
The ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—the unveil'd, material,
Visible glories that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground—
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of life where'er 't is shed,
Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
The workings of the Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
That spread of darkness—like the bow,
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
Saw the grand gradual picture grow!—
The covenant with human kind
Which God has made—the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twined,
Till his high task he consummate—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, perhaps, even more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound
Or a fallen outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that Fancy had, before,
Shed in false tinted glimmerings—
The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one,
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorn'd, would run
To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet 'mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh! many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
Stole out in these revealments then—
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One![1]
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful East half bright
Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd, as is the sun on high,
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, land, and air,
Whose influence, felt every where,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Even to the world's extremest part—
While through that world her reinless mind
Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy unconfined,
Already saw heaven's gates a-jar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh still,
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended Heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—even I,

1 It is the opinion of some of the Fathers, that the knowledge which the heathens possessed of the Providence of God, a future state, and other sublime doctrines of Christianity, was derived from the premature revelations of these fallen angels to the women of earth.—See Note

While down its steep most headlong driven,—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
  Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe,—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing, and, worst of all,
Know and love virtue while they fall!—
Even then her presence had the power
  To sooth, to warm,—nay, even to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower
  On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
  Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
  Brightening the storm it cannot calm.
Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
  Which all who love beneath the sky
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
  The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all—to me
  Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
  Fell yesterday, in vain be sought—
That Heaven to me the final seal
  Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
  The death-pang, without power to die!
Even this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever twisted the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away:
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
There seem'd a freshness in her breath,
Beyond the reach, the power of death!
And then, her voice—oh, who could doubt
That 't would for ever thus breathe out
A music, like the harmony
Of the tuned orbs, too sweet to die!
While in her lip's awakening touch
There thrill'd a life ambrosial—such
As mantles in the fruit steep'd through
With Eden's most delicious dew—
Till I could almost think, though known
And loved as human, they had grown
By bliss, celestial as my own!
But 't is not, 't is not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of a tempter's sin—
Shadow of death, whose withering frown
  Kills whatsoe'er it lights upon—
  Too deep for even *her* soul to shun
The desolation it brings down!
Listen, and if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me

'T was on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dream'd away;
In that same garden, where, beneath
The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight;
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,
  Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
  And loved as never man was yet!
In that same garden we were now,
  Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
  With its own silent fancies shining.
It was an evening bright and still
  As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from Heaven, as if nought ill
  Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
  In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
  Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
  The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
  Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last grand sun-set, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as if some thought, awaking
  Suddenly, sprung within her breast—
Like a young bird, when day-light breaking
  Startles him from his dreamy nest—
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
  Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
  As if to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and said:—

"I had, last night, a dream of thee,
  Resembling those divine ones, given,
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
  Before thou camest, thyself, from heaven

The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
  Dazzling as if of star-light made;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
  Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

All bright as in those happy dreams
  Thou stood'st, a creature to adore
No less than love, breathing out beams,
  As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

Sudden I felt thee draw me near
  To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
  Of that exhaling light embraced;

And, as thou held'st me there, the flame
  Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
  Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me
  If, now I wake, 't is faded, gone?
When will my Cherub shine before me
  Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

"When shall I, waking, be allow'd
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within my arms?

"Oh what a pride to say—this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heaven, he 's mine, he 's mine!

"Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,
She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lover's eyes?

"No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity,
Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze..

"Too long have I look'd doating on
Those ardent eyes, intense even thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand or luminous.

"Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my blest spirit drink thy ray
Till it becomes all heavenly too?

"Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not used
To be by man or God refused—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her!

Little did she, alas, or I—
Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity,
Was as the planet where we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told?
Oh God! such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charged as 't is, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!

Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something unbless'd
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I ought that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, that unhid
And bursting glory on a lid
Untried in heaven—and even this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudliest spread,
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night

Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in his lair, ready to spring,
Yet waked him not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feather'd snow (which, for its whiteness,
In my pure days I used to love)
Fell like the moultings of Heaven's Dove,—
So harmless, though so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had fallen there!
Nay even with LILIS—had I not
Around her sleep in splendour come—
Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot
To print my radiant lips on some?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?
Even when the rays I scatter'd stole
Intensest to her dreaming soul,
No thrill disturb'd the insensate frame—
So subtle, so refined that flame,
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
The blade within the unharm'd sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
Reach and dissolve the soul beneath!

Thus having (as, alas, deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if the unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
I brought from heaven belong'd to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fallen angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting—but the illumined brow
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown

Even to themselves—the unfolded wings,
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God! I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
Blackening within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last—
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'T was madd'ning, 't was—but hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'T were not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 't is for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,
So withering!—I feel it now—
'T was fire—but fire, even more unbless'd
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,
And here—see here, the mark, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which even the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forced aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
Had honour'd Heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful God! it *is* not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look—that look, so fraught
With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
Oh,—for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
Thou couldst for prayer like mine recal,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel
Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest.—
Oh, who is to be saved, if such
Bright erring souls are not forgiven?
So loth they wander, and so much
Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven!
Again I cry, Just God, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me—
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be—
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!

He paused, and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as 't were their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air

Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heaven must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of his,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims He *is!*

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell
(So kin its spirit to the lute's,)
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier, trace;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not quit him—as if still
Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke,
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:—

"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot without thee!

"I've fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense-tree;
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life, or lustre, without thee!

"A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am without thee!

"Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
Oh, happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceased, when from the wood—
Where curving down that airy height,
It reach'd the spot on which they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one who raised
The flame aloft (as if to throw
Its light upon that group below,)
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'T was but a moment—the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves when she was gone—
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we 've said,
"Look, look, how beautiful!"—'t is fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
I come, my Nama," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one*—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear!
A music, breathing of the past,
The present, and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they—alas, more fallen than he
From happiness and heaven—knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—*not* as he told
The tale himself, but as 't is graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Cham were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And saddening legends of the unblest
But glorious spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That round the Almighty Throne abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side
(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound,)

Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne,
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs' stand——this burning sign
Traced on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Even to those high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all—so much doth Love
Transcend all knowledge, even in heaven!
'Mong these was Zaraph once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards the Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!

Often, when from the Almighty brow
A lustre came too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
To look upon the effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took,)
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking than *not* look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone,
Such love as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, even from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
The same in heaven as it is here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill—
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments even the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!
So was it with that Angel—such
The charm that sloped his fall along
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Even so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 't was found,
From the bright things above the moon,
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended!

'T was first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters, where he lay
Watching the day-light's dying ray,
Thought 't was a voice from out the wave,
An echo that some spirit gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That 's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When timo'or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies.
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies.

1 The Seraphim are the Spirits of Divine Love.—See Note

The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?—one so fair
Breathing out music that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it—far too well—
With warmth that much too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before Religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die—
Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which, when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there—
Bless'd union! by that angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fallen or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the bless'd,
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that God look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did justice launch a frown
That, ere it fell, so nearly smiled.
For gentle was their love, with awe
And trembling like a treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law,
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In Nama's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought,
"What claim have I to be so bless'd?"

Still less could maid so meek have nursed
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been cursed,
From luckless Eve to her who near
The Tabernacle stole, to hear
The secrets of the Angels—no—
To love as her own seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again—
With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storm, can rise anew,
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride,
Of her fond heart—the unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last—
Two fallen Splendors from that tree
Which buds with such eternally,[1]
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,)
Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light, remote but sure, they see,
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife
True love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies.
Still worse, the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Bless'd meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—

1 An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.—See Note.

Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering as Echo doth, some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love—whose love,
Though close as 't were their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
In heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
There is but *one* such pair below;
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
"There Zaraph and his Nama go."

NOTES.

PREFACE, p. 295, line 21.

An erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, etc.

THE error of these interpreters (and, it is said, of the old Italic version also) was in making it *οἱ Ἀγγελοι του Θεου*, "the *Angels* of God," instead of "the *Sons*"—a mistake which, assisted by the allegorising comments of Philo, and the rhapsodical fictions of the Book of Enoch,[1] was more than sufficient to affect the imaginations of such half-Pagan writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and Lactantius, who, chiefly, among the Fathers, have indulged themselves in fanciful reveries upon the subject. The greater number, however, have rejected the fiction with indignation. Chrysostom, in his twenty-second Homily upon Genesis, earnestly exposes its absurdity;[2] and Cyril accounts such a supposition as *εγγυς μωριας*, "bordering on folly."[3] According to these Fathers (and their opinion has been followed by all the theologians, down from St. Thomas to Caryl and Lightfoot,[4]) the term "Sons of God," must be understood to mean the descendants of Seth, by Enos—a family peculiarly favoured by Heaven, because with them men first began to "call upon the name of the LORD"—while, by "the daughters of men," they suppose that the corrupt race of Cain is designated. The probability, however, is, that the words in question ought to have been translated "the sons of the nobles or great men," as we find them interpreted in the Targum of Onkelos (the most ancient and accurate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases,) and as, it appears from Cyril, the version of Symmachus also rendered them. This translation of the passage removes all difficulty, and at once relieves the Sacred History of an extravagance, which, however it may suit the imagination of the poet, is inconsistent with all our notions, both philosophical and religious.

1 It is lamentable to think that this absurd production, of which we now know the whole from Dr. Laurence's translation, should ever have been considered as an inspired or authentic work. See the Preliminary Dissertation, prefixed to the Translation.

2 One of the arguments of Chrysostom is, that Angels are no where else, in the Old Testament, called "Sons of God,"—but his commentator, Montfaucon, shows that he is mistaken, and that in the Book of Job they are so designated, (c. i. v. 6.) both in the original Hebrew and the Vulgate, though not in the Septuagint, which alone, he says, Chrysostom read.

3 Lib. ii. Glaphyrorum.—Philæstrius, in his enumeration of heresies, classes this story of the Angels among the number, and says it deserves only to be ranked with those fictions about gods and goddesses, to which the fancy of the Pagan poets gave birth:—"Sicuti et Paganorum et Poetarum mendacia asserunt deos deasque transformatos nefanda conjugia commisisse."—De Hæres. Edit. Basil. p. 101.

4 Lightfoot says, "The sons of God, or the members of the Church, and the progeny of Seth, marrying carelessly and promiscuously with the daughters of men, or brood of Cain," etc. I find in Pole that, according to the Samaritan version, the phrase may be understood as meaning "the Sons of *the Judges*."—So variously may the Hebrew word, Elohim, be interpreted.

Page 295, line 81.

Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Dionysius (De Cœlest. Hierarch.) is of opinion, that when Isaiah represents the Seraphim as crying out "one unto the other," his intention is to describe those communications of the divine thought and will, which are continually passing from the higher orders of the angels to the lower:—*οἷα και αυτους Θεοτατους Σεραφιμ οἱ Θεολογοι φασιν ἑτερον προς τον ἑτερον κεκραγεναι, σαφως εν τουτῳ, καθαπερ οιμαι, δηλουντες, ὁτι των Θεολογικων γνωσεων οἱ πρωτοι τοις δευτεροις μεταδιδοασι.*—See also in the Paraphrase of Pachymer upon Dionysius, cap. 2. rather a striking passage, in which he represents all living creatures as being, in a stronger or fainter degree, "echoes of God."

Page 296, line 19.

One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear chrystal of a brook.

This is given upon the authority, or rather according to the fancy, of some of the Fathers, who suppose that the women of earth were first seen by the angels in this situation; and St. Basil has even made it the serious foundation of rather a rigorous rule for the toilet of his fair disciples; adding, *ἱκανον γαρ εστι παραγυμνουμενον καλλος και νἱους Θεου προς ἡδονην γοητευσαι, και ὡς ανθρωπους δια ταυτην αποθνησκοντας, ὑνητους αποδειξαι.*—De Vera Virginitat. tom. i. p. 747. edit. Paris. 1618.

Page 296, line 115.

The Spirit of yon beauteous star.

It is the opinion of Kircher, Ricciolus, etc. (and was, I believe, to a certain degree, that of Origen) that the stars are moved and directed by intelligences or angels who preside over them. Among other passages from Scripture in support of this notion, they cite those words of the Book of Job, "When the morning stars sang together."—Upon which Kircher remarks, "Non de materialibus intelligitur." Itin. 1. Isagog. Astronom. See also Caryl's most wordy Commentary on the same text.

Page 297, line 33.

And the bright Watchers near the throne.

"The Watchers, the offspring of Heaven."—Book of Enoch. In Daniel also the angels are called watchers:—"And behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven." iv. 13.

Page 297, line 81

Then, too, that juice of earth, etc. etc.

For all that relates to the nature and attributes of angels, the time of their creation, the extent of their knowledge, and the power which they possess, or can occasionally assume, of performing such human functions as eating, drinking, etc. etc. I shall refer those who are inquisitive upon the subject to the following works:—The Treatise upon the Celestial Hierarchy written under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, in which, among much that is heavy and trifling, there are some sublime notions concerning the agency of these spiritual creatures—The questions "de Cognitione Angelorum" of St. Thomas, where he examines most prolixly into such puzzling points as "whether angels illuminate each other," "whether they speak to each other," etc. etc.—The Thesaurus of Cocceius, containing extracts from almost every theologian that has written on the subject—The 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters, sixth book, of l'Histoire des Juifs,[1] where all the extraordinary reveries of the Rabbins' about angels and demons are enumerated—The Questions attributed to St. Athanasius—The Treatise of Bonaventure upon the Wings of the Seraphim[2]—and, lastly, the ponderous folio of Suarez "de Angelis," where the reader will find all that has ever been fancied or reasoned, upon a subject which only *such* writers could have contrived to render so dull.

Page 297, line 89.

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd, etc.

Some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the Eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as it is given by Mariti, who says, that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. The Bahardanush tells the story differently.

Page 297, line 105.

Why, why have hapless angels eyes?

Tertullian imagines that the words of St. Paul, "Woman ought to have a veil on her head,[3] *on account of the angels*," have an evident reference to the fatal effects which the beauty of women once produced upon these spiritual beings. See the strange passage of this Father (de Virgin. Velandis,) beginning "Si enim propter angelos," etc. etc. where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality, at the expense of his latinity, by substituting the word "excussat" for "excusat." Such instances of indecorum, however, are but too common throughout the Fathers, in proof of which I need only refer to some passages in the same writer's treatise, "De Anima,"—to the Second and Third Books of the Pædagogus of Clemens Alexandrinus, and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his Hexameron Rustique, Journée Seconde.

1 The following may serve as specimens:—"Les anges ne savent point la langue Chaldaique: c'est pourquoi ils ne portent point à Dieu les oraisons de ceux qui prient dans cette langue. Ils se trompent souvent; ils font des erreurs dangereuses; car l'Ange de la mort, qui est chargé de faire mourir un homme, en prend quelquefois un autre, ce qui cause de grands désordres. . . . . Ils sont chargés de chanter devant Dieu le cantique, *Saint, Saint est le Dieu des armées;* mais ils ne remplissent cet office qu'une fois le jour, dans une semaine, dans un mois, dans un an, dans un siècle, ou dans l'éternité. L'Ange qui luttoit contre Jacob le pressa de le laisser aller, lorsque l'Aurore parut, parce que c'étoit son tour de chanter le cantique ce jour-là, ce qu'il n'avoit encore jamais fait."

2 This work (which, notwithstanding its title, is, probably, quite as dull as the rest) I have not, myself, been able to see, having searched for it in vain through the King's Library at Paris, though assisted by the zeal and kindness of M. Langlès and M. Vonpradt, whose liberal administration of that most liberal establishment, entitles them—not only for the immediate effect of such conduct, but for the useful and civilizing example it holds forth—to the most cordial gratitude of the whole literary world.

3 Corinth xi. 10. Dr. Macknight's Translation.

Page 298, line 75.

When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.

"And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." Revelat. xii. 4.—Docent saneti (says Suarez) supremum angelum traxisse secum tertiam partem stellarum." Lib. 7. cap. 7.

Page 298, line 77.

Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The idea of the Fathers was, that the vacancies occasioned in the different orders of angels by the fall were to be filled up from the human race. There is, however, another opinion, backed by papal authority, that it was only the tenth order of the Celestial Hierarchy that fell, and that, therefore, the promotions which occasionally take place from earth are intended for the completion of that *grade* alone: or, as it is explained by Salonius (Dial. in Eccl.)—"Decem sunt ordines angelorum, sed unus ceeidit per superbiam, et idcirco boni angeli semper laborant, ut de hominibus numerus adimpleatur, et proveniat ad perfectum numerum, id est, denarium." According to some theologians, virgins alone are admitted "ad collegium angelorum," but the author[1] of the "Speculum Peregrinarum Quæstionum" rather questions this exclusive privilege:—"Hoc non videtur verum, quia multi, non virgines, ut Petrus et Magdalena, multis etiam virginibus eminentiores sunt." Decad. 2. cap. 10.

Page 299, line 38.

'T was Rubi.

I might have chosen, perhaps, some better name, but it is meant (like that of Zaraph in the following story) to define the particular class of spirits to which the angel belonged. The author of the Book of Enoch, who estimates at 200 the number of angels that descended upon Mount Hermon, for the purpose of making love to the women of earth, has favoured us with the names of their leader and chiefs—Samyaza, Urakabarameel, Akibeel, Tamiel, etc. etc.

In that heretical worship of angels which prevailed, to a great degree, during the first ages of Christianity, to *name* them seems to have been one of the most important ceremonies; for we find it expressly forbidden in one of the Canons (35th) of the council of Laodicea, *ονομαζειν τους αγγελους*. Josephus, too, mentions, among the religious rites of the Essenes, their swearing to preserve the names of the angels." —*συντηρησειν τα των αγγελων ονομαια*. Bell. Jud. lib. 2. cap. 8.—See upon this subject Van Dale, de Org. et Progress. Idololat. cap. 9.

Page 299, line 39.

—— those bright creatures named
Spirits of Knowledge.

The word cherub signifies knowledge—*το γνοστικον τυτων και θεοπτικον*, says Dionysius. Hence it is that Ezekiel, to express the abundance of their knowledge, represents them as "full of eyes."

1 F. Bartholomæus Sibylla.

Page 299, line 78.

Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness, etc.

St. Augustin, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the angels had some share ("aliquod ministerium") in the creation of Adam and Eve.

Page 300, line 124.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise.

Whether Eve was created *in* Paradise or not is a question that has been productive of much doubt and controversy among the theologians. With respect to Adam, it is agreed on all sides that *he* was created *outside*; and it is accordingly asked, with some warmth, by one of the commentators, "why should woman, the ignobler creature of the two, be created *within*?[1] Others, on the contrary, consider this distinction as but a fair tribute to the superior beauty and purity of women; and some, in their zeal, even seem to think that, if the scene of her creation was not already Paradise, it became so, immediately upon that event, in compliment to her. Josephus is one of those who think that Eve was formed outside; Tertullian, too, among the Fathers—and, among the Theologians, Rupertus, who, to do him justice, never misses an opportunity of putting on record his ill-will to the sex. Pererius, however (and his opinion seems to be considered as the most orthodox,) thinks it much more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created *in* Paradise.

Page 301, line 8.

Her error, too.

The comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, and the proportion which it bears to that of Adam, is another point which has exercised the tiresome ingenuity of the Commentators; and they seem generally to agree (with the exception always of Rupertus) that, as she was not yet created when the prohibition was issued, and therefore could not have heard it, (a conclusion remarkably confirmed by the inaccurate way in which she reports it to the serpent,[2]) her share in the crime of disobedience is considerably lighter than that of Adam.[3] In corroboration of this view of the matter, Pererius remarks that it is to Adam alone the Deity addresses his reproaches for having eaten of the forbidden tree, because to Adam alone the order had been originally promulgated. So far, indeed, does the gallantry of another commentator, Hugh de St. Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the words "I will put enmity between thee and the woman" as a proof that the sex was from that moment enlisted into the service of Heaven, as the chief foe and obstacle which the Spirit of Evil would have to contend with in his inroads on this world:—"si dein-

1 "Cur denique Evam, quæ Adamo ignobilior erat, formavit *intra* Paradisum?"

2 Rupertus considers these *variantes* as intentional and prevaricatory, and as the first instance upon record of a wilful vitiation of the words of God, for the purpose of suiting the corrupt views and propensities of human nature. —De Trinitat. lib. iii. cap. 5.

3 Caietanus, indeed, pronounces it to be "minimum peccatum."

ceps Eva inimica Diabolo, ergo fuit grata et amica Deo."

Page 301, line 36.

Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!

Chavah (or, as it is in the Latin version, Eva) has the same signification as the Greek, Zoe.

Epiphanius, among others, is not a little surprised at the application of such a name to Eve, so immediately, too, after that awful denunciation of death, "dust thou art," etc. etc.[1] Some of the commentators think that it was meant as a sarcasm, and spoken by Adam, in the first bitterness of his heart,—in the same spirit of irony (says Pererius) as that of the Greeks in calling their Furies, Eumenides, or Gentle.[2] But the Bishop of Chalon rejects this supposition:—"Explodendi sane qui id nominis ab Adamo per ironiam inditum uxori suæ putant; atque quod mortis causa esset, amaro joco vitam appellasse.[3]

With a similar feeling of spleen against women, some of these "distillateurs des Saintes Lettres" (as Bayle calls them,) in rendering the text "I will make him a help *meet for him*," translate these words "*against* or *contrary* to him" (a meaning which, it appears, the original will bear,) and represent them as prophetic of those contradictions and perplexities which men experience from women in this life.

It is rather strange that these two instances of perverse commentatorship should have escaped the researches of Bayle, in his curious article upon Eve. He would have found another subject of discussion, equally to his taste, in Gataker's whimsical dissertation upon Eve's knowledge of the τεχνη ὑφαντικη, and upon the notion of Epiphanius that it was taught her in a special revelation from Heaven.—Miscellan. lib. ii. cap. 3. p. 200.

Page 302, line 113.

Oh, idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly.

In an article upon the Fathers, which appeared, some years since, in the Edinburgh Review (No. XLVII,) and of which I have made some little use in these notes (having that claim over it—as "quiddam notum *propriumque*"—which Lucretius gives to the cow over the calf,) there is the following remark:—"The belief of an intercourse betwcen angels and women, founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis, is one of those extravagant notions of St. Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purified themselves from the grossness of heathen mythology, and in how many respects their heaven was but Olympus, with other names. Yet we can hardly be angry with them for this one error, when we recollect that possibly to their enamoured angels we owe the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, and that at this moment we might have wanted Pope's most exquisitc poem, if the version of the LXX. had translated tho Book of Genesis correctly."

1 Και μετα το ακουσαι, γη ει, και εις γην απελευση, μετα την παραβασιν. και ην θαυμαστον οτι μετα την παραβασιν ταυτην την μεγαλην ισχυεν επωνυμειαν. Hæres 78. sec. 18. tom. i. edit. Paris, 1622.

2 Lib. 6. p. 234.

3 Pontus Tyard. de recta nominum impositione, p. 14.

The following is one among many passages, which may be adduced from the Comte de Gabalis, in confirmation of this remark:—"Ces enfans du ciel engendrèrent les géans fameux, s'étant fait aimer aux filles des hommes; et les mauvais cabalistes Joseph et Philo (comme tous les Juifs sont ignorans,) et après eux tous les auteurs que j'ai nommés tout à l'hcure, ont dit que c'étoit des anges, et n'ont pas su que c'était les sylphes et les autres peuples des élémens, qui, sous le nom d'enfans d'Eloim, sont distingués des enfans des hommes."—See Entret. Second.

Page 303, line 110.

So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

"Nihil plus desiderare potuerint quæ angelos possidebant—magno scilicet nupserant." Tertull. de Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.

Page 304, line 14.

Then first were diamonds caught, etc.

"Quelques gnomes, dèsireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes graces de nos filles, et leur avaient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ses auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Enoch mal entendu, que c'étaient des pièges que les anges amoureux," etc. etc.—Compte de Gabalis.

Tertullian traces all the chief luxuries of female attire, the necklaces, armlets, rouge, and the black powder for the eye-lashes, to the researches of these fallen angels into the inmost recesscs of nature, and the discoveries they were, in consequence, enabled to make, of all that could embellish the beauty of their earthly favourites. The passage is so remarkable that I shall give it entire:—"Nam et illi qui ea constituerant, damnati in pœnam mortis deputantur: illi scilicet angeli, qui ad filias hominum dc cœlo ruerunt, ut hæc quoque ignominia fœminæ accedat. Nam cum et materias quasdam bene occultas et artes plerasque non bene revelatas, sæculo multo magis imperito prodidissent (siquidem et metallorum opera nudaverant, et herbarum ingenia traduxerant et incantationum vires provulgaverant, et omnem curiositatem usque ad stellarum interpretationem designaverant) proprie et quasi pcculiariter fœminis instrumentum istud muliebris gloriæ contulerunt: lumina lapillorum quibus monilia variantur, et circulos ex auro quibus brachia arctantur; et medicamenta ex fuco, quibus lanæ colorantur, et illum ipsum nigrum pulverem, quo oculorum exordia producuntur." De Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.—See him also "De Cultu Fœm. cap 10.

Page 304, line 28.

—— the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form.

The same figure, as applied to fcmale attractions, occurs in a singular passage of St. Basil, of which the following is the conclusion:—Δια την ενουσαν κατα του αρρενος αυτης φυσικην δυναμειαν, ὡς σιδηρος, φημι, πορρωθεν μαγνητις, τουτο προς ἑαυτον μαγγανευι. De Vera Virginitat. tom. i. p. 727. It is but fair, however, to add, that Hermant, the biographer of Basil, has pronounced this most unsanctificd treatise to be spurious.

Page 304, line 37.

I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love," etc.

I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albe-

marle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

Page 304.—*Note.*

Clemens Alexandrinus is one of those who suppose that the knowledge of such sublime doctrines was derived from the disclosure of the angels. Stromat. lib. v. p. 48. To the same source Cassianus and others trace all impious and daring sciences, such as magic, alchemy, etc. "From the fallen angels (says Zosimus) came all that miserable knowledge which is of no use to the soul."—*Παντα τα πονηρα και μηδεν ωφελουντα την ψυχην.*—Ap Photium.

Page 304, line 91.

——— light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs.

"La lumière Zodiacale n'est autre chose que l'atmosphère du soleil."—Lalande.

Page 308, line, 108.

——— as 't is graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By CHAM were from the Deluge saved.

The pillars of Seth are usually referred to as the depositories of ante-diluvian knowledge; but they were inscribed with none but astronomical secrets. I have, therefore, preferred here the tablets of Cham as being, at least, more miscellaneous in their information. The following account of them is given in Jablonski from Cassianus:—"Quantum enim antiquæ traditiones ferunt Cham filius Noæ, qui superstitionibus ac profanis fuerit artibus institutus, sciens nullum se posse superbis memorialem librum in arcam inferre, in quam erat ingressurus, sacrilegas artes ac profana commenta durissimis inseulpsit lapidibus."

Page 308, line 114.

And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

Pachymer, in his Paraphrase on the Book de Divinis Nominibus of Dyonysius, speaking of the incarnation of Christ, says, that it was a mystery ineffable from all time, and "unknown even to the first and *oldest* angel,"—justifying this last phrase by the authority of St. John in the Revelation.

Page 308, line 4.

Circles of light that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side.

See the 13th chapter of Dionysius for his notions of the manner in which God's ray is communicated, first to the Intelligences near him, and then to those more remote, gradually losing its own brightness as it passes into a denser medium.—*προσβαλλουσα δε ταις ταχυτεραις ὑλαις, αμυδροτεραν εχει την διαδοτικην εκφανειαν.*

Page 310, line 20.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which, when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there.

In the Catholic church, when a widow is married, she is not, I believe, allowed to wear flowers on her head. The ancient Romans honoured with a "corona pudicitiæ," or crown of modesty, those who entered but once into the marriage state.

Page 310, line 57.

—— her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angels.

Sara.

Page 310, line 86.

Two fallen Splendors.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being, in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, etc. etc.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other. The reader may judge of the rationality of the system by the following explanation of part of the machinery:—"Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints," etc. etc. For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

Page 310, line 86.

—— from that tree
Which buds with such eternally.

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre .... l'Ensoph qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divines, est l'Infini."—*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. 11.

IRISH MELODIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments, and with Words containing as frequent as possible allusions to the manners and history of the country.

In the poetical part, the Publisher has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from MR. MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following extract of a letter which he has addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON (who has undertaken the arrangement of the airs) on the subject:—

"I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected;[1] and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left these treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period both of politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early songs.—The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him,) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the poet must write not to the eye but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which CICERO mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris, nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

1 The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

IRISH MELODIES.

No. I.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes,
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee—
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them—
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me

And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee,
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.[1]

AIR—*Molly Macalpin.*

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia[2] and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[3] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Slavery there?
No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who stood[4]
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—*The Fox's Sleep.*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

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1 Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

2 Munster.

3 The palace of Brien.

4 This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brian, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran,) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops:—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, Book, 12, Chap 1

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

FLY not yet, 't is just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'T was but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'T is then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 't is pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,[1]
Through icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near:
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!

[1] Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed,
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 't were never deceived.
But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sun-shine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

AIR—*Coulin.*

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.[1]

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.[2]

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

[1] "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks,) to all strangers (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels

[2] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland.* Vol. i. Book 10.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[1]

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

No. II.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

ST. SENANUS.

"Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."[1]

THE LADY.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark
Through wintry winds and billows dark
I come, with humble heart, to share
Thy morn and evening prayer;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The Twisting of the Rope.*

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

AIR—*Dermott.*

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require:
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,

1 "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of 1807.

2 The rivers Avon and Avoca.

1 In a metrical life of St. Senanus, taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and which may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor, and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly

When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you!
Like you, 't is fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there!

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And, as the records are,
Which wandering seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through the cold deep—
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here:
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.[1]
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—*The Dear Black Maid.*

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fallen upon gloomy days,[1]
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier!

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights—
Thou, of the hundred fights![2]
Thou, on whose burning tongue[3]
Truth, peace and freedom hung!
Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD

AIR—*Garyone.*

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west:
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,

1 "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—*O'Halloran.*

1 I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

2 This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

3 Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER

AIR—*Unknown.*

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there 's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,[1]
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—[2]
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fishermen strays,
When the clear, cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.[2]

AIR—*Arrah my dear Eveleen.*

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment 's a flower too fair and brief,
To be withered and stain'd by the dust of the schools.

1 "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

2 "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ, we find a hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Cura idhe na Creoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Brenbheorg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier."—*O'Halleran's Introduction*, etc. part. i. chap. 5.

1 It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "Pisca tores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, screno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt."—*Topogr. Hib. Dist.* 2. c. 9.

2 To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
But, while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comforts they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain—
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same:
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath.
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

No. III.

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness."[1]

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music. and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult

1 A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry

to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,[1] marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated;) and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile,[2] mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion[3] that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and, though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries,[4] etc.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;[1] that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks;[2] or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.[3]

By some of these archæologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point;[4] and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;[5] yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melodies of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)[6] must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known,

1 There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland, under Montrose" (1660.) See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6. p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. 7. p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

2 The associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recal the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," etc. *Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3, on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs. What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs:—"Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des oreilles d'un natural aussi vif que les Athéniens."—*Reflex. sur la Peinture*, etc. tom. 1. sect. 45.

3 Dissertation, prefixed to the second volume of his Scottish Ballads.

4 Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

1 See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

2 O'Halloran, vol. 1. part 1. chap. 6.

3 Id. ib. chap. 7.

4 It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound: and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (Préludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7,) that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. 1. sec. 16,) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

5 The words ποικιλλεια and ετεροφωνια, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in Fragment. lib. ii de Republ. induced the Abbé Fragnier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily.—(Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle, Περι Κοσμου—Μουσικη δε εξεις αμα και ρυθμους, κ. τ. λ.

6 Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

and the powers of the harp[1] were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodics took the sweet character which interests us at present; and, while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,[2] our music beeame gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and, though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani, and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their seience. In that curious eomposition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our musie has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,[3] and the chief corruptions, of which we have to eomplain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget,"[4] the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much a possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the anti quity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I ean answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet, it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticisms, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national eomplaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,[1] and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin[2]) from whieh the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered![3])—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected per

1 A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—"The Irish (says he,) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing."—How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Brompton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyra, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam*."—Hist. Anglic. Script. pag. 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

2 The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint Stealer." I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part i. page 25.

3 Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimickry of naturnl noises, motions, etc. which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours. Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

4 Virgil, Æneid, lib. 6. v. 204.

1 See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, etc. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

2 "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur."—Lib. i. Confess. cap. 16.

3 This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοκοιος) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* lib. i.

sons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured[1] and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—

May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,
THOMAS MOORE

Dublin, January, 1810.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

AIR—*Thamama Halla.*

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,[1]
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And day-light and liberty bless the young flower.[2]
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—*Heigh oh! my Juckey*

DRINK to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh;
Tho girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here 's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "he who could."

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1 The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

1 The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite monialesetsanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper manet inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dis. 2. c. 34.

2 Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject

With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 't would not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through!
So here 's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

The love that seeks a home,
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
It's native home 's above,
Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.[1]

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,[2]
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.[1]

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep

1 We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

2 It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord." *Lloyd's State Worthies, Art. The Lord Grandison.*

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

AIR—*Oonagh.*

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, *too* far,
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;[2]
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
Which bless my home and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
On many brooks
The brook can see no moon but this;"[3]
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

AIR—*Kitty of Coleraine; or, Paddy's Resource*

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,

1 See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

2 "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens.*

3 This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth, whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:—
But oh! how grand they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round![1]
Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood, few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour 's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'T IS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—*Thady, you Gander.*

OH! 't is sweet to think that, wherever we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear:
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near

'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
And the world 's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near

1 "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker.*

1 I believe it is Marmontel, who says "*Quand on n' a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

AIR ———

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd:
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too![1]

ON MUSIC.

AIR—*Banks of Banna.*

WHEN through life unbless'd we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
Can sweetly sooth, and not betray!

1 "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—*St. Paul*, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.[1]

AIR—*The Sixpence.*

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that 's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him
'T is the tear through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded;
'T is the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our heart, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints have given perfume
To shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

'T IS believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings![2]

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

1 These lines were occasioned by the death of a very near and dear relative.

2 This thought was suggested by an ingenious design prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

NO. IV.

This Number of The Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is very flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of this opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream*;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR—*The Old Woman.*

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove!
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'T was odour fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream;
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.[1]

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and bless'd than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And Hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay,
But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen—

1 This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last!—
And thus, Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There 's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—*The Song of Sorrow.*

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise
That now must sleep in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave.

"'T was fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love!
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!

Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of Beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumbling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary![1]

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[1] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.[1]

AIR—*The Brown Irish Girl*

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,[2]
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave,
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—*Open the Door.*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love for his country he died
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West
From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

NAY TELL ME NOT.

AIR—*Dennis, don't be threatening.*

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me!
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

AIR—*Croughan a Venee.*

Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—

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1 The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. I. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish, These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans;) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." In No. II. of these Melodies there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach

1 This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

2 There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

For every fond eye hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,[1]
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—[2]
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

AIR—*The Yellow Horse.*

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

She.—But they say, the bee 's a rover,
That he'll fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

AIR—*Cean Dubh Delish.*

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To Heaven in mingled odour ascend!
Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours."
Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice; to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep,—
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to Joy,
And the short brilliant Folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.[1]
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fallen on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me!

No. V.

IT is but fair to those who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's

upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

1 "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song.*

2 Ulster.

1 Proposito florem prætulit officio.—*Propert.* l. i. eleg. 20

sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,[1] yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music, and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial attitude, "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

OH, THE SHAMROCK!

AIR—*Alley Croker.*

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass[2]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three god-like friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So, firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as shoot
His flowers and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR—*Molly, my Dear.*

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved when life was warm in thine eye,
And I think that if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh, my love! 't is thy voice from the kingdom of souls,[1]
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

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1 Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

2 Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, in Ireland called the Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

1 "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in i
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours;
And never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

This evening we saw the sun sinking
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
Should be like that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up!—let 's shine, at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'T was born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

'T IS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY-MOON

AIR—*The Dandy O!*

THE young May-moon is beaming, love.
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,[1]
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love.
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'T is never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love!
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love!
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we 'll shun, my dear!
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL-BOY

AIR—*The Moreen.*

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you 'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under!
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.[2]

AIR—*The pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;

1 "Steals silently to Morna's grove."

2 See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

2 These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our

Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp, which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh, degenerate daughter
Of ERIN!—how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her vallies profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN!
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection, as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night,
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too bless'd, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,—
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell

Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The Monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.[1]

AIR—*Were I a Clerk.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there,
The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!—
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

AIR—*The Rose Tree.*

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,—
That smile turns them all to light!

'T is not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'T is not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!

[1] This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

No. VI.

In presenting this Sixth Number as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that, if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command unexampled in the history of poets and musicians.

Mayfield, Ashbourne, T. M.
March, 1815.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma Chree.*

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'T is life where *thou* art, 't is death where thou art not
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blow;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes

Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty 's all our own!

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us.
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!—
Then, come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,[1]
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,[2]
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away!

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of Heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, bless'd sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, bless'd sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patrick! fly from me.*

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreathe it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee,
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

1 Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

2 "The bird having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it: but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," etc.—*Arabian Nights*, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of ERIN stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumed all the volume, her WELLINGTON'S name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For, though heroes I've number'd, unbless'd was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S name!

"Yet, still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest even *thou* hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON'S name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—*Peas upon a Trencher.*

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In Woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,[1]
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

Like him, too, Beauty won me
But while her eyes were on me—
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! the endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

[1] This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk:—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE?

AIR—*Sios agus sios liom.*

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—*Lough Sheeling.*

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer?
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torrents, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or—perish there too!

'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—*Savournah Deelish.*

'T is gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'T is gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.[1]
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—*Miss Molly.*

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave, that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

1 "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—*Bob and Joan.*

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper, etc.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper, etc.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
But oh his joy! when, round,
The halls of heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper, etc.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper, etc.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

AIR—*New Langolee.*

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,[1]

1 In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep!"

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a

When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

No. VII.

If I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have been extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our National Melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean; and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,[1] the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies. T. M.

MY GENTLE HARP!

Air—*The Coina or Dirge.*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded,
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation, tuneful still![1]

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

Air—*The Girl I left behind me*

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

1 One gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task

1 Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Juvenal

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—*The little Harvest Rose.*

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within:
Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love as in hours of less transport we may:—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
But the Love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true!

In climes full of sun-shine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 't is only in grief true affection appears;—
And, even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—*Limerick's Lamentation.*

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And, oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though Falsehood again would allure him t stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanished away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR—*Castle Trowen.*

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL

AIR—*Noran Kista.*

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there 's your nectar splendid!

So, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly!
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us!
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR—*Father Quin.*

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heaven so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU 'LT BE MINE.

AIR—*The Winnowing Sheet.*

If thou 'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he *will*—if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—*Fague a Ballagh.*

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'T is hard to chuse, 't is hard to chuse.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We 're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but given, they seem but given.
As splendid beacons solely,
To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We 're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd.
But shun the flattering error,
'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We 're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope they cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more:—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But t is past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR—*Noch bonin shin doe.*

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I 've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I 'll content me with this
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,[1]
They 've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we 've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.[2]
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young eclestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR—*Name Unknown.*

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enlave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!

Oh for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

No. VIII.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

AIR—*My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone*

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I 'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up among his smiling flowers
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON

AIR—*The Humming of the Ban.*

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad, than those we leave behind

1 Tous les Habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

2 La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Ib.*

Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea 's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world that else were sweet—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

AIR—*I would rather than Ireland.*

YES, sad one of Sion,[1]—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking, deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."[2]

Like thine doth the exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"[3]
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out at last on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City[4]
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—[5]
The Lady of Kingdoms[6] lay low in the dust.

1 These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

2 "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—Jer. xv. 9.

3 "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah, lxii. 4.

4 "How hath the oppressor ceased! the Golden City ceased."—Isaiah, xiv. 4.

5 "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave—and the worms cover thee."—Isaiah, xiv. 11.

6 "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." saiah, xlvii. 5.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR—*Paddy O'Rafferty.*

DRINK of this cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
Send round the cup—for oh! there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philtre form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing!
Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having, by Nature's enchantment been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philtre was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work to its charm, though now law less and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh! there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

AIR—*Open the Door softly.*

DOWN in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 't was told, by the new moon's light,
To young maidens shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him
Whose destiny 't is to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD.

AIR—*Plough Tune.*

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave ye thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead!

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.
But, oh! thus even in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That, ere condemn'd we go
To freeze 'mid Heela's[1] snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.[2]

AIR—*The Little and the Great Mountain.*

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me!
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where daylight leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake, fair lake, thou 'rt dear to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee

Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed, white steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, when the first young glance of spring
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane[3] curls
Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May-evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I 'll die for thee.

ECHO.

AIR—*The Wren.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moon-light's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

OH! BANQUET NOT.

AIR—*Planxty Irwine.*

Oh! banquet not in those shining bowers
Where youth resorts—but come to me,
For mine 's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears—
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

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1 Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

2 The particulars of the traditions respecting O'Donohue and his white horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the lake.

3 The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We 'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

AIR—*The Market Stake.*

THE dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries—resting never—
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells that nought on earth can break,
Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR—*Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

SHALL the Harp then be silent when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?[1]

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be cross'd,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost![2]

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That *one* lucid interval snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown.

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever it wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,[1]
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt, only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—*Planxty Sudley.*

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating

1 The celebrated Irish orator and patriot, GRATTAN.—*Editor.*

2 It is only these two first verses, that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

1 Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid:—"*Deposuit radios propiusque accedere jussit.*

That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Yet 't is not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever;
'T is heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

NO. IX.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR—*The Captivating Youth.*

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to *feel* how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there:

No more along thy shores to come,
But on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like Sorrow's veil on Beauty's brow

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—
Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is heaven's own glance, when it appears

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

AIR—*The song of the Woods.*

'T WAS one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again!

Oh forgive if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim—
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR—*Cummilum.*

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour,
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With but her tears to guard her

Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
In grace majestic frowning—
Like some warrior's brows,
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them—[1]
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,[2]
And caves where the diamond 's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens,[3] where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
To think how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

AIR—*Paddy Snap.*

QUICK! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may,
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that 's flying,
For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how its flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou seest the day,
When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

AIR—*Unknown*

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then.
Like Alps in the sun-set, thus lighted by wine,
We 'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, in Memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.[1]

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.[2]

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more:
They 're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.

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1 In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth) Dr. Keating says, "there is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

2 "Nennius, a British writer of the 9th century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears, and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran.*

3 Glengariff.

1 Jours charmans, quand jo songe à vos heureux instans.
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchanté sur la rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

2 The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend, Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THE SPRITE.

AIR—*The Mountain Sprite.*

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight,
'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd—but lo, like a startled bird,
The Spirit fled—and he only heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried,
A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite."

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

AIR—*The Boyne Water.*

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
As Time too well hath taught her:
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into that water:
And brings triumphant, from beneath,
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Throughout her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Even now beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.[1]

AIR—*Unknown.*[2]

By the Feal's wave benighted,
Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'T would be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
Pour'd out to me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
So the Hebe were thou.

You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you 've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—Man, for his glory,
To history flies;
While Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART

AIR—*Coolon Das.*

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;

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1 "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chace, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, vol. 2.

2 This air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection

Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There 's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It *is* not that cheek—'t is the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven is there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR—*I wish I was on yonder Hill*

I WISH I was by that dim lake,[1]
Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In Death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be—
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet even when dead—
These—ay—these should wean
My soul from Life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward towards the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that 's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

AIR—*The Munster Man.*

SHE sung of love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.[1]

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

AIR—*The Humours of Ballamaguiry; or, the Old Langolee.*

SING—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
Then sing—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving,
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

1 These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donnegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this abled and intermediate state. In the lake was several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes.—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

1 The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning:

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*natura ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild indigenous airs, which almost every country except England possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple but interesting kind of music are here presented with the first number of a collection, which I trust their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering, in search of the remainder of themselves, through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. I.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.[1]

Spanish Air.

"A temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden—the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim!
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

1 The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur called "Le Statue de l'Amitié."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER

Portuguese Air.

Flow on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her—thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewel.

To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break—new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 't is nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

AIR—*The Bells of St. Petersburgh.*

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone;—

Oh! 't is then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

REASON, Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bell of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself,
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *Ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud,)
She liked him still better in that than his own!

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE

Sicilian Air.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'T is only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

Portuguese Air.

DOST thou remember that place so lonely
A place for lovers and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When as the moon-beam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes!

1 The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.

Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

[1]And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest—
"My life, my only life!" among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still enthral me,
Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
For life soon passes, but how blest to be
That soul which never, never parts from thee!"

OH! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of flutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh! then 's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all 's so calm below, above,
In heaven and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,[2]
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Scotch Air.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around mo.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland 's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING

Russian Air.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear,
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight's waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along,
Jubilate, Amen.

No. II.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss air.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he 'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay,
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And toward the maiden moves
'T is Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's

1 The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

2 Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise.—*Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

Another sail—'t was Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ·
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain,
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'T is when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then 's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.
There comes a time, etc.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.
Oh! there comes a time, etc.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

MY harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 't were a dream
Of joy that 's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own;
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou 'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

OH! no—not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more
Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly;
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!
As half in shade and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing,
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius on his rambles.
While I touch the string, etc.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying,
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him,
'T *other* idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, etc.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,

Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, etc.

How the wise one smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 't is said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, etc.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL!

Old English Air.

THEN, fare thee well! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love! the pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love! the deep, deep pain of this!

But, no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love! and chased it all away!

Yet, e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love! than years of mirth apart!

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love! like them in tears it sets!

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh! then, how sweet to say
Into the loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheeks' warm blushes play
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY

Languedocian Air.

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie—
Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly—
Love shoots them flying there.

But 't is his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And most he loves through snow
To trace those footsteps fair,
For then the boy doth know
None track'd before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings!
Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
The brightest and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now!
Let 's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light
Then lost for evermore.
Then, chase that starting tear, etc.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING

Portuguese Air.

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us—
Stolen walks through moonlight shades
With those we love beside us.
Hearts beating, at meeting,—
Tears starting, at parting;
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
Of joys now lost and charms now fled.
Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

No. III.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round
'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair
A fountain ran darkly beneath—
T was Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and at his weak years
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
That fountain which murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

Sicilian Air.

SAY what shall be our sport to-day?
There 's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'T is like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas! gone by,
When I loved each hour—I scarce knew whom,—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
And flew—oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'T was giddy with too much light;
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I 've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS!

Welch Air.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping:
Those by death or seas removed,
Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou 'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still the same—no charm forgot—
Nothing lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou 'lt find her yet in Heaven!

GO, THEN—'T IS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

Go, then—'t is vain to hover
Thus round a hope that 's dead!
At length my dream is over,
'T was sweet—'t was false—'t is fled
Farewell; since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see,—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed!
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead!
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh,
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grots and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along.
While grots and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains, etc.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose,
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;

And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains, etc.

ROW GENTLY HERE

Venetian Air.

Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 't would have to tell of wand'ring youths like me!

Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for heaven above but half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love, what angels we should be!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whispering of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never can this life bring me
One joy that equal's youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'T is not that then no pain could sting me—
'T is not that now no joys remain;
Oh! it is that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh! what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream, ne'er dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promised hours?
Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness,
Fading as fast as rainbows or day-flowers,
Or aught that 's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
Must be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
Even while he kneels that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

Catalonian Air.

Peace to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.

Vain was their bravery!
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever.

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
Oh! then, remembering how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments thrown aside
When past the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO 'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Portuguese Air.

Hymen late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling:
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who 'll buy my love-knots?
Who 'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—
"Who 'll buy my love-knots?
Who 'll buy my love-knots?"
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em"—
(These, of course, found ready custom.)
"Come buy my love-knots!
Come buy my love-knots!
Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men'—
'Love the maker'—'Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We 're cheated!
See these flowers—they 're drooping sadly;
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—
Who 'd buy such love-knots?
Who 'd buy such love-knots?
Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
All a sham—he never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—
"Take back our love-knots!
Take back our love-knots!"—
Coolly said, "There 's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morning!"

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

See, the dawn from heaven is breaking o'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking, hails the sight!
See, those groups of Angels, winging from the realms above,
On their sunny brows from Eden bringing wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark—their hymns of glory pealing through the air,
To mortal ears revealing who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly, sleeps the heavenly Son,
He, whose home is in the skies,—the Holy One!

No. IV.

NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish air.

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there 's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
Ere caught so much small game:
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on:
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids, etc.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever;
Instructing thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 't is pleasant weaving Nets,
'T is wiser to make Cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply—
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
Ah! not like Cloe sigh!

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

Venetian Air.

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I 'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I 'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I 'll whisper thee trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'T will waft thee safe over
Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour never flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
But, ah! never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes at your meeting return.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

TAKE hence the bowl; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e're shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die!
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

FAREWELL, THERESA.

Venetian Air.

FAREWELL, Theresa! that cloud which over
Yon moon this moment gath'ring we see,
Shall scarce from her pure path have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I 've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee;
Oh! think how changed, love, how changed art thou now!

But here I free thee: like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell;
The bright moon her spell too is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

HOW OFT WHEN WATCHING STARS

Savoyard Air.

How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my easement lean.
"Oh! come, my love!" each note it utters seems to say;
"Oh! come, my love! the night wears fast away!
No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudes swell;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
"I come, my love!" each sound they utter seems to say;
"I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day"
Oh! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE

German Air.

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and him!

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he 'll wander,
While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness through thousands he run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

THOUGH 'T IS ALL BUT A DREAM

French Air

THOUGH 't is all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst,
The earliest wither too!
Ay—'t is all but a dream, etc.

By friendship we oft are deceived,
And find the love we clung to past;
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'t is all but a dream, etc.

'T IS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

'T IS when the cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy true,
That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For him but *two* bright eyes were shining—
See what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
And on t' other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'T is enough, t'wixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb even a saint from his dreams.
Though this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank still is growing,
And such eyes light the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Neapolitan Air.

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone:
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,
Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not, e'en in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who 's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that 's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,—
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter!
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh! none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD!

Highland Air.

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear!
Sleep, mute Bard! unheeded now,
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away

SACRED SONGS.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PARKINSON, D. D.

ARCHDEACON OF LEICESTER, CHANCELLOR OF CHESTER, AND RECTOR OF KEGWORTH

This Number of "Sacred Songs" is Inscribed,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, May 22, 1824. THOMAS MOORE

No. I.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

Air—UNKNOWN.[1]

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

Air—STEVENSON.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There 's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing calm but heaven!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE

Air—MARTINI.

FALLEN is thy throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,[1]
Her power thy glory's throne:[2]
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;[3]
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other Gods than Thee!

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,[4]
The wild wind whirls away.

1 I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

1 "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jeremiah* xii. 7.

2 "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Jer.* xiv. 21.

3 "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit," etc.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

4 "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—*Jer* xvii. 6.

Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God!

"Go,"—said the Lord—"Ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And rase to earth her battlements,[1]
For they are not the Lord's!
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter[2]
Shall hide but half her dead!"

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.[3]

Air—Beethoven.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *her's* an eye of this world's light?
No,—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.[4]

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

Air—Beethoven.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,[5]
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

Air—Haydn.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—*Psalm* cxlvii. 3.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air—Avison.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'T was frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,

1 "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—*Jer.* v. 10.

2 "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that t shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—*Jer.* vii. 32.

3 These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist.* "*Si tibi putem.*"

4 Ου γαρ χρυσοφορειντην δακρυουσαν δει.—*Chrysost.* Homil. 8 in Epist. ad Tim.

5 The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,[1]
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow!
Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

Air—STEVENSON.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.[2]

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity!

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

1 This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly, "There 's nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

2 Pii orant tacite.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air—AVISON.[1]

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,[2]
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are free.

GO, LET ME WEEP!

Air—STEVENSON.

Go, let me weep! there 's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies
Go, let me weep! there 's bliss in tears
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure loved too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw
But left no trace of sweets behind.

1 I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly I think, be recognised.

2 "And it came to pass, that, in the morning-watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod.* xiv. 24.

COME NOT, OH LORD!

Air—HAYDN.

COME not, oh Lord! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou worest on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord! thou rememberest the night, when thy nation[1]
Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt[2] thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Air—STEVENSON.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd;—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets so humbly shed,—
That hair—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much"[3]—and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

Air—HAYDN.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God! silent to thee—
Pure, warm, silent, to thee:
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee!

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God! trembling to thee—
True, fond, trembling, to thee:
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air—STEVENSON.

BUT who shall see the glorious day;
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now![1]
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;[2]
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye![3]

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.[4]
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come![5]
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Air—MOZART.

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,[6]
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all,[7]
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, "In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

When round thy cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,[8] we wreath the palm,

1 "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."—*Exod.* xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

2 Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapp'd."

3 "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—*St. Luke* vii. 47.

1 "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations."—*Isaiah* xxv. 7.

2 "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Isaiah* xxv. 8.

3 "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, neither shall there be any more pain."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

4 "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

5 "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Rev.* xxii. 17.

6 "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—*Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

7 "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*."—1 *Kings* vi. 29.

8 "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—*Observations on the Palm*

Oh God! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy mercy is eternal too!
Those cherubs with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of thee above—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.[1]

Air—Moore.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Oh! be like this dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Oh! be like the dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

No. II.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

Air—Handel.

Angel of Charity, who from above
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear!
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there!

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die.[2]
But long as Love, almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, oh! Charity, dwell above,
Smiling for ever by his side.

BEHOLD THE SUN

Air—Lord Mornington.

Behold the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then!

Before yon sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But oh how dim, how pale were those,
To his one burning eye!

So truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they
To thy one glorious light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY

Air—Dr. Boyce.

Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by thee that time 's no more?
When earth shall see thy fast-consuming ray—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When thro' the world thy awful call hath sounded—
"Wake, oh ye dead, to judgment wake, ye dead!"[2]
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;[3]
While earth and heaven before him pass away—[4]
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, the eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"[5]

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1 In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which the thought of this song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere, semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de impidissimo sapientia fonte profluentes," etc. etc.—*De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

2 "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy."—*Prior.*

1 "And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer."—*Rev.* x. 5, 6.

2 "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment."

3 "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven,—and all the angels with him."—*Matt.* xxiv 31, and xxv. 31.

4 "From his face the earth and the heaven fled away."—*Rev.* xx. 11.

5 "And before him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another.

"Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, etc.

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, etc.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matt.* xxv. 32, *et seq*

When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

OH! TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

Air—HAYDN.

Oh! teach me to love thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for thy worship alone!

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Oh still let me, living and dying the same,
In thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away!

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth,
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky!

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

Air—STEVENSON.

WEEP, weep for him, the man of God—[1]
In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
But none of earth can point the sod[2]
That flowers above his sacred head.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,[3]
His words refresh'd like heaven's dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died![4]
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away![5]
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

1 "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 8.

2 "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Ibid.* ver. 6.

3 "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—*Moses' Song.*

4 "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—Ver. 5.

5 "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books, that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—*Josephus*, Book v. chap. viii.

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

Air—BEETHOVEN.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire—
But when he swept its chords along,
Even angels stoop'd to hear that song

So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Air—German.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
"Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure.

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

Air—STEVENSON.

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come;[1]
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles, to thy ray,
From every nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.[2]

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.[3]

1 "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—*Isaiah* lx.

2 "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—*Isaiah* lx.

3 "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."—*Ib*

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee.[1]

See who are these that, like a cloud,[2]
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,[3]
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace—[4]
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways,[5]
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,[6]
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But GOD Himself shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.[7]

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.[8]

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

Air—CRESCENTINI.

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
What may that Desert be?
'T is Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 't is not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'T is Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
What may that Fountain be?
'T is Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.[1]

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
Who may that Spirit be?
'T is Faith, humblo Faith, who hath learn'd that where'er
Her wand stoops to worship, the Truth must be there

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

Air—NICHOLAS FREEMAN.

SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see—
All bonds of earth I sever—
Thee, oh God, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

Like him, whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,[2]
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free
Return to bondage?—never!
Thee, oh God, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'T IS THE BREEZE.

Air—ROUSSEAU.

HARK!—'t is the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark!

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love.

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1 "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense."—*Isaiah* lx.

2 "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—*Ib.*

3 "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them."—*Ib.*

4 "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—*Ib.*

5 "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise."—*Ib.*

6 "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—*Ib.*

7 "Thy sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Ib.*

8 "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands."—*Ib.*

1 In singing, the following line had better be adopted—
"Can but by the gifted of heaven be found."

2 "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands."—*Acts* xii. 7.

Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

Air—HASSE.

WHERE is your dwelling, ye sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits?
Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways
Went, like the seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
Martyrs, who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners, whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
Or, oh, to whom is it granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

Air—ANONYMOUS.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies—
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer heaven they rise!

Though Love his wreathed lyre may tune,
Yet ah! the flowers he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness from their odour breathes.
How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flowers that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are bathed, all o'er, with tears.
How far more sweet their numbers run
Who hymn, like saints above,
No victor, but the Eternal One,
No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

Air—STEVENSON.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
From that time,[2] when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down,[3] saw the kings of the earth,
In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale—
Oh never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree
That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.[4]
From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide,
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—[5]
Oh never had Judah an hour of such pride!
Go forth to the mount—bring the olive-branch home
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

Air—HAYDN.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?
Hearts, from which 't was death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay!
Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to the eternal home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas—alas—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

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1 "And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive-branches," etc. etc.—*Neh.* viii. 15.

2 "For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun, unto that day, had not the children of Israel done so: and there was very great gladness."—*Ib.* 17.

3 "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon in the valley of Ajalon."—*Josh.* x. 12.

4 "Fetch olive-branches and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—*Neh.* viii. 15.

5 "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."—*Josh.* iii 17

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

Air—NOVELLO.

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we around,[1]
Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—[2]
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,[3]
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,[1]
Set the standard of God on high—
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
Woe! woe!—the time of thy visitation[2]
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the bleak wave of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!

1 "Shout against her round about."—*Jer.* i. 15.
2 "Set up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms," etc. etc.—*Ib.* li. 27.
3 "Oh thou, that dwellest upon many waters, thy end is come."—*Jer* i. 13.

1 "Make bright the arrows; gather the shields.... set the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—*Ib.*
2 "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation."—*Ib.*

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts, without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em, dear Fanny!

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray,—
By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
I love, and I'm yours if you love me!"
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours if you love me!" dear Fanny!

Then tell me, oh! why,
In that lovely eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover, dear Fanny?

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT!

CEASE, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
All its joys and pains
To others I resign;
But be the vacant heart,
The careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

Say, oh say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.
Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs,—
This is the lover's lot,
And this I ne'er could prize.
Then say, oh say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet.
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

DEAR FANNY.

SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you must not be caught so;
Thus Reason advises, but Reason 's a fool,
And 't is not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny.

"She is lovely!" Then love her, nor let the bliss fly
'T is the charm of youth's vanishing season:
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?

DID NOT.

'T WAS a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch—
'T was the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not, and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not, though gently bid not;
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who did not, and yet who did not.

FANNY, DEAREST!

OH! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give
Then bid me not despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love, that 's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest! thy image lies;
But, oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And 't is but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE.

Fanny was in the grove,
And Lubin, her boy, was nigh;
Her eye was warm with love,
And her soul was warm as her eye.
Oh! oh! if Lubin now would sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

Fanny was made for bliss,
But she was young and shy;
And when he had stolen a kiss,
She blush'd, and said with a sigh—
"Oh! oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,
Oh! oh! what are you going to do?"

They wander'd beneath the shade,
Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
For ah! the poor little maid
Was thrilling with love and fear.
Oh! oh! if Lubin would but sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do!

Sweetly along the grove
The birds sang all the while,
And Fanny now said to her love,
With a frown that was half a smile—
"Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?
Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?"

Viver en Cadenas.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark! hark! 't is the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh! fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains!
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh! even if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

HERE 'S THE BOWER.

Here 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where 's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where 's the lip to breathe them?
Here 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all, who wake to weep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he!
Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell?
No, no—it is my loved Pilgrim's prayer:
No, no—'t was but the convent bell,
That tolls upon the midnight air.
Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep!
Now, now again the voice I hear;
Some holy man is wand'ring near.

O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming?
Dark is the way, and midnight's coming.
Stranger, I 've been o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar.
Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes;
Here he shall rest till morning blushes.

Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial-rite 's begun—
'T is time for our reposing.

Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er:
'T is my master! 't is my master! Welcome here once more;
Come to our shed—all toil is over;
Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I can no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart
Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it,
So let me be about it;
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir,
And here and there,
And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir.
Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses;
There, hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobs,
She whisks us where she chuses.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets!
When summer brings, at last,
The sun that never sets.
So dawn'd my love for you;
Thus chasing every pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'T will never set again.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon thou'st broke the spell.
Oh! I ne'er can love again
The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone;
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I've loved my hate shall tell
Oh! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate!

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over—
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more;
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets roar.
Oh! then comes the harp, when the combat is over—
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp when the War-god, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest—
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame:
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wakening ear
No other sounds were dear,
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-god to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

LITTLE MARY'S EYE.

Little Mary's eye
Is roguish, and all that, Sir;
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, sir
Since her eye can speak
Enough to tell her blisses,
If she stir her tongue,
Why—stop her mouth with kisses
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When the angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

Nanny's beaming eye
Looks as warm as any;
But her cheek was pale—
Well-a-day, poor Nanny!
Nanny, in the field,
She pluck'd a little posie,
And Nanny's pallid cheek
Soon grew sleek and rosy.
Oh! the little girls, etc

Sue, the pretty nun,
Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye
In love or in devotion.
If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the crime,
With, "Oh! may God forgive you!"
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Young Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sun-beam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours should in sun-shine move."
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where Heaven's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, all mark'd with sun-shine, her hours flew by.
"Oh! how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
That 's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sun-beam 's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

'T is said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who 've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em.
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the gray-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh! how he flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time-to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love! your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t' other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh! how he flies away!

But there 's a nymph—whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter—
Who knows—the dear one!—how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh! how he flies away!

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

Love, my Mary, dwells with thee;
On thy cheek, his bed I see.
No—that cheek is pale with care;
Love can find no roses there.
'T is not on the cheek of rose
Love can find the best repose:
In my heart his home thou 'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
No—the eye with sorrow dim
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Yet, 't is not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lies:
In my heart his home thou 'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER CLOUD

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
And the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
Oh! if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 't were vain to fly,
His heart was close confined,
And every curlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Where the Song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour,
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender—
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Victory sits on the Christian's helm
To guide her holy band:
The Knight of the Cross this day shall whelm
The men of the Pagan land.
Oh! bless'd who in the battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies!
Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.

OH, LADY FAIR!

Oh, Lady fair! where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And who is the man, with his white locks flowing?
Oh, Lady fair! where is he going?
A wand'ring Pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark 's the way we 're going.

Fair Lady! rest till morning blushes—
I 'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
Oh! stranger! when my beads I 'm counting,
I 'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
Then, Pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow;
Thou 'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
Good stranger, when my beads I 'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew, then, oh! strew our bed of rushes;
Here we must rest till morning blushes.

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

Oh! remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel,
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You 'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 't is always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love!

OH! SEE THOSE CHERRIES.

Oh! see those cherries—though once so glowing,
They 've lain too long on the sun-bright wall;
And mark! already their bloom is going;
Too soon they 'll wither, too soon they 'll fall.
Once, caught by their blushes, the light bird flew round,
Oft on their ruby lips leaving love's wound
But now he passes them, ah! too knowing
To taste wither'd cherries, when fresh may be found

Old Time thus fleetly his course is running;
If bards were not moral, how maids would go wrong!
And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
Would wither if left on the rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou 'rt lovely—e'en I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad;
But, oh! delay not—we bards are too cunning
To sigh for old beauties when young may be had.

OH! SOON RETURN!

The white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,

When all my weeping love could say
Was, "Oh! soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone:
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say,
"Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'T was when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to glory's brow the charm
Which made even danger dear.
And then, when victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more,
Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

OH! YES, SO WELL.

Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blisses, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!
And even the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world 's thy radiant eyes—
My throne those circling arms!
Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

OH! YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

Oh! yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He' ll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he
onee wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he 'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will
crown
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as Life's sun goes down.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

Oh! there 's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold:
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old

POH, DERMOT! GO ALONG WITH YOUR GOSTER.

Poh, Dermot! go along with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig,
Or teach an old cow Pater Noster,
Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig!
Arrah, child! do you think I'm a blockhead,
And not the right son of my mother,
To put nothing at all in one pocket,
And not half so much in the other?
Poh, Dermot! etc.

Any thing else I can do for you,
Keadh mille faltha, and welcome,
Put up an Ave or two for you,
Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come.
If you confess you're a rogue,
I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for 't,
Bid you put pease in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.
Then get along with, etc

If you've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you, I'll come take a smack of it,
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty-four hours to the back of it
Oh! whiskey 's a papist, God save it!
The beads are upon it completely;
But I think before ever we'd leave it,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Then get along with, etc.

If you're afear'd of a Banshee,
Or Leprochauns are not so civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the devil, dear

It 's I that can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, gra;
But for whiskey, and that sort of spirits,
Why them—I would rather lay here,[1] gra.
Then get along with, etc.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here 's to the devil with thinking!
Oh! for the round of pleasure,
With sweetly-smiling lasses—
Glasses o'erflowing their measure,
With hearts as full as our glasses.
Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here 's to the devil with thinking!

Once I met with a funny lass,
Oh! I loved her dearly!
Left for her my bonny glass—
Faith! I died for her—nearly.
But she proved damn'd uncivil,
And thought to peck like a hen, sir;
So I pitch'd the jade to the devil,
And took to my glass again, sir.
Then send the bowl, etc.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
In love with every petticoat;
No matter whom it may cover,
Or whether it 's Jenny's or Betty's coat;
And, if the girls can put up
With any good thing in pieces,
My heart I'll certainly cut up,
And share it with all young misses.
Then send the bowl, etc.

A bumper round to the pretty ones!
Here 's to the girl with the blue eyes!
Here 's to her with the jetty ones,
Where the languishing dew lies!
Could all such hours as this is
Be summ'd in one little measure,
I'd live a short life of blisses,
And die in a surfeit of pleasure!
Then send the bowl, etc.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

The beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From Passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love!

[1] Putting his hand on his paunch.

THE PROBABILITY.

My heart is united to Chloe's for ever,
No time shall the link of their tenderness sever,
And, if Love be the parent of joy and of pleasure,
Sure Chloe and I shall be blest beyond measure.

Come, tell me, my girl, what 's the sweetest of blisses?
"I'll show you," she cries, and she gives me swee
kisses;
Ah, Clo! if that languishing eye 's not a traitor
It tells me you know of a bliss that is greater.

"Indeed and I do not;"—then softly she blushes,
And her bosom the warm tint of modesty flushes—
"I'm sure if I knew it, I'd certainly show it,
But, Damon, now Damon, dear, may be you know it!

THE SONG OF WAR.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains—
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
And Freedom comes with new-born ray,
To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE TABLET OF LOVE.

You bid me be happy, and bid me adieu
Can happiness live when absent from you?
Will sleep on my eyelids e'er sweetly alight,
When greeted no more by a tender good night?
Oh, never! for deep is the record enshrined;
Thy look and thy voice will survive in my mind:
Though age may the treasures of memory remove,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

Through life's winding valley—in anguish, in rest,
Exalted in joy, or by sorrow depress'd—
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
Thine image shall never one moment depart.
When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear
Like visions, like dreams, shall at last disappear,
Though raised among seraphs to realms above,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the floweret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee!
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN IN LANGUOR SLEEPS THE HEART.

WHEN in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark.

Come, oh! come then, let us haste,
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

And for hearts from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
May they ne'er the rapture prove
Of the smile from lips we love.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love!
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou too, on that orb so clear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?

There 's not a garden walk I tread,
There 's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that 's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven!

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

WILL you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Won't you, my love?

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
In love-dreams languishingly pining,
Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius idly shining.
Jessy, 't is in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble.
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A child who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, "Wo 'll steal it slily.'
The needle, having nought to do,
Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay *Ridicule's* construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble,
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

They tell us that Woman was made of a rib
Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you this is a fib,
And 't was not so at all that the sex was supplied.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
With a tail like a monkey, full yard and a span;
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why—then woman was made of the tail of the Man.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most damnable ape of himself!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

FAREWELL, BESSY!

Sweetest love! I 'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

Yes, oh yes! again we meet, love.
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh, sure 't will then be sweet, love!
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

Yet I feel my heart is breaking
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking
Which I fear is not for me.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!
Yet oh! not for ever.

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-day, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or lowers
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'T is time enough, when its flowers decay,
To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,
Yet time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS

When on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 't would linger there for ever;
When eyes would give the world to gaze
Yet still look down, and venture never;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There 's one we dream of more than any
If all this is not real love,
'T is something wondrous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we 've got to say at meeting;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating:
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many—
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny!

When Hope foretels the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any—
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart, 't will be safe in thy keeping
While I go wandering o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be—
Happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee

No matter where I may now be a rover,
No matter how many bright eyes I see;
Should Venus' self come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I could not—my heart is with thee!

There let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
And should Dame Fortune turn truant to me,
Why,—let her go—I 've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart 's out at interest with thee!

OH! CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME

Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold,

And Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon,—
Oh! call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they:
As if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!

POOR WOUNDED HEART!

Poor wounded heart!
Poor wounded heart, farewell!
Thy hour is come,
Thy hour of rest is come;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
Poor wounded heart, farewell!
The pain thou 'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be,
Than that long, deadly course of aching,
This life has been to thee—
Poor breaking heart, poor breaking heart, farewell!

There—broken heart,
Poor broken heart, farewell!
The pang is o'er—
The parting pang is o'er,
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell!
No rest for thee but dying,
Like waves whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus early lying,
Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
Poor broken heart, poor broken heart, farewell!

THE EAST INDIAN.

Come May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling evening showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn:
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she 's winging
Through wat'ry wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray:
Oh! come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm—
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, oh May! be sweeter
That ere thou 'st been before;
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

PALE BROKEN FLOWER!

Pale broken flower! what art can now recover thee
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
In vain the sun-beams seek
To warm that faded cheek!
The dews of heaven, that once like balm fell over thee,
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death!

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;
In vain the smiles of all
Like sun-beams round her fall—
The only smile that could from death awaken her
That smile, alas! is gone to others now

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

Being weary of love, I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be.
I'll worship each bud that thou bearest.
For the hearts of this world are hollow,
And fickle the smiles we follow;
And 't is sweet, when all their witcheries pall,
To have a pure love to fly to:
So, my pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
"Sweet tears," I shall say, as I brush them away,
At least there 's no art in this weeping."
Although thou shouldest die to-morrow,
'T will not be from pain or sorrow,
And the thorns of thy stem are not like them
With which hearts wound each other:
So, my pretty Rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
And I 'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

Shine out, Stars! let heaven assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this eve of May.
Let the flower-beds all lie waking,
And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love too bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,

Oh, what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May eve,
Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

Oh! the joys of our evening posada,
When, resting at the close of day,
We, young muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the last sunshine away!
So blithe, that even the slumbers
Which hung around us seem gone,
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.

Then, as each to his favourite sultana
In sleep is still breathing the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Half breaks from our lips as we lie.
Then, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we 're up and gone—
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.

TELL HER, OH TELL HER.

Tell her, oh tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there
Breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer

Tell her, oh tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
Lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fallen from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, oh! let her be
True as the lute that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever unchanged as the tree

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

Nights of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moon-light roving,
Hearts all love, and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee,
And that smile the song rewarded,
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like your star-light tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast·
Though all other happy hours
From my fading memory fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf, shall die!

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
No, no—all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander,
Our autumn beam may, like a dream
Of heaven, die calm away:
But no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'T will shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first trembling ray

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A MELOLOGUE

UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman senate for using "the outlandish term *monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "if 't is not sense, at least 't is Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that, by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away;[1]
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

Greek Air.

List! 't is a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilyssus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return!
When Athens nursed her olive-bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the muses' brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar!

Flourish of Trumpet.

Hark! 't is the sound that charms
The war-steed's waking ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs, or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 't were like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Oh Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these?
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears,

1 "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.'"—*Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation

And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

Swiss Air—"Ranz des Vaches."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War! when truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'T is then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys!
Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

Spanish Chorus.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air!
And seems, in every note, to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory!

Spanish Air—"Ya Desperto."

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What Muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin! thine!

LINES

On the Death of Mr. P-r—v-l.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot in that hour how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh! proud was the meed his integrity won,
And generous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When in grief we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him living, bewail'd him when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'T is to wish he had chosen some lowlier state—
Had known what he was, and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been cursed with his sway

LINES

On the Death of Sh-r-d-n.

Principibus placuisse viris.—*Hor.*

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast-falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:-

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow:
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine;—
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that thou hast—
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd![1]

"Was *this*, then, the fate"—future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse—

"Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

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1 The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when Sh-r-d-n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined for him, by his friends.

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers—
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers!

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 't will return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;[1]
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THAT THE AUSTRIANS HAD ENTERED NAPLES.

Carbone Notati!

Ay—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are—
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be suck'd out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and poison their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep and more deep as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think—as the damn'd haply think of that heaven
They had once in their reach—that they might have been free!

Shame, shame, when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the ZERO of ———'s heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start—
When the world stood in hope—when a spirit, that breathed
The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about,
And the swords of all Italy half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering cry to flash out!

When around you, the shades of your mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seem'd bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings—like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's apostles—fell kindling on you!

Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the history of ages—when, had you but hurl'd
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world—

That then—oh disgrace upon manhood! even then,
You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath,
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of damnation to death!

It is strange—it is dreadful;—shout, tyranny, shout,
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er!"—
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more

For, if such are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss—
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
Than to sully even chains by a struggle like this!

Paris, 1821.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for His Royal Highness to discengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—*Lord* CASTLEREAGH's *Speech upon Colonel* M'MAHON's *Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I 'll think of Viscount C-STL-R—GH,
And of his speeches—that 's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be;
And then I dream'd—oh, frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P——e, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate:
On one side lay unread petitions,
On 't other, hints from five physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post

---

1 Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there were found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland.*

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced—oh jacobinic papers!—
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition:
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R-G-NT's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly—
And tradesmen's bills, we know, mount high;
Nay, even Death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too and join the rest.

But oh!—the basest of defections!
His letter about "predilections"—
His own dear letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur, "*Et* TU *Brute!*"
Then sunk, subdued, upon the floor,
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this dream prove true;
Though paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

AT length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is nigh,
When, with P-RC-V-L's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
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I meant before now to have sent you this letter,
But Y-RM—TH and I thought perhaps 't would be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both houses had prosed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For though H-RTF-RD House had long settled the question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad;
A strait-waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,—
A more *limited* monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To chuse my own minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster
By bidding him chuse out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching—
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,[1]
Would lose all their beauty if purified once;
And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R-SE was grown honest, or W-STM-REL-ND wiser—
That R-D-R was, even by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L-V-R-P—L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me;
And it pleased me to find at the house where, you know,
There 's such good mutton-cutlets and strong curacoa,[2]
That the Marchioness called me a duteous old boy,
And my Y-RM-TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions, I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have soothed her with hope—but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes, but the doctors and I
Are the last that can think the K-NG *ever* will die!

A new era 's arrived—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which even WAITHMAN attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends?*

* * *
* * *

I repeat it "new friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P-RC-V-L tribe.
Such capering—such vapouring!—such rigour—such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
'T is enough quite to turn my illustrious brains;
It 's true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!

---

1 The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turn'd out to be only an old sconce.
2 The letter-writer's favourite luncheon

We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 't is granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain
Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.
Then, how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles his brother!
For papists the one, and *with* papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a city,
While t' other lays waste a whole Catholic Committee!
Oh, deeds of renown! shall I baggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me?—by Jove not an inch.
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack if they will,
We'll look after the affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,—
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on 't) BEAU BR-MM-L,
Who threatened, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K-NG into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present.
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
(And, that I'm consistent, the world will allow,—
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now)—
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,)
I hope, like the vender of best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the generous and kind approbation
Of a candid, enlighten'd and liberal nation."

By the by, ere I close this magnificent letter
(No man except POLE could have writ you a better,)
'T would please me if those, whom I've humbugg'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even GREY's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C-MD-N and ELD-N to fly to for shade;
Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there 's W-STM-REL-ND near him to weaken the charm.
As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H-RTF-RD and Y-RM—TH will do it!
Between R-D-R and WH-RT-N let SHERIDAN sit,
And their fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Even in WHITBREAD himself we've a host in G—RGE R-SE!
So, in short, if they wish to have places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there 's no time to lose)
By the two-penny post, to tell GRENVILLE the news;
And now, dearest FRED (though I've no predilection,)
Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P. S.—A copy of this is to P-RC-V-L going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——E's plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——E to wear.

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine pea-hen;
Such a hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who would n't be an old cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage bless'd,
Beaming on a r-y-l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for plume the third?
You must get a learned owl,
Blackest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird that hates the light,
Foe to all that 's fair and bright!
Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
Books that shun the search of men,—
Books that far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in, between the two,
Proud pea-hen and old cuckoo!

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie whose hue
Once was brilliant buff and blue;
Sullied now—alas! how much!—
Only fit for Y-RM—TH's touch.
There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE's son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE," and all 's complete

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday

THROUGH M-NCH-ST-R Square took a canter just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 't was loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh, 't was black as the devil!

How unlucky!—*incog.* he was travelling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful as if, all his life
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—
"Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd rather gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord! how GERAMB would triumphantly scoff!

Mem. To buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion![1]

Saturday.

Last night a concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C-STL-R—GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In chusing songs, the R-G-NT named
"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"
While gentle H-RTF-RD begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am, and sore afraid.*"

KING CRACK[2] AND HIS IDOLS.

Written after the late Negotiation for a new M-n-stry.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible kings
(At least so his courtiers would swear to you gladly,)
But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been placed
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of King CRACK!—
Till his people, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning, "Great Cæsar!
We are willing to worship, but only entreat
That you 'll find us some *decenter* Godhead than these are."

"I 'll try," says King CRACK—then they furnish'd him models
Of better shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from old Brompton's bowers
Or (if sweeter that abode,)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us—
Those who rule and (some say) fool us
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES![1]

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G-FF-RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD-N's wig!

Find me next a poppy-posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of L-V-RP—L!—
'T will console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C-STL-R—GH to crown,
Bring me, from the County Down,
Wither'd shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er to hide the Green—
(Such as H—DF—T brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day.[2])

1 England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustachios were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

2 One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his history, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last king of the antediluvian dynasty.

1 The ancients, in like manner, crowned their lares, or household gods.—See Juvenal, sat. 9. v. 138. Plutarch too tells us that household gods were then, as they are now, "much given to war and penal statutes." σφοδρως και πολεμους δαιμονας.

2 Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock, which are distributed by the servants of C——n House every Patrick's day.

Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—*entre nous*—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture* now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That 's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R–SE,—
How the DOCTOR'S brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses.—To thy taste
I leave the rest; so, prithee, haste!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

——Nova monstra creavit.—OVID. *Met.* lib. i. ver 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets—God bless us!—as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI—
"Let 's see," said the R–G–NT (like TITUS, perplex'd
With the duties of empire,) "whom *shall* I dress next?"
He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts, all right to a hair;[1]
Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y–RM–TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? Shall he new rig his brother,
Great C–MB–RL–ND's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'T would be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again!

So what 's to be done?—there 's the MINISTERS, bless 'em!—
As he *made* the puppets, why should n't he *dress* 'em?

"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H–RF–RD her thimble;
While Y–RM–TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors."

So saying, he calls C–STL–R–GH, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress'd.
While Y–R–M—TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Catholic Petition
In long tailors' measures (tho P——E crying, "Well done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD–N.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

For the Opening of the New Theatre of St. St–ph–n, intended to have been spoken by the Proprietor, in full Costume, on the 24th of November.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They 're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T

As for actors, we 've got the old company yet,
Tho same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And, considering they all were but clerks t' other day
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our manager (he who in Ulster was nursed,
And sung *Erin go Bragh* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Changed his note, of a sudden, to "*God save the King!*"
Still wise as he 's blooming, and fat as he 's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember, last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
One Mr. V–NS–TT–RT, a good sort of person,
Who 's also employ'd for this season to play
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we 've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C–NN–NG;
And, as at tho circus there 's nothing attracts
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt tho acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P–TR–M
Get up new *diversions*, and C–NN–NG should stop 'em
Who knows but we 'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this house to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up

[1] That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard. "Tamore tonsoris," says Lampridius.—(Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig.—(See Jul. Capitolin.) Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors.—For secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y-RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former 's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave, now I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager, PAT C-STL-R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni.—TACITUS.

HERE's a choice set of tools for you, Gemmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is—
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they are rather worn out;
Though their owner—bright youth!—if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and, alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like ELL-NB'R—GH's, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying—
Were it but for the *brass*, they are well worth the buying;
They are famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller,—
Though made of pig-iron, yet (worthy of note 't is)
'T is ready to melt at a half-minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 't will turn as thou shapest—
'T will make a good thum-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps (for I 'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice—going, going—thrice—gone!—It is yours, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distress'd,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where 's the next Tool?—Oh! 't is here in a trice—
This implement, Gemmen! at first was a *Vice*—
(A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get)—
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it?—briskly! bid on,
We 'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it! Such Tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross
Yet, dull as it is, 't will be found to *shave close*,
And, *like* other close shavers, some courage to gather
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool, such as this is (I 'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A Ballad to the Tune of "There was a little Man, and he wooed a little Maid," dedicated to the Right Hon. Ch-rl-s Abb-t.

Arcades ambo
Et *cant*-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it 's within our reach
To make up a little speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
But, if 't is not uneivil,
Pray tell me, what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about

The little Man look'd big,
With the assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she fear'd he 'd make her jog in
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,
(As she was n't duke or earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,
As she was n't duke or earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
For, as sure as J-CKY F-LL-R loves a sup, sup, sup
I will tell the Prince and People
What I think of Church and Steeple,
And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and Little Soul
Went, and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

——— suosque tibi commendat Troja penates,
Hos cape fatorum comites.—*Virgil.*

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There 's not in all England, I 'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they 've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
C-STL-R—GH in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*;
And Volunteer C-NN-NG, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—DF—T at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J-ST-CE make a *bold charge* at his side!
While V-NS-TT-RT could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R-G-NT himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:—
Though through narrow defiles he 's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse*?
And, though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our brave Spanish Allies, "unable to move;"[1]
Yet there 's *one* thing in war, of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded!*

In my next, I shall sing of their arms and equipment.
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So, gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

Oh, WELLINGTON! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For, while they 're in the Council and you in the Field,
We 've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,—In order to explain the following fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament

I am, Sir, yours, etc.
MUM

FUM AND HUM,

The two Birds of Royalty.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, Fum,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, Hum,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton—which is it?)
Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit.—
Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation;
(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation,)
Both full-craw'd Legitimates—both birds of prey,
Both cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C-STL-R—GH;
While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea—
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I 'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop L———GE,
"Zooks, it is,"
Quoth the Bird, "yes—I know him—a Bonze, by his phiz—
And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo!"
It chanced, at this moment, the Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P———E to dispense with his wig,[1]
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,
And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
That while FUM cried "Oh Fo!" all the Court cried
"Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression.—These Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, t' other night, on State matters together—
(The P———E just in bed, or about to depart for 't,
His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ———;)
"I say, HUM," says FUM—FUM, of course, spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that 's nothing—at Brighton one sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops *translated* with ease—
"I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
Is it *up?* is it *prime?* is it *spoonoy*—or how?"
(The Bird had just taken a Flashman's degree
Under B———F, Y———TH, and young Master L———.
"As for us in Pekin"——— here a devil of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,
C-STL-R—GH (whom FUM calls the *Confucius* of prose,)
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double-bass of the fat idol's nose!

1 The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch

1 In consequence of an old promise that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a bishoprick by his R——l H———s.

(*Nota Bene.*—His Lordship and L-v-rp-l come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother Hum,—
C-stl-r—gh a Hum-bug—L-v-rp-l a Hum-drum.)
The speech being finish'd, out rush'd C-stl-r—gh,
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and whip, spur, away!
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
Ne'er paused till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

* * * * * *

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN.

Concerning some foul play in a late Transaction.[1]

"Ahi, mio Ben!"—*Metastasio.*[2]

What! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go?*—kick a man when he 's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy exclaim—
Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher spits flame—
And Molyneux—ay, even Blacky, cries "Shame!"
Time was, when John Bull little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating,)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating—
But this comes, Master Ben, of your cursed foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace, and lotions;
Your noyaus, curacoas, and the devil knows what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin*[3] is worth the whole lot!)—
Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes, what a brood!
A cross-buttock from me would do some of them good!)
Which have spoil'd you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus;*
And (as Jim says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you 're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
Hence it comes,—Boxiana, disgrace to thy page!—
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you 'd got any—
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lagg'd*[4] him to Botany!
Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger!*[5] you who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon Ben—see him *dunghill* all o'er,
Insult the fallen foe that can harm him no more.
Out, cowardly *spooney!*—again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben.
To *show the white feather* is many men's doom,
But, what of *one* feather?—Ben shows a *whole Plume*

1 Written soon after B—n-p-rte's transportation to St. Helena.

2 Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

3 Gin.

4 Transported.

5 A Life-Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo

TO LADY HOLLAND,

On Napoleon's Legacy of a Snuff-box.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up on her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 't is to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Between a Lady and a Gentleman, upon the Advantage of (what is called) "having Law on one's Side."

"Legge aurea,
S' ei piace, ei lice."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

Come, fly to these arms, nor let beautics so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've Law on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got Law on their side!

'T is a thing that in every King's reign has been done, too:
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son too?
For so argues Law on our side!

And, even should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty!
As long as we've Law on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little *too lowly*,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down decorum—
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you even an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died

To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, crim. con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

Freely Translated by G. R.[1]

[2]COME, Y-RM—TH, my boy, never trouble your brains
About what your old cronies,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains:
[3]Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;—
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stanaries!
Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
[4]For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
[5]And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

[6]Thy whiskers, too, Y-RM—TH!—alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking chance for thy whiskers!) to GREY.
[7]Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"
Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the by)—
[8]How much pleasanter 't is to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLY, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the ghost in the pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

[1]To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C-MB-RL-ND's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's-hoods* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses,
Refreshing all noses,
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.
[2]What youth of the Household will cool our noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That, down 'midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow?—
[3]Or who will repair
Unto M——— Sq———e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?
Go—bid her haste hither,
[4]And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
[5]Oh! let her come with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of ACKERMANN'S Dresses for May!

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

Freely translated by Lord Eld—n.

[6]THE man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big, and black, and never winces!

[7]No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

[8]Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or, through St. Giles's alleys dim,

---

1 This and the following are extracted from a work (which may some time or other meet the eye of the public) entitled, "Odes of Horace, done into English by several persons of fashion."

2 Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scytha,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere

3 Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

4 ——— Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.

5 Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie.

6 ——— Neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.

7 ——— Quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

8 Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere ———

1 ——— rosa
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

2 ——— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *prætercunte lympha?*

3 Quis ——— eliciet domo
Lyden?

4 ——— Eburna dic age cum lyra (qu. *liar a*)
Maturet.

5 Incomtum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

6 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

7 Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra.

8 Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The noble translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his man of conscience among the papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter—'t is all one to him.

[1] For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me without my wig!

[2] Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

[3] Oh! place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M-rt-n rules,
The houseless wilds of Connemara;—

[4] Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though even Dick M-rt-n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and state, like Jack and Jill,
[5] So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus, puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I hate thee, oh Mob! as my lady hates delf;
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G-dw-n, write books for young masters and misses,
Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap;
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * * *

HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LIB. I.

A FRAGMENT.

Translated by a Treasury Clerk, while waiting Dinner for the Right Hon. G—rge R—se.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari Rosa *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gim-crackeries,—
Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old R—se is delaying![1]

* * * * *

TO ———.

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo. [2]

Die when you will, you need not wear
At heaven's court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;

---

1 Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the wolf into a papist (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat insupposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the noble and learned translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditus*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, *causis expeditus*") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

2 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

3 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M-rt-n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

4 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

5 There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory,

Jack fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

1 The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosa fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa mundа" mean "a Rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the poet, "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses that is quite edifying.

2 The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to the beautiful nun at Murano.—See his *Life*

Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for heaven!

IMPROMPTU.

Upon being obliged to leave a pleasant party, from the want of a pair Breeches to dress for Dinner in.

1810.

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I 'm banish'd from mine.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest.—Why is a Pump like Viscount C-stl-r—gh?
Answ.—Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.[1]

"What news to-day?"—"Oh! worse and worse—
M—c is the Pr——e's Privy Purse!"
The Pr——e's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr——e's *Ridicule!*

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Catholic Delegate and his R-y-l H-ghn-ss the D-ke of C—b-rl-nd.

Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"—
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
"You 're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Dowager and her Maid on the Night of Lord Y-rm—th's Fete.

"I want the Court-Guide," said my Lady, "to look
If the house, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20."—
We 've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here 's *the Red Book*,
Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* Places in plenty!"

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss 't is true—
She 'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the nine!*

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on

I saw the expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear but struggling glory burn.

And, oh! their joy, as it came near,
'T was in itself a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a *flame* like Albion's—steady

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing.

And, when she fired her altar, nigh
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood high,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain—so new was light to her—
Leap'd at the torch; but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quench'd and all again was dark

Yet no—not quench'd—a treasure worth
So much to mortals rarely dies.—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame?—Alas!
Unworthy Naples—shame of shames
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fallen it might have long remain'd,
But Greece, who saw her moment now.

---

1 This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the Pr-nc ss of W-l-s. I have merely versified it.

Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar as its flame ascended,
Fair laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:—

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
Divinest gift of God to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
To Greece thy ray returns again!

"Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round—
When dimm'd, revive—when lost, return;
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!

EPILOGUE.

Last night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of eues, starts, exits, and—all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write:—
Sudden I saw—as in some witching dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light,
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"—
"A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name Bas Bleu—
A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading:
'T is I who teach your spinsters of good breeding
The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,
With metaphysics twirl it back again!

I view'd him, as he spoke—his hose were blue,
His wings—the covers of the last Review—
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledged pair.
"Inspired by me—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—
That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
And mingle Love's blue brilliances with mine;
For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
Looks wise—the pretty soul!—and *thinks* she 's thinking.
By my advice Miss Indigo attends
Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,
"Pon honour!—(*mimicks*)—nothing can surpass the plan
Of that professor—(*trying to recollect*)—psha! that memory-man—
That—what 's his name?—him I attended lately—
'Pon honour, he improved *my* memory greatly.'"

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.
"Nay, there—(he cried)—there I am guiltless quite—
What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,
When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;
When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,
Blush'd without art, and without culture smiled—
Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,
Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,
Ranged the wild rosy things in learned orders,
And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders?—
No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—
To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
I'll come—(*pointing downwards*)—you understand till then adieu!"

And *has* the sprite been here? No—jests apart—
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle too—
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves—yet dares even Love himself disown,
When honour's broken shaft supports his throne
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue Devils.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ. OF DUBLIN

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'T was his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below

The sunny temper, bright were all its strife,
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves among the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given,
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven:

All these were his.—Oh! thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die!

EPITAPH ON A WELL-KNOWN POET

Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the Bard lie hid;
Peace to his manes; and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,
Through Epic, Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all;

Till fiction having done enough,
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers *quantum suff.*
He took to praising George the Third:

And now, in virtue of his crown,
Dooms us, poor whigs, at once to slaughter;
Like Donellan of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel-water.

And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honour's track;
And though he 's got a butt of Malmsey,
It may not save him from a sack.

Death, weary of so dull a writer,
Put to his works a *finis* thus.
Oh! may the earth on him lie lighter
Than did his quartos upon us!

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A Sylph, as gay as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch
A pair so sorted could not show—
But how refuse?—the Gnome was rich,
The Rothschild of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
Learn from their mammas to consider
Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his mine—
A palace, paved with diamonds all—
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,
Sent out her tickets for a ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,
And all the best; but of the *upper*
The sprinkling was but shy and rare—
A few old Sylphids who loved supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous lamp
Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's halls exhaled a damp,
Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange, but safe devices:—
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
Among the Orient's flowers and spices:

Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd
By elfin hands—that, flashing round,
Like some bright glancing minstrel maid,
Gave out, at once, both light and sound;

Bologna-stones, that drink the sun
And water from that Indian sea,
Whose waves at night like wild-fire run,
Cork'd up in crystal carefully;

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,
Like little light-houses, were set up;
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call—
My Lady knew him but by name,
My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 't is said apprized
That he was coming, and, no doubt
Alarm'd about his torch, advised
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapproved this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat frighted,
Thought Love too much a gentleman,
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was—and dancing
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather:
They look'd like two young sunbeams, glancing
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch—whose light,
Though not yet kindled, who could tell
How soon, how devilishly it *might*?

And so it chanced—which in those dar
And fireless halls, was quite amazing
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came, when close entangled
In the gay waltz, from her bright eyes,
Or from the *lucciole*, that spangled
Her locks of jet—is all surmise.

Certain it is, the ethereal girl
Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,
Which, by the waltz's windy whirl,
Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that lamp's metallic gauze—
That curtain of protecting wire—
Which Davy delicately draws
Around illicit, dangerous fire!—

The wall he sets 'twixt flame and air
(Like that which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,)
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair
May see each other but not kiss.[1]

At first the torch look'd rather bluely—
A sign, they say, that no good boded—
Then quick the gas became unruly,
And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, Gnomes, and fiddlers, mix'd together,
With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,
Like butterflies, in stormy weather,
Were blown—legs, wings, and tails—to pieces.

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,
The Sylph, alas! too, bore her part—
Found lying, with a livid scorch,
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

* * * * *

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1 —— —————— Partique dedere
Oscula quisque suæ, non pervenientia contra.—*Ovid.*

"Well done!" a laughing goblin said,
Escaping from this gaseous strife;
"'T is not the *first* time Love has made
A *blow-up* in connubial life."

REMONSTRANCE.

After a conversation with L—d J—— R——, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.

What! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—
Thou, born of a Russel—whose instinct to run
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race offer'd up for the weal
Of a nation that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
Is for high-thoughted spirits, like thine, to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
Such a light from her dark'ning horizon as thou!

With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those
Who in life's sunny valley lie sheltered and warm;
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as in youth,
It first kindles the bard, and gives life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, even now, by that mildness of truth
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light
Through the filt'ring recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to freedom thou 'rt pledged by thy name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
Set apart for the fane and its service divine,
All the branches that spring from the old Russel tree,
Are by liberty *claim'd* for the use of her shrine.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Here lies a lawyer—one whose mind
(Like that of all the lawyer kind)
Resembled, though so grave and stately,
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly;
Which for the mousing deeds, transacted
In holes and corners, is well fitted,
But which, in sunshine, grows contracted,
As if 't would—*rather* not admit it;
As if, in short, a man would quite
Throw time away who tried to let in a
Decent portion of God's light
On lawyers' mind or pussy's retina.

Hence when he took to politics,
As a refreshing change of evil,
Unfit with grand affairs to mix
His little Nisi-Prius tricks,
Like imps at bo-peep, play'd the devil;
And proved that when a small law wit
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'T is like a player on the kit
Put all at once to a bass viol.

Nay, even when honest (which he could
Be, now and then,) still quibbling daily,
He serv'd his country as he would
A client thief at the Old Bailey.

But—do him justice—short and rare
His wish through honest paths to roam;
Born with a taste for the unfair,
Where falsehood call'd, he still was there,
And when least honest, most at home.
Thus, shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping,
He work'd his way up near the throne,
And, long before he took the keeping
Of the king's conscience, lost his own.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day!"—What a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said,[1] "were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done."—
Ah! 't is not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days speaks to me,
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That cross'd my pathway for his star!

1 *Fontenelle.*—"Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait."

All this it tells, and, could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

FANCY.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found
That, fill'd as 't is with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm that 's not from Nature won,
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
A single tint unborrow'd from the sun—
But 't is the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And whimsical enough, Heaven knows,
The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin—
One to whom all the world 's a debtor—
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the ease gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent;—
"Dose, as before"—a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreathed by Neptune's smiles,

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking *can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last?—

When, tired with toil on land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more!

This, this it is that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio—greet thy master back.

And thou, fair lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

TO MY MOTHER.

Written in a Pocket-Book, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'T is thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be,)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

ILLUSTRATION OF A BORE.

If ever you 've seen a gay party,
Relieved from the pressure of Ned—
How instantly joyous and hearty
They 've grown when the damper was fled—
You may guess what a gay piece of work,
What delight to champagne it must be,
To get rid of its bore of a cork,
And come sparkling to you, love, and me!

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf
Is, to buy ****** up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself

SCEPTICISM

Ere Psyche drank the cup that shed
Immortal life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
One drop of doubt into the bowl—

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
To Psyche's lips—she knew not why—

Made even that blessed nectar seem
As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
A chill came o'er her heart—a fear
That death would, even yet, remove
Her spirit from that happy sphere.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaim'd,
Twining them round her snowy fingers—
"That forehead, where a light, unnamed,
Unknown on earth, for ever lingers—

"Those lips, through which I feel the breath
Of heaven itself, whene'er they sever—
Oh! are they mine beyond all death—
Mine own, hereafter and for ever?

"Smile not—I know that starry brow,
Those ringlets and bright lips of thine,
Will always shine as they do now—
But shall *I* live to *see* them shine?"

In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes
On all that sparkles round thee here—
Thou 'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies,
And in these arms—what *canst* thou fear?"

In vain—the fatal drop that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodged its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was rapture given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Of all the men one meets about,
There 's none like Jack—he 's every where:
At church—park—auction—dinner—rout—
Go when and where you will, he 's there.
Try the West End, he 's at your back—
Meets you, like Eurus, in the East—
You 're call'd upon for "How do, Jack?"
One hundred times a-day, at least.
A friend of his one evening said,
As home he took his pensive way,
"Upon my soul, I fear Jack 's dead—
I 've seen him but three times to-day!"

ROMANCE.

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness
And the sad doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd
Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness;
But where to choose the *locale* of my vision
In this wide vulgar world—what real spot
Can be found out, sufficiently elysian
For two such perfect lovers, I know not.

Oh, for some fair Formosa, such as he,
The young Jew,[1] fabled of, in the Indian Sea,
By nothing but its name of Beauty known,
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
Her fairy kingdom—take its people, lands,
And tenements into her own bright hands,
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit
For Love to live in—pure and exquisite!

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There 's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."—
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

ON ———.

Like a snuffers, this loving old dame,
By a destiny grievous enough,
Though so oft she has snapp'd at the flame,
Hath never caught more than the snuff.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

Here lies Factotum Ned at last:
Long as he breathed the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd
In which he had n't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*—
Whatever statesmen did or said—
If not exactly brought about,
Was all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With Nap if Russia went to war,
'T was owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
(*Vide* his pamphlet—price six pence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—
As all, but Frenchmen, think she was—
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news—no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it—
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names one's ear to buzz in—
From Russia *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd—who advised the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 't was he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright *seen* the King,

---

1 Psalmanazar.

He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The drama, books, MS. and printed—
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in 't—
Nay, Davy's lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had—odd enough—a dangerous hole in 't.

'T was thus, all doing and all knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chemist, singer,
Whatever was the best pie going,
In *that* Ned—trust him—had his finger.
* * * * *

COUNTRY-DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night, the nymph call'd Country-Dance—
Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,—
Preferring a coquette from France,
A mincing thing, *Mamselle* Quadrille—

Having been chased from London down
To that last, humblest haunt of all
She used to grace—a country-town—
Went smiling to the new year's ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driven
From London's gay and shining tracks—
Though, like a Peri east from heaven,
I 've lost, for ever lost Almack's—

"Though not a London Miss alive
Would now for her acquaintance own me;
And spinsters, even of forty-five,
Upon their honours ne'er have known me:

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
And—spite of some few dandy lancers,
Who vainly try to preach quadrille—
See nought but *true-blue* country-dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
My throne, like Magna Charta, raise,
'Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
That scorn the threaten'd *chaine Anglaise*."

'T was thus she said, as, 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's-Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The squires and the squiresses all,
With young squirinas, just *come out*,
And my lord's daughters from the Hall
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt,)

Already, as she tripp'd up stairs,
She in the cloak-room saw assembling—
When, hark! some new outlandish airs,
From the first fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—*can* it be?
Alas! in vain her ears would 'scape it—
It *is* "Di tanti palpiti,"
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however in she goes,
With her best sweeping country grace;
When, ah! too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood Quadrille, with cat-like face
(The *beau ideal* of French beauty,)
A band-box thing, all art and lace,
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tie.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—
From *Hippolyte* her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—
Her morals from—the Lord knows where.

And, when she danced—so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You 'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face the while, demure, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate—
So still, you 'd hardly think 't was *going*.

Full fronting her stood Country-Dance—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 't is fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing oft the devil with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws in character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did she of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*—not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.

And such the nymph, whose soul had in 't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright victorious tint
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*,")

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "Money Musk,"[1]
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke

"Heard you that strain—that joyous strain?
'T was such as England loved to hear,
Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
Corrupted both her foot and ear—

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
Presumed, in sight of all beholders,

---

1 An old English country-dance.

To lay his rude licentious hands
On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
And, yet unfleeced by funding blockheads,
Happy John Bull not only *had*,
But danced to 'Money in both pockets."

"Alas, the change!—oh, ———!
Where is the land could 'scape disasters,
With *such* a Foreign Secretary,
Aided by foreign dancing-masters?

"Woe to ye, men of ships and shops,
Rulers of day-books and of waves!
Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
And drill'd, on t' other, into slaves!

"Ye, too, ye lovely victims! seen,
Like pigeons truss'd for exhibition,
With elbows *a la crapaudine*,
And feet in—God knows what position.

"Hemm'd in by watchful *chaperons*,
Inspectors of your airs and graces,
Who intercept all signal tones,
And read all telegraphic faces.

"Unable with the youth adored,
In that grim *cordon* of mammas,
To interchange one loving word,
Though whisper'd but in *queue-de-chats*.

"Ah, did you know how bless'd we ranged,
Ere vile QUADRILLE usurp'd the fiddle—
What looks in *setting* were exchanged,
What tender words in *down the middle!*

"How many a couple, like the wind,
Which nothing in its course controls,
Left time and *chaperons* far behind,
And gave a loose to legs and souls!

"How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd
By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—
How charmingly one's partner popp'd
The important question in *poussette-ing!*

"While now, alas, no sly advances—
No marriage hints—all goes on badly:
'Twixt Parson Malthus and French dances,
We girls are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
Declares not half so much is made
By licences—and *he* must know well—
Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceased—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathetic:—
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "COUNTRY-DANCE!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birth-right place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceased,
Now tuned again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

1 Another old English country-dance.

SONG.

FOR THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY

To those we love we've drank to-night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom—*we care not.*

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown—
The People's Love—*we care not.*

For slavish men who bend beneath
A despot yoke, and dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links—*we care not.*

For priestly men who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go—*we care not.*

For martial men who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The Pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure—*we care not.*

For legal men who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are not more honest than the throng
Of those who *do*—*we care not.*

For courtly men who feed upon
The land like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf where they can sun
Their reptile limbs—*we care not.*

For wealthy men who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—*we care not.*

For prudent men who keep the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shafts—*we care not.*

For secret men who, round the bowl
In friendship's circle, tear not
The cloudy curtain from their soul,
But draw it close—*we care not.*

For all, in short, on land and sea,
In court and camp, who *are* not,
Who never *were*, nor e'er will be
Good men and true—*we care not.*

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur.—*Seneca.*

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd—
As Nature meant—supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last:
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forged the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;
His nods, his struggles, all too late—
"*Qui semel jussit, semper paret.*"

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his Prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions—
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant the Vizir's Council sat—
"Good Lord! your Highness can't go there—
Bless us! your Highness can't do that."

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem—
"The taste was bad—the price was high—
A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers—
"What trifling, what unmeaning things!
Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
But not at all the style for kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet—
"A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
But, as for great or brave—far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him?
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
Serve a '*Ne exeat regno*' on him."

At length—their last and worst to do—
They round him placed a guard of watchmen—
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow—chiefly Scotchmen.

To dog his foot-steps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison-grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh, for some champion of his power,
Some *ultra* spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his royalty!—

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one
Of Right eternal and divine
That rules beneath the blessed sun!—

To crush the rebels, that would cloud
His triumphs with restraint or blame,
And, honouring even his faults, aloud
Re-echo "*Vive le Roi! quand même*——

THE following Fugitive Pieces, which have appeared from time to time in the most popular London journal (THE TIMES,) *are very generally attributed to* MR. MOORE, *and, though not acknowledged by that Gentleman, their wit, grace, variety, and spirit, sufficiently attest the truth of the report, and sanction their insertion in a complete collection of his Poetical Works.*

AN AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten?—those amorous pranks
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government, play'd—
When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,
And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made.

When—left to do all, unmolested and free,
That a dashing, expensive young couple should do,
A law against *paying* was laid upon me,
But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you?

And is it then vanish'd?—that "hour (as *Othello*
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction*,"[1]
And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connection?

GOVERNMENT.

EVEN so, my beloved Mrs. Bank, it must be,—
This paying in cash[2] plays the devil with wooing—
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason—a small child or two—
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to:
The issue of some folks is moderate and few—
But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there 's no end to!

So,—hard as it is on a pair who 've already
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy,[3]
Who did, even in famine, cry "D—n the expense!"

The day is at hand, my Papyria[4] Venus,
When, high as we once used to carry our capers,
Those soft *billets-doux* we 're now passing between us
Will serve but to keep Mrs. C—tts in curl-papers;

And when—if we still must continue our love,
After all that is past—our amour, it is clear
(Like that which Miss Danaë managed with Jove,)
Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

1 "———— An hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction."

2 It appears that Ovid, however, was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie:—

"———— finem, specie cœleste resumta,
Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi."
Met. l. xv. v. 743.

3 Hon. F. Robinson.

4 To distinguish her from the "Aurea."

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES
BY SIR T——S L——E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque."—*Virgil.*

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess!

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing does n't bore thee,)
Thou 'lt read o'er the last of his—never-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy so boasted;
Improving on Hunt's scheme, instead of the Corn,
'T is now the Corn-growers, alas! that are *roasted!*

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us—
Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion, know little about.

There 's B-nth-m, whose English is all his own making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration."[1]

There are two Mr. M——s, too, whom those that like reading
Through all that's unreadable, call very clever;—
And, whereas M—— Senior makes war on *good* breeding,
M—— Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England 's divided
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages;—
With which of these classes we, landlords, have sided,
Thou 'lt find in my Speech, if thou 'lt read a few pages

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting
That 't is the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are found of cheap eating

1 The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk

On the contrary, such the *chaste* notions of food
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,
(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play,)
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation![1]

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too,—
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

As for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,
Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last honest Uni-corn[2] would be—Sir Th——s!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreæque leones."—*Hor.*

Said a Sovereign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met, in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That though I'm wedded with thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With silver you can range,
And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—on my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W——th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side,)
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam, Sir—
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter,
'For better or for worse'
Is the usual marriage curse:
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast,
Though you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true—
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural protectors?
And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be *false* enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank Directors

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?"—*Virgil.*

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn,[1]
When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,
'T is hardly worth while being very high born!

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there 's so much to abhor in?
A question—like asking one, "How is your wife?"—
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast,
But Peers, and such animals fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceased,)
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bored and distrest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,
When the force of the agony wrung e'en a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L—d—le![2]

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave
A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L—d—le's joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth—
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've but looms!

---

1 "Road to Ruin."

Dicta Fames Cereris (quamvis contraria semper
Illius est operi) peragit.—*Ovid.*

2 This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia tells us, has a particular liking for any thing chaste.

1 See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1 when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.

2 This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoe-makers, he thought it must be against 'the corns which they inflicted on the fair sex.'"

To talk *now* of starving, as great At—l said—[1]
(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd)
When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!

It follows from hence—and the Duke's very words
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are,
That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each *row*;
But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill 's" the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Oekham, your prose,
As I shall my poetry—*neither* convinces;
And all we have spoken and written but shows,
When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,[2] how he winces.

MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was sorry that its voyage had been so long," etc.—*Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery*, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration
(A treat that comes once in the year, as May-day does,)
I dreamt that I saw—what a strange operation!
A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by, in grave attitudes,
Packing the article tidy and neat;—
As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes
"Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass;
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it "Glass,"
Though—as to *which* side should lie uppermost—doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold;
The winds were polite, and the moon look'd romantic,
While off in the good ship "the *Truth*" we were roll'd,
With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made;—
For, "the *Truth*" at all times but a very slow sailer
By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "tare and tret"—
Deliver'd my goods in the primest condition—
And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,
"Just arrived, by 'the *Truth*,' a new Moral Position;

"The Captain"——here, startled to find myself named
As "the Captain" (a thing which, I own it with pain,
I, through life, have avoided,) I woke—look'd asham'd—
Found I *wasn't* a Captain, and dozed off again.

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13.

THE Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing,
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it;—
Great comfort to find, though the Speech is n't *cheering*,
That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity!—mercy upon us,
"This boy 'll be the death of me"—oft as, already
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For *Ruin made easy* there 's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,
Lest—as in the times of the Peachums and Lock itts—
The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets![1]

A Petition presented (well-timed, after this)
Throwing out a sly hint to Grandees, who are hurl'd
In their coaches about, that 't would not be amiss
If they'd just throw a *little* more light on the world[2]

A plan for transporting half Ireland to Canada,[3]
Which (briefly the clever transaction to state) is
Forcing John Bull to pay high for what, any day,
N—rb—ry, bless the old wag, would do *gratis*.

Keeping always (said Mr. Sub. Horton) in mind,
That while we thus draw off the claims on potatoes,
We make it a point that the Pats, left behind,
Should get no *new* claimants to fill the *hiatus*.[4]

1 The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1,500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

2 An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L's. joke.

1 "Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies."—*Debate in the Lords.*

2 Mr. Estcourt presented a petition, praying that all persons should be compelled to have lamps in their carriages.

3 Mr. W. Horton's motion on the subject of Emigration.

4 "The money expended in transporting the Irish to Canada would be judiciously laid out, provided measures were taken to prevent the gap they left in the population from being filled up again. *Government had always made that a condition.*"—Mr. W. Horton's speech.

Sub. Horton then read a long letter, just come
From the Canada Paddies, to say that these elves
Have already grown "prosp'rous"—as *we* are, at home—
And have e'en got "a surplus," poor devils, like ourselves![1]

WEDNESDAY

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art,
To the seven o'clock joys of full many a table,—
When *the Members* all meet, to make much of the part,
With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that—as churchwardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,
The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly
A moderate-sized bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their dinners![2]

Nota bene—a rumour to-day, in the city,
"Mr. R-b-ns-n just has resign'd"—what a pity!
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*,
While thus, to the nursery-tune, so pretty,
A murmuring *Stock*-dove breathed her ditty:—

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow:
But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold*-finch's song
Was a pitch too high for poor Robin to go.
Who 'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
While I have a rag poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't;
With many a pound I 'll paper him round,
Like a plump rouleau—*without* the gold in't."

* * * * * *

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo."

And now—cross-buns and pancakes o'er—
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!
The short eclipse of April-day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,
With Paddy H—mes for whipper-in;
Whate'er the job, prepared to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket![3]

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no bound'ry;
So fond of aught like *Company*,
That you would e'en have taken *tea*
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry!'

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come—wise Sir Thomas—wisest then
When creeds and corn-laws are debated!
Come, rival e'en the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into bread
A 'Squire is transubstantiated.

Come, L——e, and tell the world,
That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd.
As never scratch was curl'd before—
Cheap eating does more harm than good,
And working-people, spoil'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb-rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou 'dst have made for Peter's Pence!
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;—
Two pipes of port (*old* port 't was said,
By honest *Newport*) bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar![2]

Come, H-rt-n, with thy plan so merry,
For peopling Canada from Kerry—
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,
As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it—
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,
That you can, *after* April-Day,
Be just as—sapient as *before* it.

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(Sung in the character of Britannia.)

"The Public Debt was due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolved itself into a Family Account."—*Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

TUNE—*My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,
So thick—even Fred cannot thin 'em!
I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having nothing, worth while, to put in em.
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;

1 'The hon. gentleman then read a letter, which mentioned the prosperous condition of the writer; that he had on hand a considerable surplus of corn," etc.

2 Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

3 An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of:—trumpeters, like the men of All-Souls, must be "*bene vestiti.*"

1 The gentleman lately before the public, who kept his *Joint*-Stock Tea Company all to himself, singing "*Te solum adoro.*"

2 This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."

For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,
So it 's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain;—
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again
Since all have thus taken to *owing*,
There 's nobody left that can *pay*;
And this is the way to keep going,
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues would n't grudge it.
'T is all but a family *hop*,
'T was Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round!—why the deuce should we stop?
'T is all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the state does;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say;
So, ev'n if you starve for your daddy,
'T is all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have little to chew;
And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do
But coolly to fast *en famille*
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget-day;
Though, perhaps, he may know it already;
As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay,"
Let him write on the bills—"*Nota bene*,
'T is all in the family way."

THE CANONIZATION OF ST. B-TT-RW-RTH.

"A Christian of the best edition."—*Rabelais.*

Canonize him!—yea, verily, we 'll canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity and wits may despise him,
He 'll ne'er make a *bit* the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye spirits that ever yet spread
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,
Descend on our B-tt-rw-rth's biblical head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh—if 't is n't too far—
Such a sight will to B-tt-rw-rth's bosom be dear,
His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many
Thou 'lt find still among us one Personage old,
Who also by tricks and *the Seals*[1] makes a penny

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee![2]
Thy smiles to beatified B-tt-rw-rth deign;
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and he,
One hallowing Fleet-street, and *t' other* Toad-lane![3]

The heathen, we know, made their gods out of wood,
And saints too, are framed of as handy materials;—
Old women and B-tt-rw-rths make just as good
As any the Pope ever *book'd*, as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles—not Mahomet's pigeon,
When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say,
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion
Such glory as B-tt-rw-rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast them back again.

Ah, well might his shop—as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan—
On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"
Bound neatly, and letter'd "Whole Duty of Man

As to politics—*there*, too, so strong his digestion,
Having learn'd from the law-books, by which he 's surrounded,
To cull all that 's worst on all sides of the question,
His black dose of politics thus is compounded—

The rinsing of any old Tory's dull noddle,
Made radical-hot, and then mix'd with some grains
Of that gritty Scotch gabble, that virulent twaddle,
Which Murray's New Series of Blackwood contains.

Canonize him!—by Judas, we *will* canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby and twaddling his bliss.
And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,
He 'll make but the better shop-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;
Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and Ranters,
To witness their B-tt-rw-rth's Canonization!

Yea, humbly I 've ventured his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;

1 A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the Seals of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

2 Mrs. Ann Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and "Mother of all the children of regeneration."

3 Toad-lane in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad-lane, Manchester."

And they form a sum-total for making a saint,
That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers! ye Ranters, all roar!
While B-tt-rw-rth's spirit, sublimed from your eyes,
Like a kite made of fools-cap, in glory shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'
He tried on man,
And then he made the lasses."

"And now," quoth the Minister (eased of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)
"Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,
By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

"'Tis pleasant—while nothing but mercantile fractures,
Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our ears—
To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manufactures,
We still keep our fine manufacture of Peers;—

"Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride
In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;
Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,
But showing, on t' other, what rags they are made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought,
No matter how middling, so Tory the creed be;
And first—to begin with—Squire W-rt-y, 't was thought,
For a Lord was as raw a material as need be,

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,
The tasteful Sir Ch-rl-s, so renown'd, far and near,
For purchasing pictures, and selling himself,—
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him comes L—c-st-r, with equal *eclat*, in;—
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury.

But, bless us!—behold a new candidate come—
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;
He poiseth a pill-box 't wixt finger and thumb,
As he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain!

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls!—
Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,
If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,
And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!

"No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H-lf-rd—
If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,
And if young Master H-lf-rd as yet is too small for 't,
Sweet Doctor, we 'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows
Is to bask in its light from the brows of another,
And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,
As o'er Vesey Fitzgerald 't will shine through his mother."[1]

Thus ended the *First* Batch—and Jenky, much tired,
(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap,)
Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspired
His speech against Papists—and prosed off to sleep.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

UTRUM HORUM.—A CAMBRIDGE BALLAD.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other.—*Extract from Mr. W. J. Banker's Letter to Mr. Goulburn.*

"Νικα μεν ουδ' αλλος, αν ΑΣΣατοι δ'ιγενοντο."
THEOCRITUS

B-NKES is weak, and G—lb-rn too,
No one e'er the fact denied:—
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb-rn of the Pope afraid is,
B-nkes, as much afraid as he;
Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches;
B-nkes is foolish in Reviews,
G—lb-rn, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill;
B-nkes he damneth Buckingham,
G—lb-rn damneth Dan O'Connel.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

B-nkes, accustom'd much to roam,
Plays with truth a traveller's pranks;
G—lb-rn, though he stays at home,
Travels thus as much as B-nkes.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd the election to a throne;

[1] Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, etc

So, which ever first shall *bray*,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray,
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

LINES WRITTEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, AFTER THE DISSOLUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE UPPER BENCHES.

THE King's speech toll'd the Commons' knell,
The House is clear'd, the chair vacated,
And gloom and loneliness now dwell
Where Britain's wise men congregated.

The gallery is dark and lone,
No longer throng'd with curious folk,
Happy to pay their good half-crown
To hear bad speeches badly spoke.

The Treasury seats no placemen show,
Clear'd is each Opposition bench;
And even never-ending Joe
No longer cries—"Retrench! retrench!"[1]

Fred. R-b-ns-n no more his skill
Employs in weaving speeches fair,
The country gentlemen to fill
With promises as thin as air.

Dick M-rt-n now no plan proposes
To aid the brute part of the nation,
While Members cough and blow their noses,
To drown his most humane oration.

Good Mr. B—gd-n where art thou,
Most worthy C—rm-n of C-mm—tees?
To strip one laurel from thy brow
Would surely be a thousand pities.

'T was a good joke, forsooth, to think
Thou shouldst give up thy honest winnings,
And thereby own that thou didst wink,
Pure soul! at other people's sinnings.[2]

Where's H—s, corruption's ready hack,
Who life and credit both consumes
In whipping in the Treasury pack,
And jobbing in committee-rooms?[3]

I look around—no well-known face
Along the benches meets my eye—
No Member "rises in his place,"
For all have other fish to fry.

Not one is left of K—s and sages,
Who lately sat debating here;
The crowded hustings now engages
Their every hope and every fear.

Electors, rally to the poll,
And L—d J—n R-ss-ll never heed:
Let gold alone your choice control,
The best man's he who best can *bleed*."[1]

But if, too timid, you delay,
(By Bribery Statute held in awe,)
Fear not—there is a ready way
To serve yourself and cheat the law.

In times like these, when things are high,
And candidates must be well fed,
Your cabbages they 'll freely buy,
Kind souls! at two pounds ten a-head.[2]

Thus may we hope for many a law,
And many a measure most discreet,
When—pure as even the last we saw—
Britain's new Parliament shall meet.

Then haste, ye Candidates, and strive
An M. P. to your names to tack;
And—after July twenty-five—[3]
Collective wisdom—welcome back!

---

1 "Really the Hon. Member for M———e should take a little breath; his objections are most unfair; and, what is worse, they are *never ending*."—See the Ch-n—ll-r of the Ex—q—r's speech in reply to Mr. H—e, Feb. 23, 1826.

2 "Mr. B—gd-n said he certainly should not refund the money, *because, by so doing*, he should *convict himself*."—See the Report of a Meeting of the Proprietors of the Arigna Mining Company.

3 The bare-faced system of voting at private bill committees, without having heard an iota of evidence for or against, forms a distinguished feature in the history of the late parliament.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY

St. James's-Street, July 1.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
An official young Demon, preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch
From the Hell here, at Cr-ckf-rd's, to *our* Hell below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,
When every good Christian tormented his brother
And caused, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,
From their all coming down, ready grill'd by each other;

Remembering, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
With the old Penal Code,—that *chef-d'œuvre* of Law,
In which (though to own it too modest thou art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive
(Though Eld-n, with help from your Highness would try)

---

1 A maxim which has been pretty well acted on in the present elections.

2 "During the election at Sudbury, four cabbages sold for 10l. and a plate of gooseberries fetched 25l. the electors, where these articles were so scarce, being voters."—See *The Times* of Friday, June 29.

3 The day on which the writs are returnable, and the new parliament is to meet *pro forma*

T would still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the original notes
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,
With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire,"[1]

Though I "if the Marseillois Hymn could command
Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,
What wonders shall *we* do, who 've men in our band,
That not only wear breeches, but pettieoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,
I'm forced to confess—be the cause what it will,
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness,—
Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;
And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee
At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer—
But one or two capital roarers we've had;
Doctor Wise[2] is, for instance, a charming performer,
And *Huntingdon* Maberly's yell was not bad.

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty;—
Even Eld-n allows we got on but so so;
And, when next we attempt a No-Popery party,
We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—
Excuse me, Great Sir—there 's no time to be civil;—
The next opportunity shan't be let slip,
But, till then,
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful
DEVIL.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Living in a remote part of Scotland, and having but just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.

Yours, etc.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

What a lucky turn-up!—just as Eld-n's withdrawing,
To find thus a gentleman, frozen in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the Peer;—

To bring thus to light, not the wisdom alone
Of our ancestors, such as we find it on shelves,
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth and send him safe home,—
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his wisdom kept snug, from the light let him come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear" and "Hurra!"

What a God-send to them—a good—obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader;—
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, as fast as you can,
And the L-nsd-les and H-rtf-rds shall chuse him for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou *shalt* be their Chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly canst know it again.

And Eld-n will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR. IRV-NG "ON PROPHECY."

A Millennium at hand!—I'm delighted to hear it—
As matters, both public and private, now go,
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,
A good rich Millennium will come *a propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags—

A city, where wine and cheap corn[1] shall abound,—
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves
We may swear the best things of this world will be found,
As your saints seldom fail to take care of themselves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures elysian,[2]
Divine Squintifobus, who, placed within reach
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou hast given us, that we
May, even in our own times, a jubilee share,
Which so long has been promised by prophets like thee,
And so often has fail'd, we began to despair

---

1 *Con fuoco*—a music-book direction.

2 This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

1 "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny."—*Rev.* c. 6.

2 See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of paradise, and paints the angels hovering around "each happy pair."

There was Whiston,[1] who learnedly took Prince Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millennium about;
There 's Faber, whose pious predictions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,
Who discoursed on the subject with signal *eclat*,
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh![2]

There was also—but why should I burden my lay
With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Millenniums henceforth must give way
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv-ng.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf—
And, when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
Art the Beast (chapter 4) that sees nine ways at once!

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

Though many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors o'ertop,—
Dr. Eady, that famous M. D.
Dr. S—they, and dear Doctor Slop.

The purger—the proser—the bard—
All quacks in a different style;
Dr. S—they writes books by the yard,
Dr. Eady writes puffs by the mile!

Dr. Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking brother,
Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

Dr. Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the walls;
Dr. S—they as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Dr. Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Dr. S—they attacks, like a Turk;[3]
Dr. Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid of all work.[1]

Dr. S—they, for *his* grand attack,
Both a laureate and senator is;
While poor Dr. Eady, alack,
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt, he
May probably suffer as, under
The *Chalking* Act, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady and S—they and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three
Great Doctors the preference should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Dr. Eady must go *to the wall*.

But, as S—they with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swinging "Corona *Muralis!*"[2]

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations;
And, rather than not sport a lord,
Put up with even the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

THE PETITION

OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

To the People of England, the humble Petition
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—

1 When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with revelation, the Prince is said to have replied that "he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John."

2 Mr. Dobbs was a Member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person. He chose Armagh as the scene of the Millennium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation!

3 This Seraphic Doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*,) is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics:—"They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

1 See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault upon his "maid of all work."

2 A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*—such as scaling them, battering them, etc. No doubt, writing upon them, to the extent that Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.

That sad, very sad, is our present condition ;—
That our jobs are all gone, and our noble selves going ;

That, forming one seventh—within a few fractions—
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
We hold it the basest of all base transactions
To keep us from murdering the other six parts ;—

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true ;
As all human laws (and our own, more than any)
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few ;—

That much it delights every true Orange brother
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,
In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years since ;—

That we love to behold, while Old England grows faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler near coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the devil's nose ;

Whether t' other saint, Dominic, burnt the devil's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—[1]
And many such points, from which Southey doth draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 't is very well known this devout Irish nation
Has now, for some ages gone happily on,
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in *Trans*, and the other in *Con* ;[2]

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right
Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,
And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *Trans* ;

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state of mind ;
Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind ;—

When the words *ex* and *per*[3] served as well, to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans* now ;
And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,
Cut the throats of all Christians, who stickled for *ou*.[4]

That relying on England, whose kindness already
So often has help'd us to play the game o'er,
We have got our red coats and our carabines ready
And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—
'T is, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know
That to Orangemen's pockets 't will all find its way.

For which your petitioners ever will pray,
etc. etc. etc. etc. etc

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL

"Up!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison whirl'd me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air ;
All glimmering o'er with a *doubtful* light,
One could n't say whether 't was day or night,
And crost by many a mazy track,
One did n't know how to get on or back ;
And, I felt like a needle that 's going astray
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay ;
When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,
"Thou 'rt now in the Court of Chancery !"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;
(Like bottled up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—
All of them things half kill'd in rearing ;
Some were lame—some wanted *hearing ;*
Some had through half a century run,
Though they had n't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a *point of law* were spinning ;
Or balanced aloft, twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
Lead at each end—like a tight-rope dancer.—
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please 'em
Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'm ;—
All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.
"These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,
Are what are called Suits in Chancery !"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty Velutis sung ;
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")
At an amateur concert scream'd in score :—
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell !
It seem'd like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see ;
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life s last dregs,
"Give us our legs !—give us our legs !"
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean ?
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee
"T is the cry of the suitors in Chancery !

---

1 To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

2 Consubstantiation—the true reformed belief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

3 When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time the dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on,) he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

4 The Arian controversy.—Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,
And they moved, and moved, as he waved it o'er,
But they never got on one inch the more;
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go;"
But still old Prospero answer'd, "No."
And I heard the while, that wizard elf,
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While over as many old papers he turn'd,
As Hume ere moved for, or Omar burn'd.
He talk'd of his Virtue, though some, less nice,
(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice*—
And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—"I hope,"
Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I could n't, for the soul of me, understand.
Amazed and posed, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without,
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—
Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjurer fled,
And bless'd my stars, right pleased to see
That I was n't as yet, in Chancery.

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

Dear Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,
When Parliament 's up, ever take in a paper,
But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
As you chance to pick up from political friends—
Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down,
To transmit you the last newest news that 's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things could n't look better—
His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)
Had just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter
To Daniel O'Connel, to make him Grand Master;
Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St. Dan)—
Or, if Dan should prefer, as a still better whim,
Being made the Colossus, 't is all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are, that the Czar—
Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose,)
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes—
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
The late Emperor's night-caps, and thinks of bestowing
One night-cap a-piece (if he has them to spare)
On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—"the *Brothers*"—
Having night-caps on board for Lord Eld-n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 't is thought,
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught
In N. lat. 21.)—and his Highness Burmese,
Being very hard prest to shell out the rupees,
But not having much ready rhino, they say, meant
To pawn his august golden foot[1] for the payment.—
(How lucky for monarchs, that can, when they chuse,
Thus establish a *running account* with the Jews!)
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be forthwith, of course, set *on foot*;—
The parties are Rothschild—A. Baring and Co.,
And three other great pawnbrokers—each takes a toe,
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us leg-bail,
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present,—what vile pens and paper!
Yours truly, dear Cousin,—best love to Miss Draper

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air—"Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from Fancy—or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny W-lks,
Thou who rhymest so well to "bilks:
Mix the lather—who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M. P. for *Suds*bury!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—
Thou, whom ancient Coventry,
Once so dearly loved, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or puffing Peter—

Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there
Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!
Now the rainbow humbugs[3] soar,
Glittering all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews—
Some, reflecting mines that lie
Under Chili's glowing sky;
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;

1 This Potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

2 Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

——— "Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish knight who rhymes to mutton."

3 An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who in a poem against war, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, apostrophizes him—"thou rainbow ruffian!"

Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way,
Glistening o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney!

Now 's the moment—who shall first
Catch the bubbles ere they burst?
Run, ye squires, ye viscounts, run,
Br-gd-n, T-ynh-m, P-lm-rst-n;—
John W-lks, junior, runs beside ye,
Take the good the knaves provide ye![1]
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the *Chare*man,[2] Br-gd-n, stands,
Gaping for the froth to fall
Down his swallow—*lye* and all!
See!
But hark, my time is out—
Now, like some great water-spout,
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens,—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble hunters—all in the suds.]

A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

T was evening time, in the twilight sweet
I was sailing along, when—whom should I meet,
But a turtle journeying o'er the sea,
"On the service of his Majesty!"[3]

When I spied him first, in the twilight dim,
I did not know what to make of him;
But said to myself—as low he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side,
Conceitedly over the watery path—
"'T is my Lord of St-w-ll, taking a bath,
And I hear him now, among the fishes,
Quoting Vatel and Burgerdiscius!"

But, no—'t was, indeed, a turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried;
A turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glued up the lips of a baronet!
Ah, much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee, abroad should roam,
When he *ought* to stay and be at, at home.

But now, "a change came o'er my dream,"
Like the magic lantern's shifting slider;—
I look'd, and saw by the evening beam,
On the back of that turtle sat a rider,—
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 't was our Foreign Secretary,
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile;
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the turtle squeak with glee,
And own that they gave him a lively notion
Of what his own *forced*-meat balls would be

So, on the Sec., in his glory, went,
Over the briny element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With a graceful air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends, that the turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy—
To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,
Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That *calipash* and *calipee*
Are the English forms of Diplomacy!

A VOICE FROM MARATHON.

O for a voice, as loud as that of Fame,
To breathe the word—Arise!
From Pindus to Taygetus to proclaim—
Let every Greek arise!

Ye who have hearts to strike a *single* blow,
Hear my despairing cries!
Ye who have hands to immolate *one* foe,
Arise! arise! arise!

From the dim fields of Asphodel beneath,
Upborne by cloudy sighs
Of those who love their country still in death,—
E'en I—e'en *I*—arise!

These are not hands for earthly wringing—these!—
Blood should not blind these eyes!—
Yet here I stand, untomb'd Miltiades,
Weeping—arise! arise!

Hear ye the groans that heave this burial-field?—
Old Græcia's saviour-band
Cry from the dust—"Fight on! nor dare to yield!
Save *ye* our father-land!

"Blunt with your bosom the barbaric spear!
Break it within your breast;
Then come, brave Greek! and join your brothers here
In our immortal rest!"

Shall modern Datis, swoln with Syrian pride,
Cover the land with slaves?—
Ay—let them *cover* it, both far and wide,—
Cover it with their *graves!*

Much has been done—but more remains to do—
Ye have fought long and well!
The trump that, on the Egean, glory blew,
Seem'd with a storm to swell!

Asia's grim tyrant shudder'd at the sound,
He leap'd upon his throne!
Murmur'd his horse-tail'd chieftainry around—
"*Another Marathon!*"

---

1 "Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee."

2 So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the ch, in the word "Chairman."

3 We are told that the passport of the late grand diplomatic turtle described him as "on his Majesty's service."

—— dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis.

Dodona, 'mid her fanes and forests hoar,
Heard it with solemn glee:
And old Parnassus, with a lofty roar,
Told it from sea to sea!

High-bosom'd Greece, through her unnumber'd vales,
Broke forth in glorious song!
Her classic streams that plough the headlong dales,
Thunder'd the notes along!

But there 's a bloodier wreath to gain, oh friends!
Now rise, or ever fall!
If ye fight now no fiercer than the fiends,
Better not fight at all!

The feverish war-drum mingles with the fife
In dismal symphony,
And Moslem strikes at liberty and life—
For both, strike harder ye!

Hark! how Cithæron with his earthquake voice
Calls to the utmost shores!
While Pluto bars, against the riving noise,
His adamantine doors!

Athenè, tiptoe on her crumbling dome,
Cries—"Youth, ye must be men!"
And Echo shouts within her rocky tomb,—
"Greeks, become Greeks again!"

The stone first brought, his living tomb to close,
Pausanias' mother piled:
Matrons of Greece! will ye do less for foes,
Than she did for her child?

Let boyhood strike!—Let every rank and age
Do each what each *can* do!
Let him whose arm is mighty as his rage,
Strike deep—strike home—strike *through!*

Be wise, be firm, be cautious, yet be bold!
Be brother-true! be ONE!
I teach but what the Phrygian taught of old—
Divide, and be undone!

Hallow'd in life, in death itself, is he
Who for his country dies;
A light, a star, to all futurity—
Arise ye, then! arise!

O countrymen! O countrymen! once more—
By earth—and seas—and skies—
By Heaven—by sacred Hades—I implore—
Arise! arise! arise!

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t' other day,
As they met, and exchanged a salute—
(Squire Corn in his cabriolet,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot)

"Great squire, if it is n't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a hungry poor devil,
And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make *free*,—
"Low fellow, you 've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we, peers of high birth,
Should waste our illustrious acres
For no other purpose on earth
Than to fatten curst calico-makers!—

"That bishops to bobbins should bend,—
Should stoop from their bench's sublimity,
Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
Your contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No—vile manufacturer! ne'er harbour
A hope to be fed at our boards;
Base offspring of Arkwright, the barber,
What claim canst *thou* have upon lords?

"No—thanks to the taxes and debt,
And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
Many defy your whole rabble of *Jennys!*"

So saying, whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his cab through the throng,
So madly, I heard them all say
Squire Corn would be *down*, before long.

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS

A FABLE.

———— fessus jam sudat asellus,
Parce illi; vestrum delicium est asinus.—*Virgil Copa.*

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,
So much that you 'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
That—down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy
So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother")[1]
Had just been proclaiming his donkey's renown,
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other,—
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the donkey came down

But, how to upraise him?—one shouts, *t' other* whistles,
While Jenky, the conjuror, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production" of thistles—[2]
(Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes,—
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease

1 Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's addressed to an ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

2 A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?"—"Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T

The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his modo of '*transition to peace.*'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone—
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*,
(The wiseacres said,) and he 's sure to jog on."

But others who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,
Exclaim'd, "Hoot awa, mon, you 're a' gane astray,"—
And declared that, "whoe'er might prefer the *metallic*,
They 'd shoe their *own* donkeys with *papier mache*."

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,
And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear
To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd—
"Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

Great Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!
And oh, above all, I admire that decree,
In which thou command'st that all *she* politicians
Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'T is my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster—
A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;
Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new West*minster*,"
And hopes you 're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. F-nbl-nque is,
How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility;—
And assures you, that even a gentleman's rank is,
In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number devouring—
Art. 1—"On the *Needle's* variations," by Snip;—
Art 2—"On the *Bondage* of Greece," by John B—r-ng.
(That eminent dealer in scribbling and scrip;)—

Art. 3—"Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own—
(The chief fallacy being his hope to find readers;)—
Art 4—"Upon Honesty," author unknown;—
Art. 5—(by the young Mr. M—) "Hints to Breeders."

Oh Sultan, oh Sultan, though oft for the bag
And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—
Though drowning 's too good for each blue-stocking hag,
I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

Ay, and—lest she should ever again lift her head
From the watery bottom, her clack to renew,—
As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
would hang round her neck her own darling Review

REFLECTIONS

SUGGESTED BY A LATE CORRESPONDENCE ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Poor Catholics, bitter enough,
Heaven knows, are the doses you've taken;
You've swallow'd down L-v-rp—l's stuff,
His nonsense of ether, "well shaken;"
You've borne the mad slaver of Lees,
And the twaddle of saintly Lord L-rt-n;
But—worse, oh ye gods, than all these—
You've been *lectured* by Mr. Sec. H-rt-n!

Alas for six millions of men!
Fit *subjects* for nought but dissection,
When H-rt-n himself takes the pen,
To tell them they 've lost his protection!
Ye sects, who monopolise bliss,
While your neighbours' damnation you sport on,
Know ye any damnation like this—
To be *cut* by the Under Sec. H-rt-n?

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!—*Ovid.*

The ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood, or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh! 't was a sight for the ghost to see,
For there never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still, as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent.*
(As we see, in a glass that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together,)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd, "Scrip!"

The ghost of Miltiades came again;—
He smiled, as the pale moon shines through rain,
For his soul was glad at that Patriot strain;
(And, poor, dear ghost—how little he knew
The jobs and tricks of the Philhellene crew!—
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools—and away he posts.
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—
Goddess of Freedom, thy scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion when under *par*.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns, he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the D—l had crescent and cross,
Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss

They quote him the stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord! how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*
"Who'll buy my scrip? Who'll buy my scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for liberty's sake,
Do buy my scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine—
If you'll only consent to buy up *mine?*'

The ghost of Miltiades came once more;—
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Dirius borum?—*Incerti Auctores.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,
That with our meals, our slumbers mix—
That spoil our tempers and digestions—
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of, night or morn—
Nothing *in* doors or *out* of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Bore us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether, this year, 't was bonded wheat,
Or bonded papists, they let out.

Here landlords, here polemics, nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
Prices and *texts* at once assail you—
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.

And when you sleep, with head still torn,
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn,—
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now Dantzic wheat before you floats—
Now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
Comes dancing through the "Porta *Cornea*."[1]

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State—
Themselves, together *by the ears!*

While, leaders of the wheat, a row
Of Poppies, gaudily declaiming,
Like Counsellor O'Bric and Co.,
Stand forth, somniferously flaming!

In short, their torments never cease;
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papist ne'er were heard of.

Oh waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
For—if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and ice-bergs—on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

CROCKFORDIANA

EPIGRAMS.

1.

Mala vicini *pecoris* contagia lædunt.

WHAT can those workmen be about?
Do, C———D, let the secret out,
Why thus your houses fall.—
Quoth he, "Since folks are not in town,
I find it better to *pull down*,
Than *have no pull at all.*"

2.

SEE, passenger, at C———D's high behest,
Red coats by *black*-legs ousted from their nest,—
The arts of peace, o'ermatching reckless war,
And gallant *Rouge* undone by wily *Noir!*

3.

Impar congressus——

FATE gave the word—the King of dice and cards
In an *unguarded* moment took the Guards;
Contrived his neighbours in a trice to drub,
And did the trick by—*turning up a Club*

4.

Nullum simile est idem.

'T IS strange how some will differ—some advance
That the Guard's Club-House was pull'd down by *chance;*
While some, with juster notions in their mazard,
Stoutly maintain the deed was done by *hazard.*

THE TWO BONDSMEN.

WHEN Joseph, a Bondsman in Egypt, of old,
Shunn'd the wanton embraces of Potiphar's dame
She offer'd him jewels, she offer'd him gold,
But more than all riches he valued his fame.
Oh Joseph! thou Bondsman of Greece, can it be
That the actions of namesakes so little agree?
Greek Scrip is a Potiphar's lady to thee.
When with 13 per cent. she embellish'd her charms,
Didst thou fly, honest Joseph? Yes—into her arms

1 The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, etc.) to pass

Oh Joseph! dear Joseph! bethink thee in time,
And take a friend's counsel, though tender'd in rhyme.
Refund, "honest" Joseph: how great were the shame,
If, when posteriority[1] sits on thy name,
They should sternly decree, 'twixt your namesake and you,
That he was the Christian, and thou wert the Jew.

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,425,768, etc. etc."—*Rabelais.*

"Hurra! Hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or *thought* they were—no matter which—
For, every year, the Revenue[2]
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick,
And legerdemain of arithmetic,
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And proved themselves most wealthy men!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever,—
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dared to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Great Panurge in glory went,
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—
"Let 's look (said they) the items through,
And see if what we're told be true
Of our Periwinkle Revenue."
But, lord, they found there was n't a tittle
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!
These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.

Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in *corn*;
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the devil and all!

Nor this the worst, for direr still,
Alack, alack and a well-a-day!
Their Periwinkles,—once the stay
And prop of the Salmagundian till—
For want of feeding, all fell ill!
And still, as they thinn'd and died away,
The Locusts, ay, and the Locusts' Bill
Grew fatter and fatter every day!

"Oh fie! oh fie!" was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!

A CASE OF LIBEL.

A certain old Sprite, who dwells below
('T were a libel, perhaps, to mention where)
Came up *incog.*, some winters ago,
To try for a change, the London air.

So well he looked, and dress'd and talked,
And hid his tail and his horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him, as he walk'd
From *****, or any other Dandy.

(N.B.—His horns, they say, unscrew;
So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And—just as some fine husbands do—
Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
And ev'n contrived—to his own great wonder
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt
He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit—
So pass'd his time 't wixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding W—lks was also one, he
Was heard to say "he 'd be d—d if he
Would ever sit in one house with Johnny.

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The press, the impartial press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—
Fired off a squib in the morning papers:

"We warn good men to keep aloof
From a grim old Dandy, seen about,

1 Remote posterity—a favourite word of the present Attorney-General's.

2 Accented as in Swift's line—

"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."

With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof,
Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, the Devil being a gentleman,
Who piques himself on his well-bred dealings,
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a man of law,
And oh, 't would make you laugh to 've seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
And 't was "hail, good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
When, looking among the judges, he heard
That, of all the batch, his own was *Best*.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil—
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,
And Stultz, to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury—saints, all snug and rich,
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers,
Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, it was nuts to the father of lies
(As this wily fiend is named, in the Bible,)
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither:—
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like *****, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out o'-door topics;
Your gaol is for trav'llers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For Dramatists, too, the most useful of schools—
They may study high life in the King's Bench community:
Aristotle could scarce keep them more *within rules*,
And of *place* they 're, at least, taught to stick to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score, or higher,)
Will meet with encouragement—so much, *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,
So they 'll only remember the *quantum* desired;—
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that 's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeux-d'esprits*,
Like Reynolds, may boast of each mountebank frolic,
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,[1]
That ginger-bread cakes always give them the colick.

There's nothing, at present, so popular growing
As your Autobiographers—fortunate elves,
Who manage to know all the best people going,
Without having ever been heard of themselves!

Wanted, also, new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—(*gemmen*, whose lands
Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands.)

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen 'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S-ll-v-n,[2]
Something *extra* allow'd for the additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—
To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his title be good,
His matter within of small consequence is;—
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why,—that 's the concern of the reader, not his.

N.B.—A learn'd Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque *in Fund is assess it.*"[3]

THE SLAVE

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
"He is dead—he is dead," the rumour flew;
And I raised my chain, and turn'd me round,
And ask'd, through the dungeon window, "who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
Their grief 't was bliss to hear and see;
For never came joy to them, alas,
That did n't bring deadly banc to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?
Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,
Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt

1 This lady, in her Memoirs, also favours us with the address of those apothecaries who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her;—always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle.*"

2 A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.

3 According to the common reading "quodcunque infundis, accecit."

What suitors for justice he 'd keep in,
Or what suitors for freedom he 'd shut out—

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,
Stifles her (like the Old Man of the Sea
Round Sinbad's neck,[1]) nor leaves a chance
Of shaking him off—is 't he i is 't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smiled,
And thursting me back to my den of woe,
With a laughter even more fierce and wild
Than their funeral howling, answer'd, "No."

But the cry still piereed my prison gate,
And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?
Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,
Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

"Whose name is one of th' ill omen'd words
They link with hate on his native plains;
And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,
And he gave, in return, scoffs and chains!

Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquired,
When, hark!—there sounded a royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expired,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,
He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal'd that hate with a name divine,
And he now was dead, and—I *could n't* rejoice!

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
And *them* did I curse—but sigh'd for him.

For *his* was the error of head, not heart.
And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head—
Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For worth he had ever a hand and smile,
And for misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sunk in my chains again;
While, still as I said, "Heaven rest his soul!"
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd, "Amen!"

1 "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks."—*Story of Sinbad.*

ALCIPHRON.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

WELL may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On evenings sweet as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away,—
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute,—but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o'ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts!—nor let me grieve,
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee—what I fear
Thou 'lt gravely smile at—*why* I 'm here.
Though through my life's short sunny dream,
I 've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awake a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or why—
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we 've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange darkenings of my mind—
While nought but joy around me beam'd
So causelessly they 've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 't was the thought
How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness, must decay.—
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught—
Myself,—the crowd that mirth had brought
Around me,—swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night—the very last
That with my Garden friends I pass'd—
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth,
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known—
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew.—
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more—
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been—
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away—
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night—thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness—but 't was a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels— lone.

"O that from yonder orbs," I thought,
"Pure and eternal as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As lies before those comet-fires,
That roam and burn throughout all time!"

While thoughts like these absorb'd my mind,
That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As if to show how earthly 't is,
Came lulling o'er me, and I laid
My limbs at that fair statue's base—
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature's grace—
To which so oft I 've knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me—and I seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully a smile
Came o'er the wanness of his cheek—
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile,
You 'll find th' Eternal Life you seek."

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death upon his features grew—
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory—full of light;
While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
E'en to the far horizon's line—
Along whose level I could see
Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then freshly o'er them play'd
A vernal rainbow's rich cascade,
While music was heard every where,
Breathing, as 't were itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heav'n still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendors broke,
That with the excess of light, I woke!

Such was my dream—and, I confess,
Though none of all our creedless school
Hath e'er believ'd, or reverenc'd less
The fables of the priest-led fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
Separate and pure, within us shrin'd,
Which is to live—ah, hope too bright!—
For ever in yon fields of light—
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
Of gods are on him—as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal gods were not too wise
To let weak man disturb their rest!
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
In dreams like this—a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.

And who can tell, as we 're combin'd
Of various atoms—some refined,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fixed stars,—some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay,—
Who can be sure, but 't is the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we 're at rest,—
Ev'n as their kindred stars, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought!—but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, have prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 't was the words—thou 'lt hear and smile—
The words that phantom seem'd to speak—
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
You 'll find the Eternal Life you seek,—"
That, haunting me by night, by day,
At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd—oh blessed thought!—
May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell—when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
Is worthy of the School and them;—
Still, all their own,—nor e'er forgets,
Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
The many meteor joys that *do*,
But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'T is true, alas—the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those *I* seek
Come from the breathing shrines, where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honoring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream—
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,

And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead,—
The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name—
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.

And where—oh where 's the heart that could withstand,
Th' unnumbered witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to heighten, shades but to adorn;
And that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy;—where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.
Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with out-stretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the island of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour—
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet.
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'T is but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells,—
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all

* Cleopatra.

Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers—
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him†
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!

Yet are there times,—though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves away,—
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall
That Garden dream—that promise of a power,
Oh were there such!—to lengthen our life's hour
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world—when first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said
"Are things eternal only for the Dead?
Is there for Man no hope—but this, which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
But *'tis* not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He *may* become immortal,—*may* unclose
The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!

"And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
Awake within us, never to expire!
'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,‡ hid
For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
The Thrice-Great§ did himself, engrave, of old,
The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
And why may not this mightier secret dwell
Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
But that those kings, who, by the written skill
Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
To build them domes that might outstand the world—
Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
The life of Gods with man, was also theirs—
That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power
Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
And these, the giant homes they still possess,
Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
Even now they wander, with the few they love,
Through subterranean gardens, by a light
Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
And hidden halls, that undermine this land?

† Apelles. ‡ See Notes on the Epicurean
§ The Hermes Trismegistus.

Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go
Through the dark windings of that realm below,
Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God
Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?"

Thus did I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that 'pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Ev'n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing—this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,
Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes;—
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian† grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but Love.
Thinks then, what bliss will be abroad to-night!
Beside, that host of nymphs, who meet the sight
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies,
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines—to-night will be,
Soon as the Moon's white bark in heav'n we see,
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 't is nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark!—from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon—farewell—farewell.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

THERE is some star—or it may be
That upon we saw so near last night—
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I've seen—oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth!—
That man—but, hold—hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim
Welcom'd from every breezy height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lit up all around them, say,
That never yet had Nature been
Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,
Or rival'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis,—still grand, though not the same
Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
And wear it bright through centuries—
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming, still, awakes
To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west, where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or fair sphynx,
That stood, in kingly courts, of old,
It seem'd as, mid the pomps that shone
Thus, gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should fall beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,
And, mid their idol's fullest beams,
The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind—from those
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
To sound of tambours and of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name;—
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there—as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd—
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bird,‡ whose plumes of black and white
Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow
These nymphs were clad, and each, below

* The great Festival of the Moon.

† Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology

‡ The Ibis.

The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled the flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

They seem'd all fair—but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly—so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seemed to dwell
A charm about that unseen face—
A something, in the shade that fell
Over that brow's imagin'd grace,
Which took me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And her alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit had moved there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of Glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light,—as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both, there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With the mix'd burst of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
Full o'er her features—oh 't was then,
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw—not Psyche's self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.
Never—tho' well thou know'st how much
I 've felt the sway of Beauty's star—
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into its depths so far;
And had that vision linger'd there
One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful *who* I was and where,
And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proffer'd my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mix'd element
Of light and song, the young maids went
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow;—bands
Of reverend chanters fill'd the aisle:
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands
Motion'd me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs—but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for—throng'd the way.
Perplex'd, impatient, mid this crowd
Of faces, lights—the o'erwhelming cloud
Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire,—I stood,
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 't was vain—hour after hour,
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot,—wilder'd,—in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the busy Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
Have a proud City of their own,*
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread,—
Where many an ancient kingly head
Slumbers, immortaliz'd in stone;
And where, through marble grots beneath,
The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
Lie in their painted coverings,
And on each new successive race,
That visit their dim haunts below,
Look with the same unwithering face,
They wore three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighbourhood of death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves,—
Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
Save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'T was tow'rd this place of death—in mood
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark—
I now across the shining flood
Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possest—
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine,
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night—
If 't was a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these—but often crost
By darker threads—my mind was lost,

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead—
As if by some enchanter bid
Suddenly from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
'Tower in succession to the skies;
While one, aspiring, as if soon
'T would touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs
And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumber'd lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple—now
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane,—
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire;—
And now—oh Darkness of the tomb,
That must eclipse ev'n light like hers!
Cold, dead, and blackening mid the gloom
Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
A little gilded bark, that bore
Two female figures, closely veil'd
And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed—and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess—to *thee* I may—
That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which—let it find me how it might,
In joy or grief—I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain,
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
In the horizon, or some star—
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought—
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome—and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urged my bark,
And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on—till in the shade
Of a small pyramid, which through
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,
They vanish'd instant from my view.
I hurried to the spot—no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal,—opening high
'Twixt peak and base—and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving moon, whose eye
Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself "Can aught
That man delights in sojourn here?"—
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear,—
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some alcove or cell, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor,
Through which I now, all hope, descended.

Never did Spartan to his bride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread,
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw—
Oh listen to the scene, now raised
Before my eyes, then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gazed.
'T was a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' 'Universal Sea,'—
While on the roof was pictured bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings:
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday,
While in relief, of silvery hue,
Graved on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare
To the wild, mystic wonders round;
For there was yet *one* wonder there,
That held me as by witchery bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its vivid beam, was at the head

Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood, when first I came,—
Bending her brow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame—
A female form, as yet so plac'd
Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline trac'd,
The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—
Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.
Nor long was it, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and, by the light
That touch'd her features, as she bent,
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 't was she—the same—the same—
That lately stood before me—bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying—
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come:—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips;—then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies;
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd
Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whate'er comes near;
And make even vagrant Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er
My heart and brain,—whom gladly, even
From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heaven,
I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And risk'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine;—
That maid was now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms—
There standing, beautiful, alone,
With nought to guard her, but her charms.
Yet did I—oh did ev'n a breath
From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No—smile and taunt me as thou wilt—
Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
To win by stealth so pure a sight;
And rather than a look profane
Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heav'n-ward face
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.

Gently as if on every tread,
My life, my more than life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this blest scene I now ascended,
And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
The marble hills of Araby,
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on—as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this entangling net—
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort—spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead;
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'T was her light form again I saw
Starting to earth—still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas,—she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet—tho' still I watch—nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, had met
The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless!
Nor yet she comes—while here, alone,
Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by—
How gay it was when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids—
Some we had won, and some we sought—
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down, attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

That time, too—oh, 't is like a dream—
When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung, as Genius of the Stream,
And bore away that blooming bride,
Who thither came, to yield her charms
(As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
But met, and welcom'd mine, instead—
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the reed replies
To the last breath that round it sighs—

*These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.

Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet, so it is—and the same thirst
For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first
Make me drink deep of woman's love,
As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here,—
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall,—
Or bright, or dark—thou 'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WONDERS on wonders; sights that lie
Where never sun gave flow'ret birth;
Bright marvels, hid from th' upper sky,
And myst'ries that are born and die
Deep in the very heart of earth!—
All that the ancient Orpheus, led
By courage that Love only gives,
Dar'd for a matchless idol, dead,
I've seen and dar'd for one who lives.

Again the moon was up, and found
The echoes of my feet still round
The monuments of this lone place;—
Or saw me, if awhile my lid
Yielded to sleep, stretch'd at the base
Of that now precious Pyramid,
In slumber: that the gentlest stir,
The stillest, airlike step of her,
Whom ev'n in sleep I watch'd, could chase.
And then, such various forms she seem'd
To wear before me, as I dream'd!—

Now, like Neïtha, on her throne
At Saïs, all reveal'd she shone,
With that dread veil thrown off her brow,
Which mortal never rais'd till now;*
Then, quickly chang'd, methought 't was she
Of whom the Memphian boatmen tells
Such wondrous tales—fair Rhodope,
The subterranean nymph, that dwells
'Mid sunless gems and glories hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!

At length, from one of these short dreams
Starting—as if the subtile beams,
Then playing o'er my brow, had brought
Some sudden light into my thought—
Down for my boat-lamp to the shore,
Where still it palely burn'd, I went;
Resolv'd that night to try once more
The mystery of this monument.

Thus arm'd, I scarce had reach'd the gate,
When a loud screaming—like the cry
Of some wild creature to its mate—
Came startling from the palm-grove nigh;—
Or, whether haply 't was the creak
Of those Lethæan portals,† said
To give thus out a mournful shriek,
When oped at midnight for the dead.
Whate'er it was, the sound came o'er
My heart like ice, as through the door
Of the small Pyramid I went,
And down the same abrupt descent,
And through long windings, as before,
Reach'd the steep marble corridor.

Trembling I stole along—the light
In the lone chapel still burn'd on;
But she, for whom my soul and sight
Look'd with a thirst so keen, was gone,—
By some invisible path had fled
Into that glóom, and left the Dead
To its own solitary rest,
Of all lone things the loneliest.

As still the cross, which she had kiss'd,
Was lying on the crystal shrine,
I took it up, nor could resist
(Though the dead eyes, I thought, met mine)
Kissing it too, while, half ashamed
Of that mute presence, I exclaimed,
"Oh Life to Come, if in thy sphere
Love, Woman's love, our heav'n could be
Who would not ev'n forego it here,
To taste it there eternally?"
Hopeless, yet with unwilling pace,
Leaving the spot, I turn'd to trace
My pathway back, when, to the right,
I could perceive, by my lamp's light,
That the long corridor which, viewed
Through distance dim, had seem'd to end
Abruptly here, still on pursued
Its sinuous course, with snake-like bend
Mocking the eye, as down it wound
Still deeper through that dark profound.

Again, my hopes were rais'd, and, fast
As the dim lamp-light would allow,
Along that new-found path I past,
Through countless turns; descending now
By narrow duets, now, up again,
'Mid columns, in whose date the chain
Of time is lost: and thence along
Cold halls, in which a sapless throng
Of Dead stood up, with glassy eye
Meeting my gaze, as I went by.—
Till, lost among these winding ways,
Coil'd round and round, like serpents' folds,
I thought myself in that dim maze
Down under Mœris' Lake, which holds
The hidden wealth of the Twelve Kings,
Safe from all human visitings.
At length, the path clos'd suddenly;
And, by my lamp, whose glimmering fell
Now faint and fainter, I could see
Nought but the mouth of a huge well,
Gaping athwart my onward track,—
A reservoir of darkness, black
As witches' caldrons are, when fill'd
With moon-drugs in th' eclipse distill'd.
Leaning to look if foot might pass
Down through that chasm, I saw, beneath,
As far as vision could explore,
The jetty sides all smooth as glass,
Looking as if just varnish'd o'er
With that dark pitch the Sea of Death
Throws out upon its slimy shore.

* See, for the veil of Neitha, the inscription upon her temple, as given by Plutarch de Is.et Osir.

† The brazen portals at Memphis, mentioned by Zoega called the Gates of Oblivion.

Doubting awhile; yet loth to leave
Aught unexplor'd, the chasm I tried
With nearer search; and could perceive
An iron step that from the side
Stood dimly out; while, lower still,
Another ranged, less visible,
But aptly plac'd, as if to aid
Th' adventurous foot, that dar'd the shade.
Though hardly I could deem that e'er
Weak woman's foot had ventured there,
Yet, urged along by the wild heat
That can do all things but retreat,
I placed my lamp,—which for such task
Was aptly shaped, like cap or casque
To fit the brow,—firm on my head,
And down into the darkness went;
Still finding for my cautious tread
New foot-hold in that deep descent,
Which seem'd as tho' 't would thus descend
In depth and darkness without end.
At length, this step-way ceas'd; in vain
I sought some hold, that would sustain
My down-stretch'd foot—the polish'd side,
Slippery and hard, all help denied:
Till, as I bow'd my lamp around,
To let its now faint glimmer fall
On every side, with joy I found
Just near me, in the shining wall,
A window (which had 'scap'd my view
In that half shadow) and sprung through.
'T was downward still, but far less rude—
By stairs that through the live rock wound
In narrow spiral round and round,
Whose giddy sweep my foot pursued
Till, lo, before a gate I stood,
Which oped, I saw, into the same
Deep well, from whence but now I came.
The doors were iron, yet gave way
Lightly before me, as the spray
Of a young lime-tree, that receives
Some wandering bird among its leaves.
But, soon as I had pass'd, the din,
Th' o'erwhelming din, with which again
They clash'd their folds, and closed me in,
Was such as seldom sky or main,
Or heaving earth, or all, when met
In angriest strife, e'er equall'd yet.
It seem'd as if the ponderous sound
Was by a thousand echoes hurl'd
From one to th' other, through the round
Of this great subterranean world,
Till, far as from the catacombs
Of Alexandria to the Tombs
In ancient Thebes's Valley of Kings,
Rung its tremendous thunderings.
Yet could not ev'n this rude surprise,
Which well might move far bolder men,
One instant turn my charmed eyes
From the blest scene that hail'd them then.
As I had rightly deem'd, the place
Where now I stood was the well's base,
The bottom of the chasm; and bright
Before me, through the massy bars
Of a huge gate, there came a light
Soft, warm, and welcome, as the stars
Of his own South are to the sight
Of one, who, from his sunny home,
To the chill North had dar'd to roam.

And oh the scene, now opening through
Those bars that all but sight denied!—
A long, fair alley, far as view
Could reach away, along whose side
Went, lessening to the end, a row
Of rich arcades, that, from between
Their glistening pillars, sent a glow
Of countless lamps, burning unseen,
And that still air, as from a spring
Of hidden light, illumining.
While—soon as the wild echoes rous'd
From their deep haunts again were hous'd,—
I heard a strain of holy song
Breathing from out the bright arcades
Into that silence—where, among
The high sweet voices of young maids,
Which, like the small and heav'n-ward spire
Of Christian temples, crown'd the choir,
I fancied, (such the fancy's sway)
Though never yet my ear had caught
Sound from her lips—yet, in that lay
So worthy of her looks, methought
That maiden's voice I heard, o'er all
Most high and heavenly,—to my ear
Sounding distinctly, like the call
Of a far spirit from its sphere.

But vain the call—that stubborn gate
Like destiny, all force defied.
Anxious I look'd around—and, straight,
An opening to the left descried,
Which, though like hell's own mouth it seem'd,
Yet led, as by its course I deem'd
Parallel with those lighted ways
That 'cross the alley pour'd their blaze.
Eager I stoop'd, this path to tread,
When, suddenly, the wall o'er-head
Grew with a fitful lustre bright,
Which, settling gradual on the sight
Into clear characters of light,
These words on its dark ground I read.—

"You, who would try
This terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back;

"You, who aspire
To be purified there
By the terrors of Fire
And Water and Air;

"If danger and pain
And death you despise—
On—for again
Into light you may rise,—

"Rise into light
With that Secret Divine
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine!

"But if ———— "

The words here dimm'd away
Till, lost in darkness, vague and dread,
Their very silence seem'd to say
Awfuller things than words e'er said.

"Am I then in the path." I cried,
"To the Great Mystery? shall I see,
And touch,—perhaps, ev'n draw aside
Those venerable veils, which hide
The secret of Eternity!"
This thought at once reviv'd the zeal,
The thirst for Egypt's hidden lore
Which I had almost ceas'd to feel,
In the new dreams that won me o'er.
For now—oh happiness!—it seem'd
As if *both* hopes before me beam'd—
As if that spirit-nymph, whose tread
I trac'd down hither from above,
To more than one sweet treasure led—
Lighting me to the fountain-head
Of Knowledge by the star of Love.

Instant I enter'd—though the ray
Of my spent lamp was near its last,—
And quick through many a channel-way,
Ev'n ruder than the former, pass'd;
Till, just as sunk the farewell spark,
I spied before me, through the dark,
A paly fire, that moment raised,
Which still as I approach'd it, blazed
With stronger light,—till, as I came
More near, I saw my pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame,—
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay—such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the Doom'd look out in hell.

To linger there was to be lost—
More and still more the burning trees
Clos'd o'er the path; and as I crost—
With tremour both in heart and knees—
Fixing my foot where'er a space
'T wixt the red bars gave resting-place,
Above me, each quick burning tree,
Tamarind, Balm of Araby,
And Egypt's Thorn combined to spread
A roof of fire above my head,
Yet safe—or with but harmless scorch—
I trod the flaming ordeal through;
And promptly seizing, as a torch
To light me on to dangers new,
A fallen bough that kindling lay
Across the path, pursued my way.

Nor went I far before the sound
Of downward torrents struck my ear;
And, by my torch's gleam, I found
That the dark space which yawn'd around,
Was a wide cavern, far and near
Fill'd with dark waters, that went by
Turbid and quick, as if from high
They late had dash'd down furiously;
Or, awfuller, had yet that doom
Before them, in the untried gloom.
No pass appear'd on either side;
And tho' my torch too feebly shone
To show what scowl'd beyond tho tide,
I saw but *one* way left me—on!
So, plunging in, with my right hand
The current's rush I scarce withstood,
While, in my left, the failing brand
Shook its last glimmer o'er the flood.
'T was a long struggle—oft I thought,
That, in that whirl of waters caught,
I must have gone, too weak for strife,
Down, headlong, at the cataract's will—
Sad fate for one, with heart and life
And all youth's sunshine round him still!
But, ere my torch was wholly spent,
I saw,—outstretching from the shade
Into those waters, as if meant
To lend the drowning struggler aid—
A slender, double balustrade,
With snow-white steps between, ascending
From the grim surface of the stream.
Far up as eye could reach, and ending
In darkness there, like a lost dream.
That glimpse—for 't was no longer—gave
New spirit to my strength; and now,
With both arms combating the wave,
I rush'd on blindly, till my brow
Struck on that railway's lowest stair;
When, gathering courage from despair,
I made one bold and fearful bound,
And on the step firm footing found.

But short that hope—for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach
The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust;
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,
Like ship-wreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 't wixt him and death,
And shuddering feels that one give way!
And still I upward went—with nought
Beneath me but that depth of shade,
And the dark flood, from whence I caught
Each sound the falling fragments made.
Was it not fearful?—still more frail
At every step crash'd the light stair,
While, as I mounted, ev'n the rail
That up into that murky air
Was my sole guide, began to fail!—
When stretching forth an anxious hand,
Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung;
And grasping it, as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war,
In which wing'd tempests—of all kinds
And strengths that winter's stormy star
Lights through the Temple of the Winds
In our own Athens—battled round,
Deafening me with chaotic sound.
Nor this the worst—for, holding still
With hands unmov'd, though shrinking oft,
I found myself, at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun,—
So ceaselessly I thus was whirl'd,—
To think my limbs were chain'd upon
That wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number!
And yet, ev'n then—while worse than Fear
Hath ever dreamt seem'd hovering near,
Had voice but ask'd me, "is not this
A price too dear for aught below?"
I should have said "for knowledge, yes—
But for bright, glorious Woman—no."

At last, that whirl, when all my strength
Had nearly fled, came to an end;
And, through that viewless void, at length,
I felt the still-grasp'd ring descend
Rapidly with me, till my feet—
Oh, ne'er was touch of land so sweet
To the long sea-worn exile—found
A resting-place on the firm ground.
At the same instant o'er me broke
A glimmer through that gloom so chill,—

Like day-light, when beneath the yoke
Of tyrant darkness struggling still—
And by th' imperfect gleam it shed,
I saw before me a rude bed,
Where poppies, strew'd upon a heap
Of wither'd lotus, wooed to sleep.
Blessing that couch—as I would bless,
Ay, ev'n the absent tiger's lair,
For rest in such stark weariness,—
I crawl'd to it and sunk down there.

How long I slept, or by what means
Was wafted thence, I cannot say;
But, when I woke—oh the bright scenes
The glories that around me lay—
If ever yet a vision shone
On waking mortal, *this* was one!
But how describe it? vain, as yet,
While the first dazzle dims my eyes,
All vain the attempt—I must forget
The flush, the newness, the surprise,
The vague bewilderment, that whelms,
Ev'n now, my every sense and thought,
Ere I can paint these sunless realms,
And their hid glories, as I ought.
While thou, if ev'n but *half* I tell
Wilt that but *half* believe—farewell!

LETTER V.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS, THE PRÆTORIAN PREFECT.

Rejoice, my friend, rejoice:—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aimed
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was framed,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers
conceal'd.
And oh, 't were victory to this heart, as sweet
As any *thou* canst boast,—ev'n when the feet
Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tamed and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.

What!—do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools!—did they know how keen the zest that's given
To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius,—thou, whom th' ancient tie
'T wixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally,—
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?
Leave the gross daylight joys, that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That slily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school,—
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide;
Where pleasure, cramp'd and chill'd by wisdom's pride,
Counts her own pulse's regulated play,
And in dull dreams dissolves her life away,—
Be taught by *us*, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue,—
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this:*
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray;—
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe!—Apis forbid—forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall,—
Deities, framed in jest, as if to try
How far gross Man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap.
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food,—
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe!—oh, Decius, thou, who hast no care
Of things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs,—
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part,—
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade,—
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, mid the Temple's blaze,
O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind,—
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd,—
I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
Besotted round; and,—like that kindred breed
Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
At famed Arsinoë,*—make my keepers bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, *is* it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be:—think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride—
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way?—
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threatening such change as to the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicurean, chap. 10.

But, to my point,—a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool
Down to that freezing point, where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there,—
Hath, some nights since,—it was, methinks, the night
That follow'd the full moon's great annual rite,—
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth,—which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move,—
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:—
'T was the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observed, curiously wandering round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepared,—
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dared,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian* pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to—*what*, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Myst'ry; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities,—
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empaled, to rise, as gods, again;—
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold mystery—can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept,—that they have none to tell;
And, duped themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time,—
That earliest master of our craft sublime,—
So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way,—

Where, through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.

But chiefly in the skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our use, scoop'd out of Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne;—
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself; and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,
A light that knows no change—its brooks that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surprised
And all that bard or prophet e'er devised
For man's Elysium, priests have realized.

Here, at this moment,—all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last,—
The young Initiate roves,—as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery,
Feeding on such illusions as preparo
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still;—
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest, quail
To *any* goblin throned behind a veil.

Yes,—such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mixt with his night-dreams, from his atmosphere;
Till, if our Sage be not tamed down, at length,
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine,—
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

* Pythagoras.

THE END.

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